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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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November 26, 1958
PRICE 9

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see page 54

Fashions for a Summer Holiday

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Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 165C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 400F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: 34 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 401G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

NOVEMBER 26, 1958 — Vol 26, No. 25

Our cover

● Our special Candy Hardy Christmas dress is ideal for hot summer days. It's cool, and suitable for both weekend days and evening parties. See page 54 for details of how to order. It can be bought ready made, cut out ready to sew, or you can make it yourself from a pattern.

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The Weekly Round

● Famous impressionist painter Paul Cezanne once said to a man who had given him more than 100 sittings for a portrait: "I am not displeased with the waistcoat."

THIS understatement was recalled by several of the 1200 guests who saw Cezanne's famous "Boy in a Red Waistcoat" sold for the world record auction price of £220,000 at Sotheby's, in Bond Street, London.

Seven impressionist paintings, including another Cezanne—a still life—brought the huge total of £781,000 at the sale, the most fabulous of the century.

On pages 8, 9, and 10 there are reproductions of the seven masterpieces, and a story about the sale.

★ ★ ★

LIFE in Western Australia's nor'-west provided many a surprise for Dutchman Dr. Gerlof Mees, recently appointed Curator of the W.A. Museum.

Dr. Mees, who joined the museum's expedition to the Hamersley Ranges only three weeks after his arrival in Australia, used a favorite Australian adjective to describe the rain that closed roads and airports and marooned the party for four days.

He also was surprised to hear a hotel manageress complain about "that man plucking birds in his bedroom" when he skinned a bird for the expedition's collection during an overnight stop.

See pages 16, 17, and 18 for color pictures taken by members of the expedition, with an account of its success by staff reporter Joan Jacoby who accompanied it.

★ ★ ★

PAUL HALL, whose color pictures of New Guinea appear opposite, had unique opportunities of seeing the country during his two and a half years there as A.B.C. regional journalist.

In 1955 he accompanied the United Nations visiting mission throughout New Guinea, and was able to visit many places normally closed to visitors.

"The scenery was magnificent," he said, "and as aircraft, of necessity, had to fly very low we could see native villages and tracks on the mountain crests."

NEXT WEEK

● Prize-winners in our Christmas Recipe Contest will be announced in next week's issue. The competition for the best recipes for interesting and unusual Christmas food and drink attracted widely varied entries. Prize-winning recipes will also appear in full in next week's issue.

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OIL COUNTRY

SEARCH AREAS FOR OIL. The country shown above is typical of the steaming jungle and razorback limestone mountains of Papua in which £30 million has been spent in the 20-year search for oil. Below is a seismologist's camp near Puri, where the discovery of oil was announced earlier this month. Teeming with swamps, crocodiles, and poisonous snakes, the area swelters throughout the year in damp, oppressively humid conditions. It is impassable on foot. Men and equipment travel from Port Moresby to a base camp and are then flown in by helicopter or brought up river in canoes and squat, flat-bottomed boats.

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Monaco's Grace...

● Two and a half years after Grace Kelly's fairy-tale wedding, the real-life problems of her marriage are emerging clearly: A tiny country that needs money, a husband who requires constant reassurance, and two children who need more attention than a busy mother can give them. Here two American writers analyse the way Princess Grace's steel nerves and stubbornness are serving her today...

TO FORCE the world to recognise and respect the Principality of Monaco, Princess Grace has a crowded itinerary, including visits like this one to the Brussels World Fair.

TO BOOST her husband's ego, the former film star must see that her beauty and charm do not overshadow the Prince, shown here with King Baudouin of the Belgians.

TO BE RECEIVED in an audience by the late Pope Pius XII Grace travelled to Rome and met Cardinal Canali. The Italian visit was a holiday—a luxury they seldom enjoy.

ON April 18, 1956, Grace Kelly abdicated as a reigning queen of Hollywood to marry Prince Rainier and become Princess of Monaco.

Today she is the mother of two children, the wife of an ambitious man, and a key figure in the financial and social crises that beset any small principality.

Princess Grace is well equipped for the job. Her natural assets are delicate blond beauty, steel nerves, and monumental stubbornness.

Recently in Monaco and in conversations with friends and members of the Kelly family in the United States we found some signposts pointing in the direction in which Grace Kelly is travelling.

Plainly, she is calling on all her resources to cope with the problems of a position she takes very seriously. She is working harder than she ever worked in her life.

Biggest goal

"She doesn't exactly scrub her own floors," her elder sister, Peggy Davis, said. "But she works a lot harder and has more worries than a lot of girls she knows who married film stars or ordinary American millionaires."

Some of her friends speculate that at the time of her engagement she may have had a romanticised idea of what lay ahead, and that she now knows that her marriage, which looked so glamorous, is, like most marriages, heavily dependent on the ability of husband and wife to handle the problems of everyday living.

Ironically, Grace Kelly Grimaldi's biggest goal is to gain recognition and social prestige for herself and her husband, a problem faced by her mother before her.

She is attempting to solve it in much the same ways. She is caught up in a hectic round of activities—civic, social, and charitable—similar to the ones she has criticised her mother for pursuing because, as the Princess recalls, they left too little time for family life.

"My mother was always leaving my brother, my sisters, and me with hired help and running around to things she felt were more important," Grace says. "I swore that when I had children I'd never do that. And yet I do it!"

Princess Grace seeks social recognition partially as a matter of necessity. She is striving to help her husband and her new country achieve an international standing that will attract tourists and investments and strengthen Monaco's uncertain finances.

The combined duties of wife, mother, official hostess, and goodwill ambassador make Grace's job considerably more difficult than her mother's. Further complicating it is the nature of the man who is her husband.

Her mother, Mrs. Jack Kelly, is married to a man who is immensely successful in his career, sure of himself and his place. Grace is married to a man whose position is uncertain, if not precarious, a man faced with preserving a tiny bit of the 19th century in the midst of the 20th.

Prince Rainier would like to establish Monaco as a place famous for more than the old attraction of Monte Carlo's casino and the new attraction of Grace Kelly's beauty.

But his ambitions for his country sometimes seem to be hopelessly in conflict with his personal need for recognition, causing friction when Grace occasionally — and accidentally—overshadows him.

One observer recalled that the Duke of Windsor, after marrying Wallis Simpson, has devoted the remainder of his life to forcing the world to treat the Duchess with the respect due the wife of royalty.

"Grace," he said, "is forcing everyone to treat the Prince with the respect due the husband of a movie star."

She is doing a good job. Even Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip have capitulated —a signal triumph and one with an interesting history.

A century ago, when Queen Victoria visited Monaco, she pointedly snubbed Rainier's grandfather because he sent her a welcome note that presumed to treat her as an equal. With the note he sent an extravagant bouquet of flowers.

Victoria let the flowers sit on her doorstep for three days in the hot sun. Then, when they were thoroughly wilted and brown, she sent them back. The insult has rankled ever since.

Grace boldly invited Queen Elizabeth to her wedding. The Queen sent regrets and a modest silver trinket.

Encouraged, Grace and Rainier took off a few months later for London. The two spent several well-planned days in dignified public places like the opera, concert halls, art galleries.

"They didn't exactly court publicity," a reporter recalled, "but they let it be known they were in town."

At last came the invitation they wanted — a small, exclusive dinner with Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip at Buckingham Palace. In terms of prestige it was a great success. Personally, for Prince Rainier, it was something less. Queen Elizabeth had one of her rare moments of tactlessness.

"We're so pleased you are here," she said, holding out her hand. "Philip has been dying to meet Grace!"

Not amused

In a dozen other ways Prince Rainier has found his position enhanced — and his nose put out of joint — by his lovely wife's popularity.

This year an unusually large crowd attended the Grand Prix de Monaco, the annual car race through the streets of Monte Carlo.

To the Prince this is the most exciting holiday of the year.

"People are really beginning to appreciate the fine points of auto-racing," the Prince beamed.

Crowds surged into the public square and fought for seats in the grandstand. It was soon apparent, however, for what they had really come. They sat in silence through the opening parade of cars.

Then a long grey convertible, top down, came into view. The Prince was at the wheel. Grace, strikingly beautiful in a silk dress and a big black cartwheel hat, sat beside him. The crowd leaped to its feet. Ear-splitting wolf-whistles, cheers, and thunderous foot-stamping greeted her.

A scowl crossed the Prince's face. The car shot across the square and vanished from sight. He turned the corner with such violence that Grace, who had half risen and turned in her seat to wave at admirers, sat down again suddenly, and hard.

Grace, of course, is still a glamorous woman, although her figure has changed. Her exact weight is a carefully guarded palace secret, but it is known that her dress size has increased several notches and that she has probably gained a good dozen pounds.

Something else has been added to the former Grace Kelly — a rather terrifying amount of dignity. She works at being a princess 24 hours a day.

Family and close friends say she is hungry for gossip of home, New York, and Hollywood. Yet many acquaintances she would undoubtedly like to see visit Monaco without ever hearing from her.

To see Princess Grace you have to write a formal note, in the third person, request-

By

JHAN and JUNE ROBBINS

TO AID the United Nations Refugee Fund for Children, Princess Grace was able to entertain former co-star Frank Sinatra, in Monaco for the premiere of "Kings Go Forth," which he organised for the fund. Palace protocol usually bars happy reunions with film stars, who must address the Princess as "Your Highness" or "Your Grace."

TO EDUCATE her children, Princess Caroline, shown at the sliding door of her nursery, and Prince Albert, Grace must decide between tutor and private school.

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SHE HAS HER WORRIES

ing an appointment. Your answer, also in the third person, will come from a palace secretary.

Once inside the palace gates you are taken to an antechamber and briefed on royal etiquette.

Although palace cocktail parties are frequent and you may be urged to stay for the fourth or fifth drink, you can't risk getting familiar.

At one recent cocktail party was a man who had known Grace Kelly for years as a model and movie star — and who had obviously misunderstood his instructions.

He dug the Princess in the ribs, waggled a cigar in her face, and chortled, "Hey, Grace, how's it goin'?"

All conversation stopped. Grace stared at the unhappy guest and began scratching her thumb — a nervous habit she resorts to when at a loss for what to say.

The Prince came to her rescue by exhibiting the latest picture that had been taken of Princess Caroline.

Like many another young wife, Grace is undoubtedly taking a serious second look at the man she married. She had known him only a few days when they became engaged.

Grace's father announced at the time, "We're not impressed by royalty. We're impressed by the man."

By now a few of the less glamorous facts are apparent. Seventy per cent. of Monaco's national income is derived from the tourist trade. After World War II that sum dropped sharply—only 75,000 tourists in 1954.

Another royal financial staple, the stamp business, also slumped badly. The world's collectors, it seemed, had all the pictures of Prince Rainier they wanted.

Last of all, by virtue of a 1918 treaty with France, Monaco was to remain independent — free of the obligations of income tax and Army service — only as long as a direct line of succession was preserved in the Grimaldi family. Clearly the time had come for Rainier to marry.

His wife had to be wealthy. He hoped she would be beautiful — for the sake of the stamp engravers if not for himself — and ideally she should be a tourist attraction.

He arrived in Paris armed with a list of 100 possible brides, including 12 princesses. He stayed there six weeks — it is not known with what record of success or failure.

Leaving Paris for the United States, Prince Rainier told reporters prophetically, "I see my ideal woman with long hair floating in the wind, the color of autumn leaves. Her eyes are blue or violet.

"She is intelligent but not intellectual. I want an ordinary woman who will give me an ordinary feeling. I want her to give me the feeling that she is all mine."

Grace is doing her best. There's no doubt that she is very much in love with her dapper, pencil-moustached, slightly plump husband.

Work and worry have taken glamor from the fairy-tale romance

Nothing makes her angrier than persistent reports that the Prince wears elevated shoes. He doesn't.

He is 5ft. 9in. tall and occasionally has trouble with his arches. If he expects to be on his feet for a long time, he wears comfortable ankle boots with straps.

"These shoes," Grace explains carefully, "happen to be manufactured with an unusually thick sole."

Meek role

Like many another man who is self-conscious about his physique, the Prince has a bone-crushing handshake. A great outdoors man, he has concentrated on skin-diving, hunting, driving fast cars, and taming savage dogs.

In these his performance is pretty impressive, but he likes an audience and he makes it plain that this is his wife's job.

It is interesting to see how this emancipated American career girl who still has a sizeable part of the world at her feet fits meekly into the subservient role of a 19th-century European wife. Family intimates say the Prince is touchy and frequently irritable.

"Grace just sits and takes it," we were told. "She turns a little pale, but she never answers back. He doesn't stay mad long."

The truth is that neither can afford to indulge in quarrels.

Together they are engaged in a far more serious struggle: to force the world to recognise and respect the Principality of Monaco as a political and cultural force and the House of Grimaldi as royalty on an equal level with the Windsors of England.

Some friends say the whole project is designed to bolster the Prince's self-respect.

"Lots of people laugh at the Prince of Monaco. They treat him like a lead tenor in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. He doesn't like it," is an informed opinion.

With all her responsibilities and activities, Grace, nevertheless, is frankly homesick. She speaks wistfully of America as "a wonderful place to raise children."

Monaco, some members of her family suspect, is giving her a slight case of claustrophobia. The principality is less than half the size of New York's Central Park, and despite its fairy-tale surrounding has no place where Grace "can get away from it all."

Her first reaction was to build a private hideaway in the palace itself.

Six rooms were set aside for a royal apartment (the remainder of the building is open to the public).

With the help of an imported New York decorator she produced a faithful copy of a Philadelphia middle-class home. She chose English and French furniture, hundreds of square feet of broadloom carpeting, and a profusion of glazed chintz.

The children's nursery, done in various shades of yellow, Grace's favorite color, is a model of efficiency. There are sliding walls that divide it into a one, two, or three room suite at will.

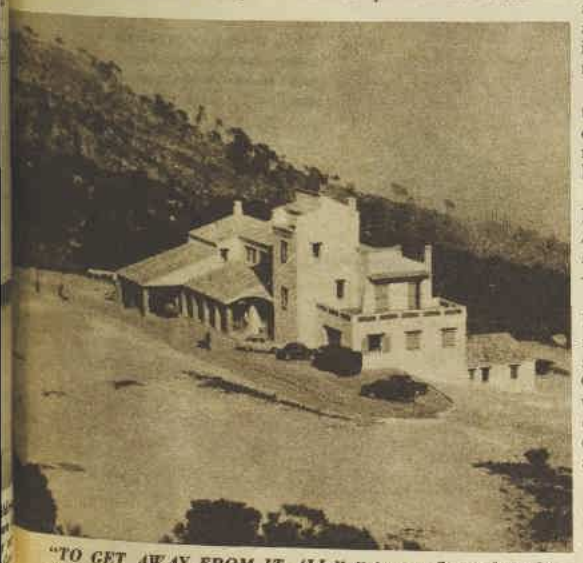
But the painting and alterations had no sooner been completed than Grace began restlessly talking about a "real home in the country."

She went house-hunting. High up in the Maritime Alps, 20 miles from Monaco, she found what she wanted —an old chateau.

Grace hired a trio of well-known French architects to restore and remodel it. Her sister Lizann told us that Grace's hastily acquired Hollywood French, which is adequate enough for most occasions, was no match for architectural terms.

"Most of the time they just stared at me politely and then went ahead and did what they wanted," Grace wrote. "It made me mad. I hired a tutor and studied until I knew enough to talk back to them."

TO FULFIL her royal duties, Princess Grace finds she has not the time she would like to give to Princess Caroline, now 22 months, and Prince Albert, now eight months.



"TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL," Princess Grace has this country home, high in the Alps, 20 miles from Monaco. She hopes to live there for at least half the year.

The two make no secret of the fact that they hope to have many more children, although Grace, like many mothers, suffers pangs of guilt over the fact that she doesn't spend more time with those she already has.

100 servants

Her mother, a pleasant, broadminded, easy-going woman with an acute social conscience, thinks that her daughter has a distressing tendency to seek complicated solutions to simple problems.

"I don't see how having two houses is going to make her life any easier," she said. "The palace has more than 200 rooms — I don't think anyone has ever counted them accurately — and nearly a hundred servants. It takes her two hours a day now just to tell the servants what to do."

Grace is chairman of Monaco's Red Cross, of Monaco's branch of the United Nations Emergency Relief Fund. She is chairman of the board that supervises two local orphanages and an old people's home.

"All that's lacking is Cub Scouts," she wrote home. "And I'll probably be a den mother when Albert gets old enough."

When she visits the local hospital on an inspection tour she is pleasant, polite, but merciless.

"She really inspects," a young nurse told us. "She pokes into closets and looks under beds. She wears a pair of white gloves. If the gloves are dirty when she leaves, we hear about it!"

Despite her protests, Grace manages to spend a conscientious two or three hours a day with her children.

She builds block-houses with Princess Caroline, trundles the baby's bassinet up and down the sun-filled nursery, and reads child-care books.

The children have a nurse and two governesses.

"The first governess said she was going to get married," explained Grace with a sigh, "so we hired another. Then the first one broke her engagement. We couldn't bear to fire anybody. So now we have two."

Educational problems concern both Grace and Rainier. Most children of European royalty are educated at exclusive English schools.

As a lad, Rainier attended one and was so miserable he ran away twice. He said the other boys made fun of him because he was a foreigner. His classmates and instructors say he was subjected to no more

Turn to page 77

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Aywon's nautical and nice look for summer

As exciting as a boat race – as casual as a summer cruise, *this* is summer's winning look – even if you're miles from the water. Crisp, cool and relaxed, the Regatta Look steers a fashionable course with nautically styled sailcloth separates. All in a brilliant array of colours and dazzling white. Remember, Aywon sportswear is snapped up *early* every year! Get *yours* while there's a wide choice at your favourite store. That means NOW!

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Aywon

THE MOST EXCITING NAME IN SPORTSWEAR

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His work gives new hope to the maimed

● Professor Henry Kessler believes that you, I, all of us are only about ten per cent. efficient physically and mentally, and that if we could become 11 per cent. efficient we would be near-geniuses.

HE uses this startling generalisation to stress that perhaps the biggest problem in the rehabilitation of the maimed is that the individual doesn't realise his own potential.

"Man is like an iceberg," he says. "Most of himself is underwater and never used."

Professor Kessler, noted American orthopaedic surgeon now in Australia for the Pan - Pacific Rehabilitation Conference, has such gentle grandfatherly charm that everyone who meets him becomes immediately a devotee.

Although today his name is known world-wide for his work for the maimed, he started life with only two advantages — a first-class brain and an incurable interest and concern for suffering human beings.

His father was a Russian Jewish immigrant, his mother a Rumanian, but his father was a wanderer and his mother worked for 20 years in New Jersey clothing factories to keep herself and her three children.

She had one aim in life—to give her children the best education possible—and from the age of five Henry knew that his mother had decided he would be a doctor.

She put him through Cornell University, and by 1920, when he was 24, he was already in practice as an orthopaedic surgeon at Newark, New Jersey.

His interest in rehabilitation goes back to those days, and all his medical life has been devoted not only to the expansion of knowledge but to breaking down the social and economic prejudices against the crippled.

"This prejudice, despite centuries of enlightenment, still goes back to ancient times, to the animistic idea that evil spirits are responsible

By RONALD McKIE

for a crooked leg, a deformed arm," he said.

"This, of course, is ridiculous, but many employers still buck at having a cripple around, even though many cripples are much more valuable socially and economically than so-called sound men and women.

"It's not generally realised that seven per cent. of the population of the United States — or about 12,000,000 people—have substantial disabilities which interfere with their social or economic life.

"In World War II 20,000 American servicemen lost limbs, yet in the same time our greatest killer, the car, maimed six times that number."

It was during the war, when Professor Kessler served as a Navy surgeon in the South-west Pacific, that he realised two things: That man is almost indestructible, and that the apparently hopelessly maimed can be transformed into functioning, efficient human beings again.

"A young Navy pilot, shot down by a Japanese Zero, bailed out with his parachute, but on the way down the Jap plane dived at him and hit him with his propeller. He landed in the sea, was picked up, and brought to our hospital.

"He had both legs and both arms smashed, his jaw was broken, and he had 60 other individual wounds. As I worked on him I have never done such a job of butchery. I had to amputate both legs and an arm. I felt guilty having to perform such awful work.

"I didn't give him a chance of life, and after he had come out of the anaesthetic I said to him, 'How do you feel?'

"He even tried to smile and said, 'Gee, Doc, you guys are certainly giving me a lot of your attention.'

"Seven years later I ran into him in a town in Wisconsin. He had three artificial limbs. He had married, had two children, and was successfully running his own business.

"That courageous man had more than guts. He had the ability to realise his own potential as a human being, and to master his grave disabilities.

"That man to me is a living symbol of what is meant by rehabilitation."

But that's only one form of rehabilitation, as this personal story from his own family illustrates:

"My two sons—I also have a daughter and seven grandchildren — were what I call academic casualties of World War II.

"When they came home they were already old-young men. They didn't want to return to study for a profession. They didn't know what they wanted to do.

"After a time the younger, Jerry, got interested in learning to make artificial limbs, and I helped him all I could. He worked hard and finally set himself up as a limb-maker.

"The elder, Sanford, didn't seem to be interested, but one day he came to me and said he would like to learn limb-making, too.

"I said, 'I'll help you on one condition — that you become an apprentice to your younger brother."

"That was a real test, but he agreed, and today they are partners in business.

"When Jerry was in England studying one aspect of artificial limb-making in which he was particularly interested, I received a letter from him to say that he had fallen in love with an English girl—a girl who had lost a leg.

"Soon afterwards my wife and I flew to England to see the girl, and we loved her from the first minute.

"After that first meeting I took my son aside and said, 'Jerry, if you don't marry that girl—I will.' "

Professor Kessler's lifelong interest in amputees led him to the hardest and most enjoyable work he has ever tackled — years of spare-time research to discover whether a one-legged swashbuckling 17th-century Dutchman had lost his right leg or his left leg.

The Dutchman was Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam (New York), who died in 1672 and who is buried in St. Mark's Church in the Bowery.

When in command of the Dutch colony at Curacao in 1644, Peter Stuyvesant had lost a leg in a scrap with the Portuguese, and after that wore a peg-leg ornamented with silver bands.

But records never told which leg he had lost. Some statues showed him with a left peg-leg and others with a right peg-leg, and even the Encyclopedia Britannica reports vaguely that "one of his legs was amputated."

Learned Dutch

Professor Kessler became keen to solve the mystery.

He applied to the New York Health Department to have the tomb of Peter Stuyvesant opened, but the last descendant of the famous Dutchman indignantly refused.

So Professor Kessler spent two years learning Dutch so that he could read old records in the original, and then spent months in Holland on research.

Now his biography of Peter Stuyvesant — his first non-scientific book—is about to be published in New York, and in it he records his discovery in ancient documents that Peter had a right peg-leg.

"If history remembers me," he says with a chuckle, "it will not be as an orthopaedic surgeon, not as the founder of the Kessler Institute for Rehabilitation, but as the man who discovered after nearly three centuries that it was Peter Stuyvesant's right leg that had been amputated."

PROFESSOR HENRY KESSLER, American orthopaedic surgeon, who is visiting Australia for the Pan-Pacific Rehabilitation Conference.

In our next issue:

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

—the sensational double autobiography of the famous Morgan Twins, who became Thelma Lady Furness and Gloria Vanderbilt.

BEGINNING in our next issue, "Double Exposure" tells the story of the lives—and loves—of Thelma and Gloria Morgan.

Thelma was the girl who, having won the love of the Prince of Wales, lost it when she introduced him to fellow-American divorcee Wallis Simpson.

Gloria married the heir to the fabulous Vanderbilts. Widowed at 20, she fought a bitter law case with the Vanderbilts for the custody of her only child, the two-and-a-half-million-dollar heiress, little Gloria.

In "Double Exposure" each tells of the happiness and heartbreak of her romance.

The twins were born to Harry Hays Morgan, an American socialite and diplomat, and his half-Chilean wife, Laura. As children they wandered Europe with their parents.

At 16 the twins had their own New York apartment on Fifth Avenue. Within a year both were married.

Thelma's marriage to a playboy ended in divorce. Soon afterwards, in London, she met Viscount (Duke) Furness, the multimillionaire shipping king, and married him after a whirlwind courtship.

For a while they were idyllically happy. A son was born. Then Duke drifted away.

Thelma was seeking to hide her heartbreak when the Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor, entered her life.

In "Double Exposure" she tells of romantic nights with him on safari in Africa while wild beasts prowled round the camp, and of quiet days at Fort Belvedere, the Prince's home in Windsor Great Park, where she taught him the art of embroidery.

The idyll ended when Thelma asked an American friend, Mrs. Wallis Simpson, to look after the Prince while she was away on a trip to New York.

She returned to find she had lost his love to the woman for whom he was to renounce a crown.

Twin sister Gloria gives the inside history of the great legal battle for her child and her horror when she found her own eccentric mother ranged with her enemies against her.

After having dazzled international society for more than a quarter of a century, the sisters now live quietly together in a New York apartment.

"We're happy," says Lady Furness. "The tumult and the shouting are over. We haven't much money, but we don't need much."

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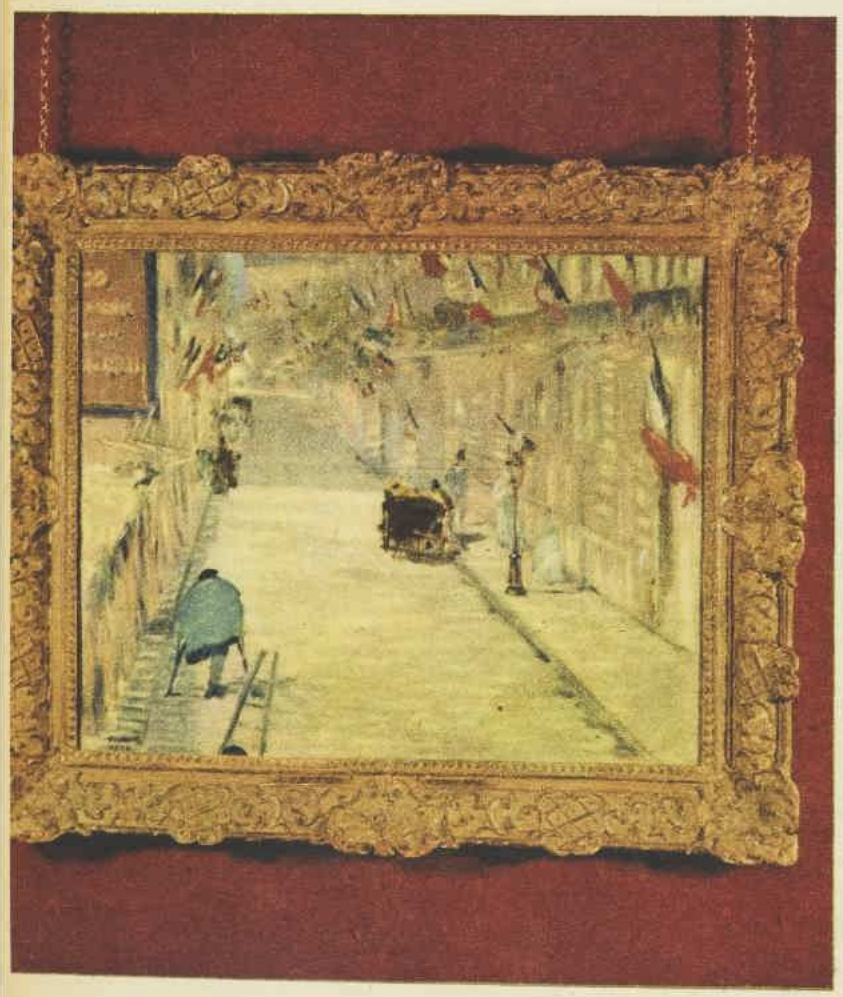
Historic art auction

£781,000

VAN GOGH'S "Jardin Public a Arles" ("Public Garden at Arles"), sold for £132,000 during the record sale of seven 19th-century impressionist paintings at Sotheby's, in Bond Street, London. This was one of four paintings done by Van Gogh to decorate Gauguin's room when the other impressionist stayed with him at Arles, in southern France, in 1888. It shows two lovers walking in a park and is considered one of Van Gogh's loveliest works.

● Even millionaires were stunned as seven famous 19th-century impressionist paintings were sold for a world-record price of £781,000 in a 21-minute auction at Sotheby's, in Bond Street, London. The paintings—three by Manet, two of Cezanne, one Van Gogh, and one Renoir — belonged to German banker Jakob Goldschmidt, who died in the United States three years ago. Overleaf: More pictures and sale story.



"LA RUE DE BERNE," painted by Manet in 1878, for which art-dealer Mr. G. Keller, of New York, paid £113,000. The seven pictures, said to be the finest collection of impressionist paintings, outside a gallery, in the world, belonged to the late German banker Jakob Goldschmidt, who went to the United States in the early 1930s. The sale was authorised by his son, 42-year-old Mr. Irwin Goldschmidt, who attended it with his wife, Madge.

PAUL CEZANNE'S STILL LIFE "Les Grosses Pommes" ("The Big Apples"), for which the final bid was £90,000, made by the famous art firm of Knoedler's, of New York Dealers, collectors, art-lovers, millionaires, and society hostesses competed for invitation to the sale, which Mr. Irwin Goldschmidt decided to hold in London because Sotheby's charge 10 per cent. commission compared with the 20 per cent. usual in the United States

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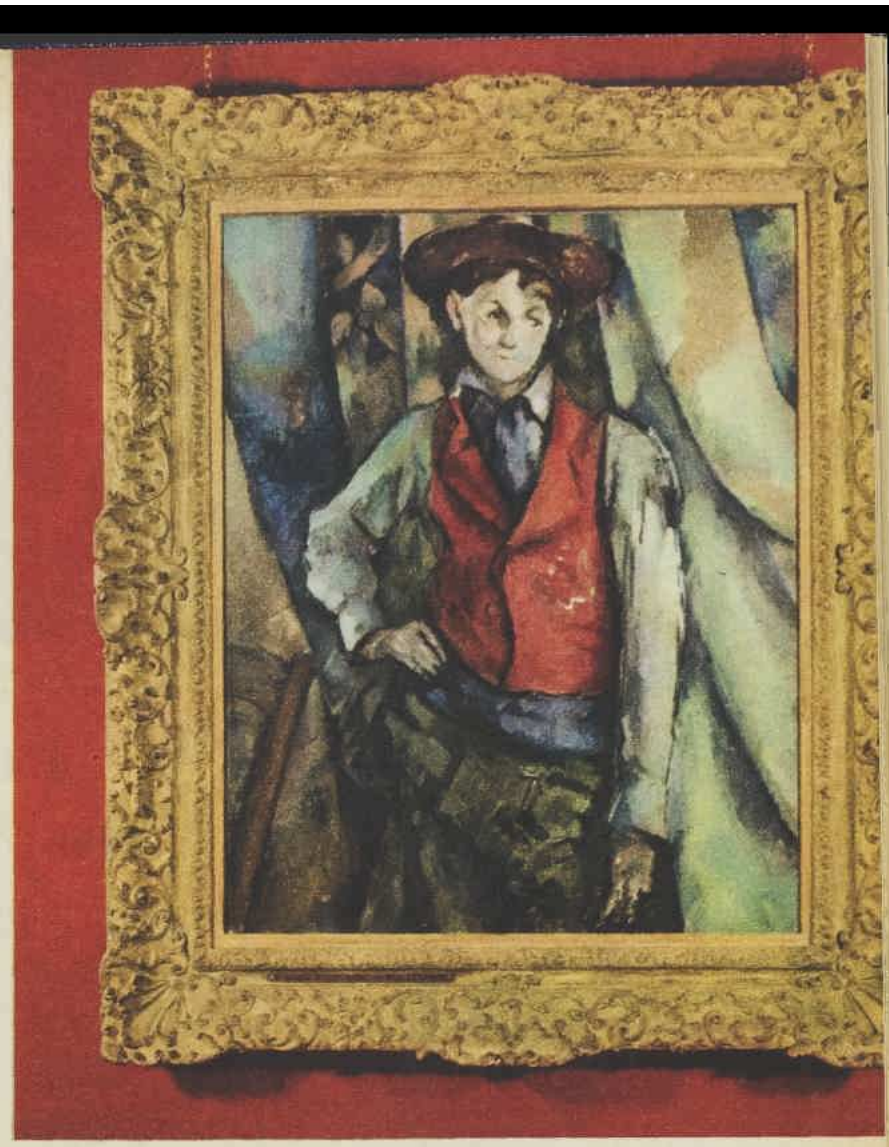
— IN 21 MINUTES

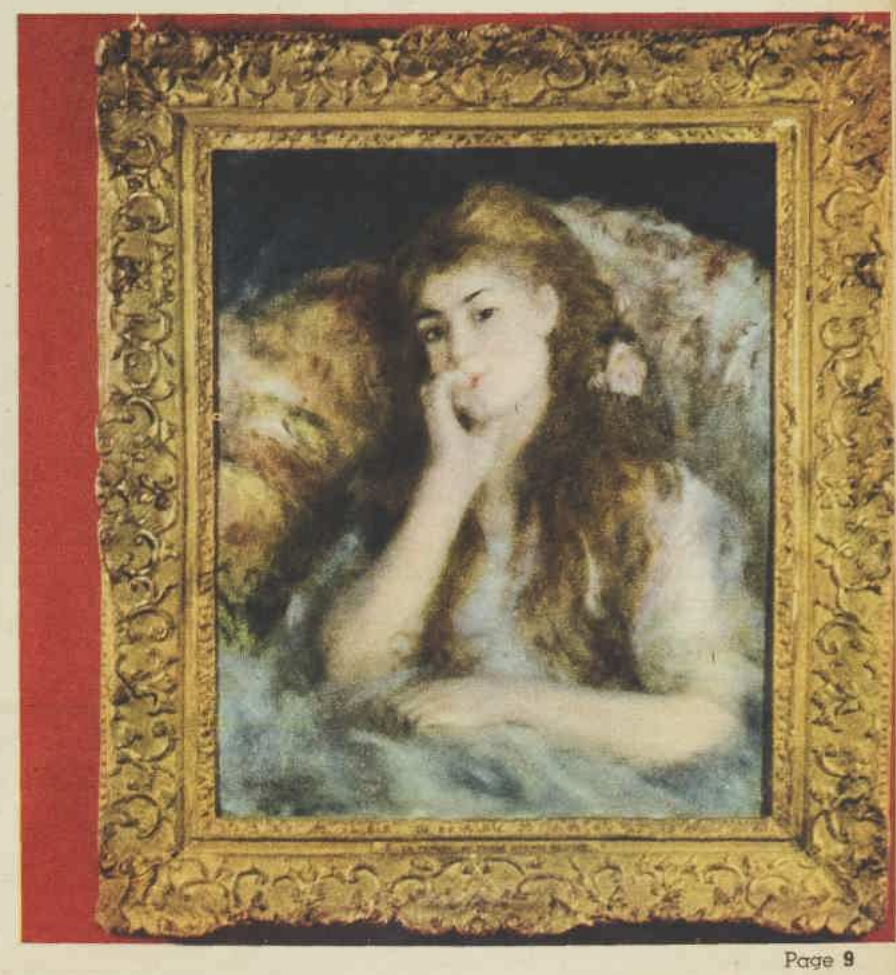
ON THE ROSTRUM, the chairman of Sotheby's, 45-year-old Mr. Peter Wilson, hearing bids for Cezanne's famous "Garcon au Gilet Rouge" ("Boy in a Red Waistcoat"), exhibited on the easel at right. To accommodate the 1200 guests at the auction, the basement storeroom at Sotheby's was cleared and filled with chairs to make an extra salesroom.



ABOVE: Cezanne's "Garcon au Gilet Rouge," sold for £220,000, the highest price ever paid for a painting at an auction. The purchaser was New York dealer Mr. G. Keller, acting for an unknown client. Mr. Keller bought three of the seven paintings for a total of £418,000.

BELOW: "La Pensee" ("The Thinker"), Renoir's beautiful portrait of a girl. It was the only painting in the collection bought by an English dealer, Mr. Edward Speelman paying £72,000 for it. Sale of "La Pensee" took only 55 seconds. Color pictures on these pages are by Alec Murray.

LOVELY PORTRAIT by Manet of Madame Gamby, called "La Promenade." It was one of Mr. Keller's three purchases, the selling price being £85,000. The portrait was painted in 1879. The bidding started at £5000 and rose by £5 a bid to the total. "La Promenade" was the second painting offered at the auction, following a Manet self-portrait (illustrated overleaf) that was knocked down for £65,000 to an unknown American buyer.



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Historic art auction (from previous page)

AUCTIONEER Mr. Peter Wilson with owner Mr. Irwin Goldschmidt and Mrs. Goldschmidt at the sale at Sotheby's.

TV ensured no bid was missed

● Diamonds glittered under electric lights and the aroma of expensive cigars mingled with the scent of French perfume as 1200 guests slowly inched their way into Sotheby's for the world's most fabulous art auction.

By DIANA PHIPPS, *of our London staff*

IN the ten days the seven famous paintings were on view at Sotheby's before the sale, dealers and collectors from all over the world arrived in London.

They swelled the crowd of 300 an hour who passed through the salerooms to see the masterpieces — three by Manet, two Cezanne, one Van Gogh, and one Renoir — before they again went into private collections.

Millionaire Jakob Goldschmidt left his collection in trust to his son, 42-year-old Mr. Irwin Goldschmidt.

Irwin Goldschmidt has two young sons. He reluctantly decided it would be unfair to deprive the boys of the income the sale would bring.

Two days before the sale—held at night, following American custom, with evening dress by request—Mr. Irwin Goldschmidt and his wife, Madge, a Canadian, arrived.

They attended a rehearsal with Mr. Peter Wilson, chairman of Sotheby's, as the auctioneer.

Thirteen television sets operating on a closed circuit were tested, telephones connecting each of the four salerooms were checked, and co-director Mrs. Carmen Gronau was "knocked down" for £42,000 in a dummy run.

The TV sets were installed to ensure that every guest could bid. Watching the scene in the main saleroom on the television screen, people in the other rooms could have bids relayed by telephone to Peter Wilson.

Two hours before the auction began at 9.30 p.m., the traffic jams began as Rolls-Royces, Bentleys, and taxis drew up to the white-painted entrance to Sotheby's.

Crowds collected to watch the 1200 arrive. Long queues trailed down Bond Street as the guests waited to enter and climb the crimson-carpeted staircase.

At last there was no room to move.

Lady Churchill, in full evening dress and pearls, sat next to Lady Violet Bonham-Carter.

Millionaires Charles Clore, Garfield Weston, and Lord Rothschild were there. Beauties Barbara Goalen and Dame Margot Fontevn were escorted by their husbands.

In the main saleroom television lights blazed, cameramen focused lenses on the scene, and a breathless hum of talk rose into the heated atmosphere.

The hands of the clock moved to 9.30, and the tension mounted almost to breaking-point; 9.35, and still nothing had happened; 9.37, and Peter Wilson appeared, his face expressionless.

He tapped the rostrum. There was silence. The sale began.

Lot 1: A self-portrait by Manet. The call was £5000 . . . £10,000 . . . £15,000 . . . £20,000 until the painting was knocked down at £65,000 in less than 65 seconds.

Peter Wilson slightly inclined his head. He said, "Yours. In the fourth row, sir."

The man in the fourth row was an American, who refused to disclose his identity.

Lot 2: Manet's "La Promenade," a portrait of Madame Gamby.

Once again the bidding started at £5000, and rose in £5 bids until it was knocked down to Mr. G. Keller, of New York, for £85,000.

The monotony of the bids, sounding like someone repeating a five-times table, was broken occasionally by Peter Wilson.

He gently urged on the sale, "It's against you, sir." If the speed of the bids bewildered a bidder, he said, "The last was your bid, sir," to stop someone bidding against himself.

Lot 3: A third Manet, "La Rue de Berne."

Again, as Peter Wilson's eyes flicked from side to side noting the bids, the price crept up, reached £113,000, and was knocked down to Mr. Keller.

Lot 4: Van Gogh's famous "Jardin Public a Arles."

The bidding started at £20,000, paused at £95,000 while Peter Wilson announced that he had received a bid from the basement for £100,000, then mounted to £132,000. The buyers: American art-dealers Rosenberg and Stiebel.

Lot 5: Cezanne's still life "Les Grosses Pommes," sold for £90,000 to the famous firm of Knoedler's, of New York.

Lot 6: A ripple of excitement ran through the now bemused audience. This was Cezanne's "Garcon au Gilet Rouge" — the greatest picture of the collection.

Bidding started at £20,000. Twelve hundred people held their breath as £220,000 was reached, the highest price ever bid for a picture at an auction.

Peter Wilson looked around the room. With just a shadow of a smile he said, "Will no one offer me any more?"

The spell was broken. A roar of laughter echoed through the room.

Lot 7: Renoir's "La Penseur," the beautiful, delicate portrait of a girl about whom the artist said, "Why has this title been given to my canvas? That girl never thought. She lived like a bird and nothing more."

In 55 seconds the picture was sold at £72,000 to Mr. Edward Speelman, the only English dealer who succeeded in buying one of the pictures.

The dazed audience looked silently at one another, disbelief in their eyes. They had seen history being made in 21 short, breathless minutes.

People have speculated about the real buyers of the paintings. Names like Rockefeller, Ford, and Niarchos have echoed through the art world, but no one knows.

Many cannot help wondering about the price for which Cezanne sold his "Boy in a Red Waistcoat." For a few francs, for more paints, or for a meal?

MANET'S SELF-PORTRAIT, bought for £65,000 by an anonymous American. It was sold in less than 65 seconds.

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AT THE NETS, England's bachelor batsmen show the skill which they hope will help England retain the Ashes in the Test series beginning in Brisbane on December 5. LEFT is Peter Richardson, left-hand opening batsman. RIGHT is Raman Subba Row, left-hand batsman and leg spinner.

It isn't cricket—but they want to be caught

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● In the eligible bachelor field, the touring English cricketers can muster only a two-man team—and both of these players admit they would be dismissed as easy catches to the right Australian girls.

THE two good-looking batsmen in question are 27-year-old Peter Richardson, a Worcestershire farmer, and 26-year-old Raman Subba Row, a Cambridge law graduate who works with a London music publisher.

Skipper Peter May, the other bachelor in the M.C.C. party, doesn't qualify for their ranks, as he's engaged and plans to marry on his return to England.

Since the tour began, the two "bachelors gay" have become almost as inseparable as Abbott and Costello — and are just as entertaining as a comedy team.

At first it was really batting on a sticky wicket when I tried to interview them at an all-male reception given for the team at Sydney Cricket Ground.

Finally I found the tall, rangy Raman (to rhyme with barman) Subba Row sandwiched amid 300 men.

To all questions on women, marriage, and his interests outside cricket, the batsman gave humored grimaces.

Then, with a twinkle in his treacle-colored eyes, he said: "I'm sorry, but we're not allowed to talk to the Press. You'll have to ask manager Freddie Brown the answers."

A second later: "Anyway, it's a leading question to ask whether I'm interested in getting married. Come and find Peter Richardson. I can't commit myself without him."

From the moment these two get together, there's non-stop banter, and not the slightest doubt that they're interested in Australian girls.

Raman: "Would you say we were interested in getting married in Australia, Peter?"

Peter: "Well, I think we'll be most disappointed if we don't. We've come a long way, and we've heard a lot about Australian girls. You know, some of the English newsmen are on their second tour here, and they're STILL bachelors. Most depressing."

Raman (patting Peter's fair hair): "Anyway, we'll have to get married soon. We're getting on. And your hair's getting a bit thin, old boy."

Raman and Peter, who thrive on the ragging their bachelor status brings from the rest of the team, are on their first trip to Australia.

Both say that cricket has so far kept them too busy for marriage.

Peter: "It's been the same on this tour to date. We've been concentrating hard on cricket, and have to go to bed reasonably early every night."

Raman (hopefully): "But we won't be playing cricket every day."

Peter: "Anyway, we were told to wait for the Melbourne and Sydney girls. Are they the prettiest in Australia?"

Raman: "They certainly are in Sydney. I've never seen more lovely girls than those in the hotel foyer when we arrived. Maybe they were there to see us."

Peter (sadly): "I don't think so."

One thing seems sure—their "dream girls" are unlikely to be among the crowds of feminine fans the English team is gathering at cricket grounds round Australia.

For neither player wants a girl-friend who's really interested in cricket.

"Definitely not," said Peter. "I don't suppose it would make much difference. But no, it would be much better if she didn't know what cricket was," said Raman.

Raman and Peter are fairly non-committal about the type of girls they're looking for, but both insist that the first, all-important requirement is a sense of humor.

Raman: "She'd certainly need it."

Peter: "Apart from a sense of humor, all she needs are all the other normal requirements."

Raman: "And all WE need is an introduction."

And for girls with a sense of humor here are a few facts about the eligibles:

Both have sparkling eyes and the sense of humor to match. Both are amateur cricketers and county captains.

Raman Subba Row, who is nicknamed "Savile Row" because of his immaculate, well-groomed appearance, is the English-born son of an Indian barrister and English mother.

A left-hand batsman who plays for Northants, he stands just over six feet tall.

He has a bronzed complexion scarcely darker than the rest of the team, great skill as a squash and bridge player, and a fondness for music which includes a love of Crosby and a hate of Sinatra.

Jovial farmer Peter is also a left-hand batsman, who loves life on his mixed farm, is amusing enough to raise a laugh from a head of corn, and charms everyone he meets with his softly spoken sophistication.

It's still anyone's guess who will win the Ashes, but one thing is obvious — England's bachelor "twins" are certain to score extremely well during the five months' tour.

And that isn't purely cricket.

AT THE RECEPTION given for the English cricketers at Sydney Cricket Ground, Peter Richardson (left) and Raman Subba Row, two M.C.C. humorists, share a joke.

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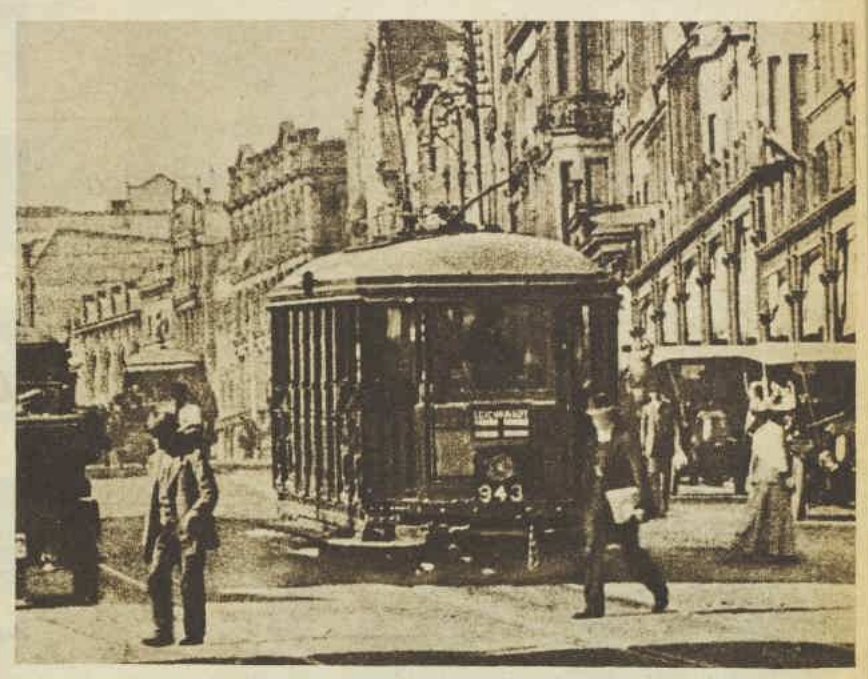
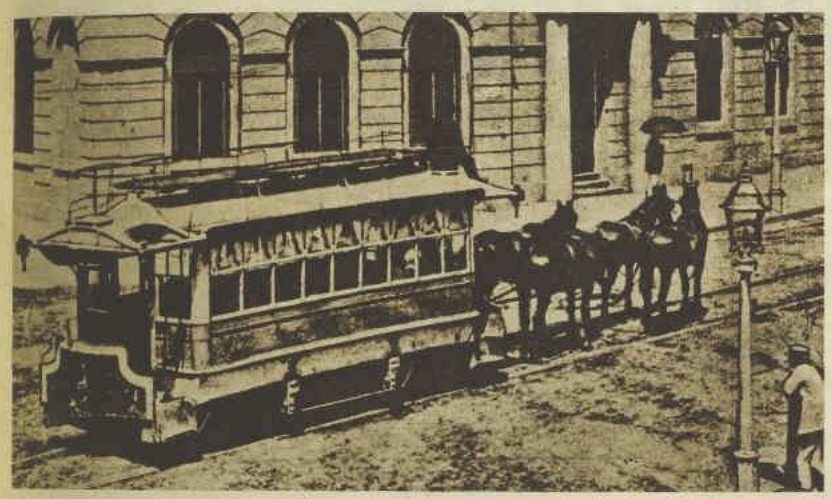
They're going off the rails

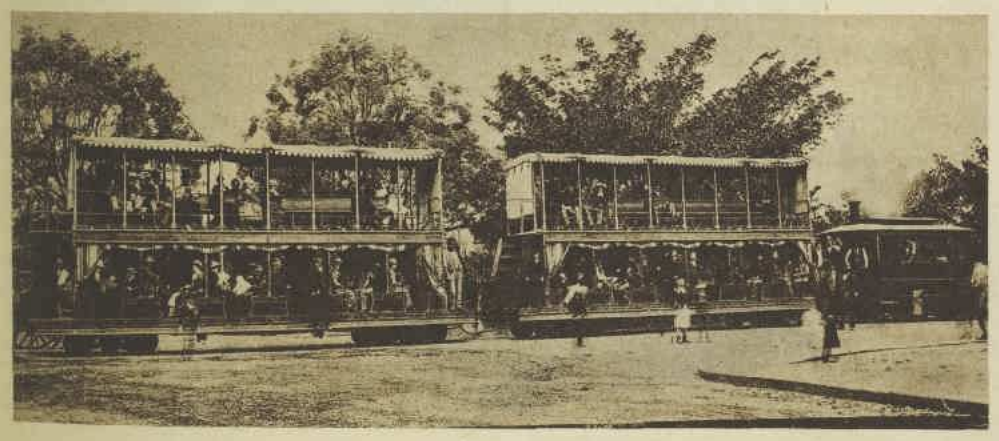
● After nearly 59 years, from November 23 electric trams will run no more in Sydney's busy George Street. Suburbs they have served will now have buses. In another year the Road Transport Department plans to have replaced all Sydney's trams with buses, thus ending a service which in the early days of the century had a world reputation and was second largest (to London) in the British Commonwealth. It served more beaches and sports centres than any other tram network in the world. Sydney had its first trams, drawn by horses, in 1861. These were replaced by horse omnibuses, which ran until 1898. Meantime steam trams ran from 1879 to 1912. Cable cars were in use from 1886 to 1902. Electric trams were first tried out at Randwick in 1890, but the first regular service did not begin until 1893, in Falcon Street, North Sydney. City electric trams started in 1899.





LEFT: First tram in Sydney, horse-drawn "Old England," at the corner of Pitt and Hunter Streets, 1861. Severely criticised, trams were taken off in 1866 and were replaced by horse omnibuses.

BELOW: Latest thing in 1879 was this steam tram, photographed on its first day of service in Elizabeth Street. Steam trams were kept spotlessly clean; express trams travelled at 50 m.p.h.



THEN AND NOW

TOP PICTURE shows a "dreadnought-type" tram in George Street in 1906. Leichhardt is shown on its destination sign. It was considered a luxury car, with a separate smoking section. Women did not use them because they were too open and breezy for their skirts. Nor were children encouraged to travel on them, being charged full fare if they did. Below is a picture taken in George Street of a Leichhardt tram a few days before the service came to an end this month. The first electric tram along George Street left the Railway at 5.35 a.m., December 8, 1899. On the first day the service carried 40,000 passengers. Fare from Circular Quay to the Railway gates was 1d. Early trams had pet names. No. 1111 was known as "The Four Aces" and 1066 as "William the Conqueror."

CABLE CAR running along King Street to Rose Bay in 1900. They were first used on the North Shore in 1886, came to the city in 1890. American sailors on leave in Sydney said they reminded them of San Francisco.

CROSSOVER on Rose Bay Road (now New South Head Road), just beyond Double Bay, in 1900. These early trams—Toonerville trolleys from the U.S.A.—were connected with the Edgecliff-to-Sydney cable trams. Note the two sturdy Double Bay bushmen pioneers.

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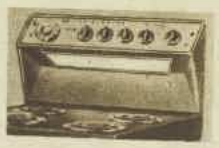

EYE LEVEL CONTROLS. No stooping, no peering here! All control knobs are just where you can see and reach them most comfortably — and they're out of reach of little hands. Cooking top lamp 'flood lights' the working area.

EXTRA LARGE GRILLER. Big enough for an entire family grill in one operation. Heat is evenly distributed over whole area—there's no need for constantly re-arranging contents. A wonderful time-saver.

HINGED COOKING TOP. The exclusive lift-up cooking top makes cleaning easy as winking! Fuses are easily accessible when top is raised. Deeply recessed non-spill edges prevent food from dripping down sides.

'COOKMASTER'. On automatic models De Luxe 26 and De Luxe 22. As simple to set as your watch. Oven switches on and off at preselected times, controls temperature accurately. You can cook a meal while you're miles away!

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PAN-PACIFIC CONFERENCE BANQUET. American visitors Mrs. Thomas J. Canty (left) and Captain Canty, who is chief of the Amputee Service of the U.S. Naval Hospital in California, with Lady Coles at the banquet for conference delegates held at the Wentworth Hotel.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THAILAND DELEGATE to the Pan-Pacific Rehabilitation Conference in Sydney, Mrs. Sumalee Chartikavanij, makes friends with Leonie Page at the Far West Children's Home, Manly. In the background Sister Heath holds Barbara Coombs, who still looks doubtful about making friends.

ART ENTHUSIASTS. Mrs. John Laszlo and Diana Kaiser at the exhibition of Norman Lindsay's sketches at David Jones' Art Gallery. Mrs. Laszlo wore a head-turning chemise dress in royal-blue linen with a swathed white chiffon hat.

JUST ENGAGED. Elaine Melrose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Melrose, of Pymble, with her fiance, Jimmy Carr, of Pymble. Jimmy is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin ("Slip") Carr. Elaine has a solitaire diamond ring.

TELEGRAMS and cables went in all directions last week announcing the arrivals of three bouncing baby boys in Sydney, Singleton, and Portsmouth, England.

Wendy and Mike Matthews will christen their son Shaun Phillip—and he's the first grandchild for Wendy's mother, Mrs. Patricia Lloyd Jones.

Judge Curlewis arrived home at the weekend on board Orcades—to hear that his young grandson will be named Adrian Peter. He's the first child for Philippa and Adrian Poole, of Jerrys Plains.

And from England comes news that former Sydney lass Rosanne Davenport and her R.A.N. husband, Graeme Harris, will call their son and heir Cameron.

• • •

HEAR that charming Frenchwoman Cora Boz was the only woman among the thirty guests at a cocktail party given by the French Trade Commissioner, Mr. R. Miot. And everyone toasted Cora's husband, Lucien, who was presented with the Knight of the Commercial Order Medal — he got that, of course, for his work in the French Exhibition in Sydney in '56.

• • •

IT'S a White Christmas in London for the John Couchmans, who are travelling over on Orion for six months' holiday in England and Europe.

• • •

HAD to stop and admire the delightful mobile swinging from the ceiling in one of the wards at the Far West Children's Home. It's an abstract design by young Wagga designer Robert Owen, using spectacular shapes in red, black, blue, and gold—and, needless to say, a great success with the young patients.

BRILLIANT is the word for Mrs. Roger Dunlop's tiny cocktail hat — four vivid orange roses nestling on top of her piled-up chignon. And with it she wears a plain-as-plain black dress.

• • •

THERE'S a bumper horse show at the Castle Hill Showground on December 6—there'll be at least 54 events and something like 500 entries. A committee of four—Anne Campbell, Judy Amory, Ross Field, and Doug Green — is organising the day, and all the proceeds will go to Legacy.

• • •

LUCKY Mary Tancred — she's off this week on board Mariposa with her parents, the Harry Tancreds, of Bellevue Hill, who decided on this trip to the U.S. just two weeks ago.

Anne

YOUNG TRAVELLER Elizabeth Wragge, of Newcastle (centre), with Captain Valentine West, British Army, and Sandra Tully before Orion sailed. Elizabeth will spend three months ski-ing in Austria and then travel across Europe to London to meet her father, Mr. W. B. Wragge.

AT RIGHT: Jennifer Taplin (centre) was farewelled by Paul Noble and Deidre Rule before she left on board Orion for a holiday overseas.

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Scientific trek into Nor'-west

MUSEUM PARTY at work by lamplight at Tambrey homestead examining specimens. From left: Mr. Ken Buller, Miss Kaye Vollprecht, Mr. Tony Watson, Mr. Harry Butler, Dr. W. D. L. Ride, Mr. Athol Douglas.

● Apart from still scratching my spinifex-studded feet until they bled, shaking my shoes every morning for centipedes, gaping at the vegetables and fruit in greengrocers' shops, and a tendency to grab across the table at all the food in sight, I might never have been away.

By
JOAN JACOBY,
staff reporter

BUT I had—for three wonderful weeks with the Western Australian Museum Expedition to the Hamersley Ranges.

It was one of the biggest and most fruitful expeditions ever undertaken by an Australian museum.

There were eight men and two women in the party:

● **Dr. W .D. L. Ride,** Director of the W.A. Museum, at 32 the youngest museum director in Australia. Born in England, Dr. Ride is the son of a Victorian Rhodes Scholar and was educated at Scotch College, Melbourne, and Hongkong and Oxford Universities.

His high military boots served him faithfully in the British Army (Gordon Highlanders) in China, through tropical jungles, over English moors and Yorkshire mountains, but turned up their toes when faced with the Hamersley Ranges.

● **Dr. Gerlof Mees,** the new Curator, formal, typically Continental, pitched from the flat countryside of his native Holland and European civilisation into the primitive, rugged north-west after only three weeks in Australia.

● **John Mitchell,** Curator of Reptiles at the Museum of South Australia, and a keen spear-fisherman.

● **Peter McMillan,** research entomologist at the W.A. Museum, one-time sheep-and-wheat farmer, who studied for his science degree when he was demobilised from the R.A.A.F. after World War II. Peter, who is now doing research for a master's degree, was the expedition cook.

● **Athol Douglas,** museum experimental officer, who collected all kinds of specimens, but whose main interest was mammals, especially bats (one of which bit him).

● **Ken Buller,** taxidermist, who broke his own record when he skinned and stuffed 34 birds in one day, who 17 years ago made a three-year collecting trip along the Canning Stock Route with 14 men and 34 camels.

● **Miss Kaye Vollprecht,** 20, Museum zoologist, who learnt to skin birds and kangaroos, to salt kangaroo hides; who measured a live 12ft. 10in. python with a piece of string while two men tried to stretch it straight along the floor; and who is now working for a master's degree.

● **Harry Butler,** Education Department naturalist attached to the Museum in an honorary capacity, Vice-President of the Naturalists' Club, Organising Officer for the W.A. Gould League, who runs the annual wild-life show in Perth and the summer camp schools for north-west children at Point Peron.

● **Tony Watson,** research student in the University Zoology Department, an honors graduate, who leaves this month to study for a Ph.D. at Cambridge University on a Hackett Studentship.

● **And me.**

It was a successful expedition.

In three weeks its members collected more than 10,000 insects, more than 500 reptiles (52 species), more than 300 birds (75 species), several hundred fish (about eight species), and about 50 specimens of mammals (13 species).

The collection ranged from a 12ft. 10in. python and 7ft. kangaroos to insects so small they were barely visible to the naked eye.

In addition, we brought back hundreds of varieties of plant life, including dozens of wildflowers, which were blossoming everywhere — Sturt peas, beautiful wild hibiscus, cassias, amaranthus, grevillea, and many others.

The weight we lost through long, rugged sorties over rough spinifex, gibber country, and rocky hills was made up on our return air-trip to Perth by aboriginal stone tools and implements we picked up in dozens, and pretty lumps of rock we brought home as souvenirs.

Rock carvings

John Mitchell and Harry Butler, the reptile boys, also found a previously unknown group of aboriginal rock carvings on the walls of the gorge at Black Hill, near Mt. Herbert.

"In Western Australia there are two major areas of animal life," Dr. Ride told me.

"They are the south-west—south of the Murchison, just above Geraldton, where the animal life is very different from anywhere else in Australia—and the Kimberleys.

"Dividing them is the desert area of the Canning Basin.

"We wanted information on animals south of the Canning Basin, between the north-eastern desert and the south-west.

WATERLILY POOL at Millstream, a 640,000-acre station in the Hamersley Ranges, W.A., where the expedition made its first camp and collected thousands of specimens—from snakes, birds, and fish to tiny insects.

LEFT: Hills like this one on the road to Roebourne change color as you approach them — first they are mauve, then purple, finally rich variations of red.

ABOVE: John Mitchell watches for reptiles to run out of burning spinifex. In right background are caves where expedition found small black bats.

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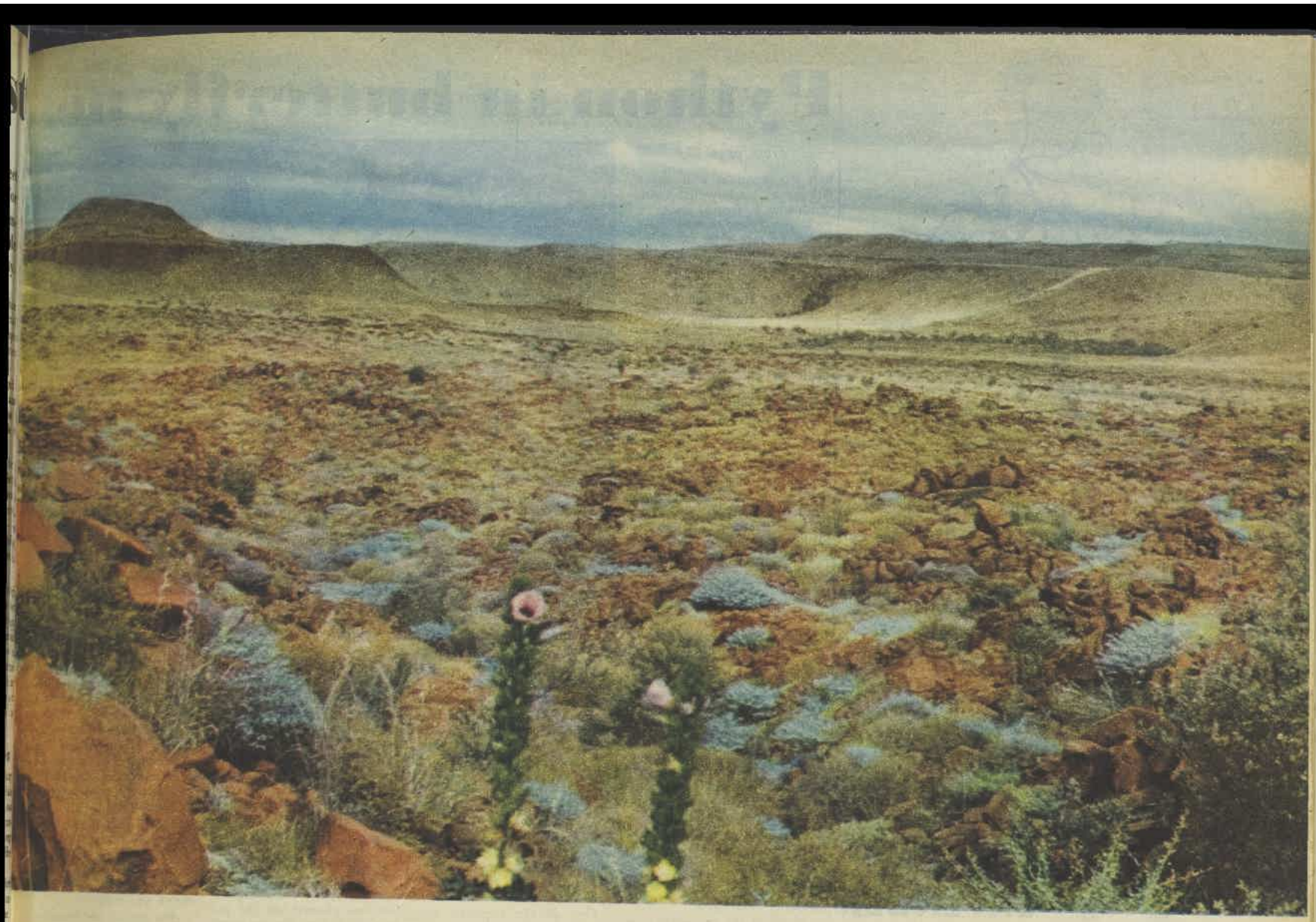

ABOVE: Scene in the Mount Herbert area, showing some of the district's many lovely wildflowers.

RIGHT: Fishing at Tambrey pool. From left, Dr. Gerlof Mees, Kaye Vollprecht, and Joan Jacoby.

"In the Hamersley Range region, you might expect a mixture of south-west and desert animals.

"Instead we found Kimberley animals mixed with desert animals. Some of the vegetation is also Kimberley, such as the cadjiputs and palms.

"This surprising result seems to indicate that the desert areas were not always there, but came later, cutting the Kimberleys into two."

The expedition started when we all met at Coolawanyah, a sheep station more than 1100 miles north of Perth by road, 909 by air.

Athol Douglas, Gerlof Mees, and Peter McMillan went north from Perth by Land Rover, with camping gear and bedding. The rest of us followed 11 days later by plane.

From the aircraft the flat, red land, boldly patterned with lime-colored spinifex, dry creeks, minute trees, and clay-pans, looked like some fantastic piece of aboriginal art done by a giant hand. The only moving thing was a tiny shadow plane following us across the plain.

Over the Hamersley Ranges the peaks were violent red, with Mt. Bruce, the highest mountain in Western Australia (4024ft.), crouching with humped back above them all.

Far below on the spinifex plateau appeared a huddle of vehicles beside a red landing-strip.

A few minutes later we were smoothly down, and Roy Parsons, joint owner of Coolawanyah with Sir Edward Lefroy, was there to meet us.

In the three weeks that followed we saw no newspapers, needed no money, rarely knew the date or even the day, and time simply became day and night.

Hard work

In those three weeks I discovered that scientists in the field work very hard indeed. Their day begins shortly after sunrise and ends at midnight or after.

The pace started when we left Coolawanyah in the Land Rover for our first camp at Millstream, a 640,000-acre station 60 miles towards Roebourne.

On the way we saw a "porcupine" (to be correct, echidna or spiny anteater) slowly crossing the road like a little mobile spinifex bush, and stopped to pick it up.

As we neared the homestead, Athol Douglas told us to watch for a surprise. Even with his warning, I was not prepared for what I saw.

My first impression was that we were in the Florida everglades. The road entered a thick forest of white-trunked cadjiputs and went underwater with little fish swimming around the Land Rover's wheels.

At the homestead we were welcomed by Stuart Gordon (who owns the station with his brother and mother), his wife, Pixie, and their three small children, Roger, Jenny, and Ian Richard ("Benjie").

Awaiting us were the collecting gear and provisions which had been sent ahead.

We stayed ten days at Millstream.

Although each scientist had his particular interest, they worked as a team.

Dr. Ride and Athol Douglas were looking mainly for mammals; Dr. Mees and Kaye for fish; John Mitchell and Harry Butler for reptiles; Peter McMillan and Tony Watson for insects.

Ken Buller's work was collecting, skinning, and stuffing birds.

At night, when they'd finished recording and preparing their own specimens, the others helped, under Ken's guidance, with the skinning and stuffing.

By day, looking for his own specimens, each also gathered anything that might be of use to one of the others.

Harry, John, and I, hunting for reptiles, keeping our eyes open for a kangaroo for meat, brought back alive four black

Continued on page 18

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Python in butterfly net

From page 17

bats we found in a cave for Athol; a thick-bodied, 8in. centipede I found under a rock for Peter; a tiny, rare marsupial mouse for Dr. Ride.

Peter McMillan, with nothing more than a butterfly net, brought home a live 10ft. 4in. python for Harry and John.

Gerlof, Kaye, and I, fishing in the deep, round, permanent pools at Black Hill and Big Hill, and in the long pools of the otherwise dry Fortescue and George Rivers, caught dragonflies and picked up dragonfly larvae from the mud for Tony.

I got into the habit of turning over every flat rock I saw, every piece of tin near the homestead, and found little frogs and plenty of centipedes.

We set fire to spinifex at all hours of the day and night, and watched for reptiles running out of the burning bushes.

In knocking down anthills there was always an element of surprise, like a lucky-dip.

The men used long crowbars, picks, and shovels. I had a 3ft. piece of rusty iron pipe.

It was hard work. The anthills, of hard red clay, were up to 5 or 6ft. in diameter, up to 8 or 9ft. high.

Anthill squatters

Inside we found a strange array of "squatters" — small pythons (up to 2ft. long) and other small snakes, beetles, spiders, centipedes, and a variety of lizards.

Some of the snakes and lizards were new to the W.A. Museum collections.

Many of the specimens collected by the expedition were rare—such as Carter's Spinifex Bird, last collected for the Museum in 1909.

Another prize was the rare Ghost Bat, beautiful in flight, and so silent that miners don't know one has passed them in an underground shaft unless they see it.

Flying, the Ghost Bat looks white—pure, unrelieved white. Close up, you see that its body is covered with soft silver-grey fur on the back, white underneath, that its "wings" are translucent skin.

I joined one expedition to Round Hill to look for a Ghost Bat Dr. Ride and Athol had seen the day before, flying like a big, beautiful, white bird.

Kaye Vollprecht, Harry Butler, John Mitchell, and I were told to hold the big net across the mouth of the cave, while Athol Douglas crawled in and fired pistol shots into the darkness to frighten the bat. Dr. Ride stood outside with his gun.

A bat flew out of the darkness. I pounced on it with the net and both hands. It wasn't the prized Ghost, but a free-tailed bat, smaller, and black, which the expedition took home alive.

At Millstream Kaye Vollprecht and I shared a bedroom inside the homestead, with electric light, a dressing-table, washstand, corner wardrobe, and well-filled bookshelves, which we never had time to use.

Dr. Ride, Athol Douglas, Ken Buller, and John Mitchell slept on camp-stretchers in the spinifex cool-house (also used as the skinning-room and laboratory), and Dr. Gerlof Mees, Peter McMillan, Harry Butler, and Tony Watson in rooms in another building.

PYTHONS caught by the Western Australian Museum Expedition and taken back alive to Perth by jeep — a five-day journey. Harry Butler (left) is holding the 12ft. 10in. one he caught and John Mitchell the 10ft. 4in. one caught by Peter McMillan.

Kaye and I used the house bathroom with a white bath and a kerosene heater.

The men used the spinifex bath-house built over the running stream about 50 yards from the house.

They had to sit in the water with little fish swimming about them, keeping a tight hold on the soap so it wouldn't drift away downstream.

One of the scientists was not pleased when he found a kangaroo's head anchored in the "bath" one day.

"This is a bit beyond a joke," he said, marching into the cool-house.

Harry Butler said indignantly: "It wasn't meant to be a joke. I put it there for the fish to pick clean. Anyway, it's all right—I'll put it downstream."

Our meals consisted mainly of kangaroo stew or tinned meat, tinned vegetables, tinned fruit, and tinned butter, with tinned milk in our tea.

Shared kitchen

Peter McMillan, our cook, shared the huge kitchen range (with two ovens, each big enough to roast a whole lamb) with Pixie Gordon, who kindly made our bread.

The kitchen, like all nor'-west station kitchens, was built apart from the house for coolness. In summer the temperature, with the big range going, rises to about 130 degrees.

With no telephone and a fortnightly mail service (the letter-box 10 miles from the front door on the main road), the only means of communication is the pedal wireless.

While we were at Millstream visitors included the Rev. Tom Blackwell, travelling padre from Port Hedland, and Mr. and Mrs. Ron Fraser.

Mr. Fraser is a regional Vermin Control Officer of the Department of Agriculture.

He was covering, with his four doggers, a vast and lonely area embracing Nullagine, Marble Bar, Port Hedland, Roebourne, Wittenoom, and part of the Onslow district (194,765 square miles) setting traps and baits for dingoes.

He spends nine or ten months every year in this area, and his wife joins him in winter.

Mrs. Fraser already had travelled about 4000 miles with her husband, and by the time she goes south will have done about 7000.

Picnic at pool

Mr. Blackwell planned to hold a service at 11 a.m. on Sunday, but the Kanjianji Gordons phoned, on the private line linking the two homesteads, to say they couldn't arrive in time, so it was postponed until evening.

Kanjianji homestead is part of Millstream, 17 miles away, and is the home of Stuart Gordon's brother Doug, his wife, Mildred, and their three small children, Susan, Donald, and Colin.

When they arrived we all went for a picnic at Crossing Pool, on the Fortescue River.

The Gordons provided a big bucket of steaks, a basin of box butter, and two bottles of goats' milk for the tea. Pixie and Mildred had made bread rolls and several kinds of jam tarts.

After lunch the scientists, who never wasted a moment, went collecting; the Frasers and I went fishing.

We caught a number of big cat-fish with poison spines on their fins, but good to eat.

Or so I was told. My own beautiful four-pounder was wrested from me.

"It's a specimen," said Peter.

It was useless arguing with nine scientists, so the fish went into formalin instead of the frying-pan.

The next Sunday we left Millstream for our next camp at Tambrey, the station adjoining Coplawanyah.

Tambrey was like the Garden of Eden.

We even had a serpent (a 12ft. 10in. python Harry Butler caught, which lived with us in the house in a hessian sugar-bag), and "forbidden fruit" — a case of apples we could not touch because the fruit was bait for mammal traps.

At Tambrey, we shared the deserted homestead (the house is no longer used, because the station now belongs to Coolawanyah) with a Chinese ghost.

The Chinaman, said Topsy, our native woman help, had been murdered years before in the spinifex meat-house next to the kitchen.

The homestead was a long, adobe house built of red anthill clay mixed with spinifex and wool. Its walls were 14in. thick, and it had lovely arched doors and windows.

We ate our meals sitting on the floor, on the side verandah, with a table made of an old door laid across some gun-shell containers the scientists used for specimens.

Our tablecloth was my white plastic ground-sheet, decorated with a jam-tin of Sturt Peas from the masses growing in the dry creek-bed a few yards fr m the house.

MacDuff, the four-year-old son of Topsy, called the flowers "d o o l a widdingbidding."

With us, MacDuff was formal, saying "hullo" and "good, thank you."

With his mother (he called her "Bibby") he chatted in their own language, and sang little songs he made up as he went along, "about kangaroos and things," Topsy said.

At Tambrey we had four days' continuous rain.

The scientists worked as usual, but our food supplies suffered. The stores we had ordered couldn't be delivered.

We were out of butter, almost out of coffee. A week **or two eating thick slices of damper spread with jam and kangaroo stew and I lost about two inches round the waist.**

When our time was up we all hated leaving, not only Tambrey, which we had grown to love, but the nor'-west itself.

FOOTNOTE: Final scientific results of the expedition won't be known for months or years. As soon as the W.A. Museum staff has made the preliminary sorting, many specimens will be sent to specialists all over the world to be identified and classified.

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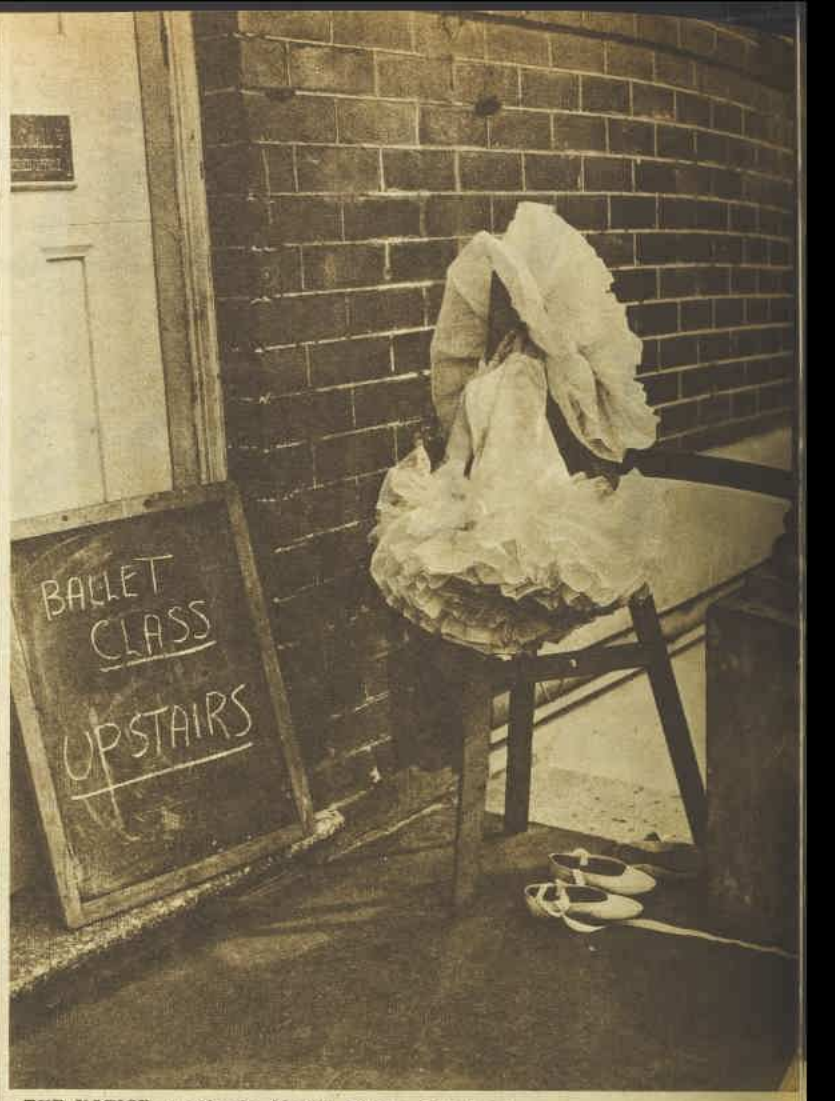
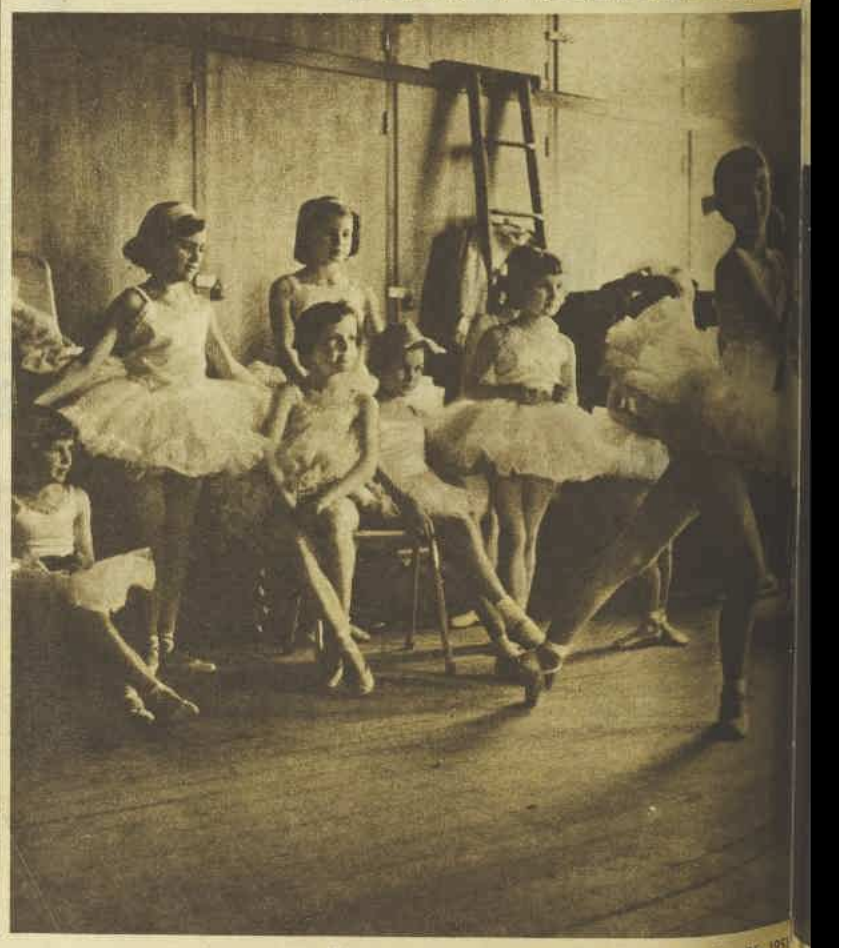


THE NOTICE outside the Marion Walker School of Ballet, Eastwood, N.S.W., was probably sitting correctly on its easel till a couple of young ballerinas decided this was just the place to hang a tutu or two.

THE CLASS UPSTAIRS. As graceful as a Degas painting, baby ballerinas cluster round to watch 12-year-old Shirley Clarke, of Ryde, at practice. Shirley, who is the school's champion ballerina, was last year awarded an exhibition by the British Ballet Organisation.



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BABIES OF THE BALLET

AT THE BAR, with ballet-style grace and precision, are young students of the Marion Walker School. They start training when they're five and complete their grades at 11, but they're 14 before they begin work "on the toes."

ALL THE ENCHANTMENT that ballet holds for a young enthusiast is captured in this study of five-year-old Joetta Slinkhard, of Earlwood, as she watches other student ballerinas hard at work.

POISED ready to show her dancing skill, six-year-old Lee-Ellen Hurcombe, of Epping, makes a graceful picture. She is competing for her grade exam before Mrs. Vera Lacey, British Ballet Organisation representative in Australia.

● Another Ulanova or Fonteyn could emerge from the 3000 children who every year take part in examinations held by the British Ballet Organisation. But as yet they're just baby ballerinas learning the exercises, the discipline, and the grace of ballet. Staff photographer Ron Berg took these appealing pictures on a recent Saturday when the five-year-olds were examined at a Sydney ballet school.

SIX LITTLE GIRLS in fluffy white tutus excitedly wait their turn to dance before British Ballet Organisation examiner Mrs. Vera Lacey. Success in the exam takes them into a higher grade and a step nearer their dreams of one day becoming a "real ballerina."

TAILPIECE. This isn't a football scram, but four young student ballerinas demonstrating that it's easy to touch your toes when you're a budding ballerina —and when you haven't far to bend. Their frilly skirts are like a carnation quartet.

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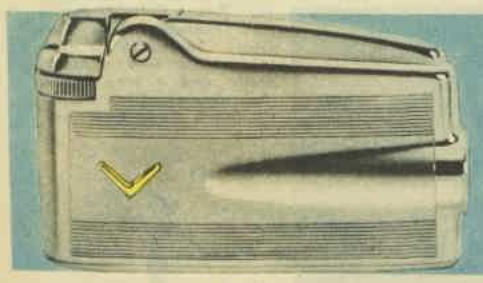

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THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

● In a swirl of dust, riders bring in fresh cattle for camp-drafting events during the Rocky Round-Up at Rockhampton, Queensland. Rodeos are held through the summer and autumn in cattle-raising areas of the southern States, but November is the last month of the rodeo season in Queensland, where the ground becomes too hard in summer. These modern bushmen's carnivals test the riders' skill in flag races, buckjumping, bullock-riding, and camp-drafting. Picture by Douglas Keen, of Brisbane.

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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I HAVE just returned from three months' holiday in Australia. I stayed with my daughter in Sydney, and also spent two weeks in Melbourne. One thing that struck me forcibly while travelling in buses and trams was the few men and young people who stood up to give women their seats. I never once saw a man get up in a bus, only occasionally in trams. Strapping youths slouched in their seats while tired women balanced unsteadily as buses lurched along. Whenever an elderly woman or man got in it was usually a woman who gave up her seat. Seems a pity that courtesy has gone by the board in such an otherwise fine country.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. W. Thompson, Balmoral Rd., Sandringham, Auckland, N.Z.

PLEASE, will some Australian write a play without beer bottles? I enjoyed "The Doll" and "The Shifting Heart"; they were great theatre. But now that we have had two successful plays about tough guys and slums, can we have one about some of the other types? It would be a good thing to let the world know that there are millions of Aussies who do not live in a perpetual hangover.

10/6 to Miss Lucy Drabble, Blackman's Bay, Tas.

ONCE a year, a couple of months before Christmas, municipal councils should conduct a campaign to collect discarded toys, story-books, and magazines. These could be distributed to orphanages, hospitals, homes for the aged, pensioners, etc. The cost of such a campaign would not be excessive, and it would be a service to the under-privileged members of our community.

10/6 to Mrs. N. Davies, Bardwell Park, N.S.W.

THE whole economy of fast and efficient ironing is destroyed by the manufacturers' custom of putting a rayon label in the collar of a garment. So often this tag reads "This garment 100 per cent. cotton," yet the tag itself is synthetic. As the housewife's busy iron skims over it the tag pulls the iron up with a jerk and sticks all over the bottom of it. Minutes are wasted in cleaning the iron again. Could we not have cotton tags in all garments?

10/6 to Mrs. M. Stapleton, Ashgrove, Brisbane.

I WAS pleased to read (15/10/'58) that there are some people in this world who have more money than they can use themselves, and use it to help others not as fortunate. I am referring to Stanley Slotkin, the businessman of Los Angeles. Being born with hare-lip and cleft palate, I know how I'd feel if I had the chance of having my face repaired. I take my hat off to Stanley Slotkin and his thoughtfulness for his fellow men. I wish we had a few more people like him. It would be a much happier world.

10/6 to Mrs. N. Tanswell, Parkes, N.S.W.

BEING a busy housewife I wonder if other women have done as I have. When I was first married I always used to line the washing basket with clean newspaper to carry the washing out to the line and dispose of the paper afterwards. Then I bought a yard and a quarter of clear plastic, cut it slightly larger than my basket, hemmed it all round, and inserted elastic in the hem. Hence a cover that only needs wiping over when washing is done and a perfect fit over the basket.

10/6 to Mrs. C. M. Brookes, Penshurst, N.S.W.

AS a regular filmgoer, I think themes are very humdrum at present. I suggest films could be based on the lives of the Saints, the Greek heroes, opera, classical drama, and the lives of great composers. Also, colored travelogues and tales of the shrines, cathedrals, and abbeys of Europe would be greatly appreciated by people who are unable to travel.

10/6 to Miss F. Leadbeater, Goodna, Brisbane.

To Knit Or Not?

AS a mere man I cannot agree with B. M. Wright (29/10/'58), who disapproves of women knitting during visits or at meetings. I feel very envious of them on such occasions as they sit manipulating their needles and attending to the conversation and business with rapt attention. The men seem to have trouble with their hands and appear to be less interested in matters than the women. I think it is better to utilise the time spent at a visit or a meeting doing something useful, such as knitting, rather than sit idle.

10/6 to R. Lewis, Braddon, Canberra, A.C.T.

Family affairs

AT last we have solved the problem of our boys waking us at six o'clock every morning. We have installed a crystal set, with two sets of earphones, in their bedroom. The earphones are hung beside the boys' beds, and as soon as they wake in the morning they put them on and listen-in. We have no trouble in getting them to bed now, either. In fact, they want to go to bed to hear their favorite programmes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Gwen Hamilton, Ballarat, Vic.

● ***Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.***

Ross Campbell writes...

AUSTRALIAN men are not well valeted, says Norman Hartnell, the eminent dress designer.

And how right you are, Norm!

I was just noticing my trousers. The knife-edge creases are so blunt they are practically useless.

Do you know why? The day they came back from the cleaners I got caught in the rain.

It has often happened before. For weeks the land is parched with drought, then as soon as my trousers are pressed the rains come.

If I were properly valeted, the creases would be put back.

But I have never had a gentleman's gentleman.

Before you can have a gentleman's gentleman you have to be a gentleman. It isn't all that easy.

When I was single, in what they call the dating years, I practised do-it-yourself valeting.

I put my trousers under the mattress at night to crease them.

But it was only a rough job. The crease came in different places on different nights.

BAGGY PANTS

I make do now with a part-time valet.

When I read her what Norman Hartnell had said, she was unsympathetic.

"I don't mind sewing on the odd

button," she said. "But I've got no time for fancy stuff."

"You wouldn't press my trousers?"

"No, I wouldn't. If you're not satisfied, get another valet. I've had the job."

There you have the trouble with Australian valeting.

It is usually done by a gentleman's lady—or a man's woman—who has no enthusiasm for it.

The country suffers from a grave shortage of trained valets.

I wish I had one. I'd like to be turned out in a way that would make Norm proud to know me.

I would enjoy giving orders to my valet, too.

"Good morning, sir. Shall we be wearing our gardening shorts today, sir? Or our blue jeans with the paint stains?"

"I think the jeans, Jenkinson. And remember to patch our pyjama pants."

Most of all, I'd enjoy the social prestige—people pointing me out in the street and saying: "See that joker? He's got a blanky valet."

I told my part-time valet I would like to get a full-time one as she had suggested.

But she suddenly blew her top.

"I've never heard such rot! There's no room here for a valet. You haven't the clothes to keep him busy. He'd just be eating his head off."

So I'm afraid things will be the same as before. Sorry, Norm!

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THE LONELY SHORE

Second instalment of our new romantic serial

By FREDA VINES

Captain Farnsby could hardly control his anger as Elizabeth, gaily waltzing with Jonathan, swept past him.

WINTER in the southern seas drives a fleet of American whalers to make their base on the shore of Western Australia. The captain of the Silver Bay, JONATHAN PARKES, enjoying his first day ashore in Geographe Bay lying in the sun, is almost trampled by a galloping horse ridden by a beautiful girl, ELIZABETH FARNSBY. While she makes her apologies he guesses her to be from one of the English families who have come from an England impoverished by the Napoleonic wars to settle in the new colony. Jonathan is attracted by her looks and imperious manner as has been youthful English surveyor MARK GILBERT for some time, but Mark is unsure of her feelings for him, and she gives no answer to his constant proposals of marriage.

Jonathan sees Elizabeth again the next day when she is farewelling her mother and sister AMELIA, who are off to Perth by sea. When the rowing-boat returns from the ship Champion it collides with one from one of the whalers. Jonathan swims out to the rescue, and as he carries her ashore he realises that he has fallen in love with her. He is thanked brusquely by peppery CAPTAIN FARNSBY, who angrily blames the Americans for the accident, but Jonathan is quick to defend his own men.

Later when the Silver Bay prepares for a whaling expedition one of the seamen, an evil man named BRASS, disappears ashore. Jonathan, in looking for him, is told by the Resident, CAPTAIN JOHN MOLLOY, that a number of wine casks have been stolen, and, fearing the natives have taken them and will become violent after drinking, advises Jonathan to find his man quickly. After a weary and fruitless search along the shore, Jonathan meets Elizabeth sheltering from the rain under a tree. NOW READ ON:

ELIZABETH had been busy in the dairy all the morning. But now she was nearing the end of the churning, leaning heavily on the handle of the wooden churn as it turned unwillingly until the familiar splashing of buttermilk told her that the butter was made

When she had weighed and salted the butter and made it up into the pound pats stamped with the wooden mould that carried the Farnsbys' own mark—an outsize, crudely carved bee—there were still the churn and pats to be scrubbed. The old servant Maria usually did this, but so far today she had not put in an appearance. She lived along the river in a small mud-brick cottage with her equally aged brother, William, but he had yet to appear with the report that his sister's "rheumatiz" was troubling her—the usual reason for her absences.

When she finally left the dairy, the big bay, Prince, trotted forward to greet her. She patted his sleek neck with affection.

"You're as bored as I am," she sympathised. "Never mind—tomorrow we go out. I'm as tired of staying at home as you are."

She sighed. How quiet and dull the place was! Even the high chatter and laughter of the natives seemed to be missing today, and in fact there was only one visible—the aged Gilgi, wrapped in his kangaroo-skin bowkka, lying asleep beneath the kitchen window, snoring softly in his snowy beard.

In the kitchen, Polly, the native girl, was mashing potatoes for lunch, and Elizabeth surveyed her with some distaste. The hand that held the fork was none too clean, and her pink gown—once Elizabeth's—was dirty, with a great rent in the bodice. This was unusual, for Polly usually took good care of herself, being well aware that she was a handsome creature—and although "promised" to old Gilgi she was not above casting a flirtatious eye in the direction of the young bucks. When she was in a good mood her high laughter rang out frequently, interspersed with plaintive wisps of native songs, but today her heavy-lashed eyes were sullen.

"Polly, you really must mend your gown!" snapped the white girl. Polly disdained to reply and looked sulkier than ever. Elizabeth sniffed—the familiar, not unpleasant smoky native smell carried a hint of something else—wine. It was not the first time that the Farnsbys had suspected Polly of taking a nip from the decanter. Elizabeth decided she would say nothing to the girl but mention it to her father.

However, the opportunity did not present itself at lunch. Over the boiled lamb Captain Farnsby held the floor on the shocking mishandling of the war in Afghanistan and the equally alarming report that steam was to be introduced to the Royal Navy.

"About time, too!" muttered Charles.

"What!" snapped his father. "Sail got the navy where it is—and what's wrong with the Royal Frederick—the latest and finest ship of the line?"

"She's got nothing the Victory did not have," said Charles coolly—"and the Victory has been afloat 73 years. It's surely time the sea lords remembered a few years have passed since Trafalgar."

"Oh—Charles!" breathed Elizabeth in amused exasperation. She tried to catch his eye, but Charles' attention was on his father in pleased anticipation. Now lunch will be completely spoilt, thought Elizabeth with an apprehensive glance at the captain's rising color. But his explosion did not come, for Annette exclaimed with relief that Captain Molloy and Mr. Bussell had just ridden past the window.

The captain stamped out muttering, and Elizabeth said: "Charles, you should have more sense than to upset Papa!"

"Why?" asked Charles. "He makes me tired—always roasting the army when the navy is years behind the times. Now if they build this paddle-ship—the Magicienne—it will revolutionise naval warfare. I've been reading all about it—but probably some stuffy old admiral will remember that Drake didn't need steam to beat the Armada, and they'll be back where they were."

"Well, me dear," said Captain Farnsby when he finally reappeared, "I must say goodbye to the rest of my meal, I fear. Captain Molloy and Mr. Bussell bring the news that a number of casks of wine that drifted ashore from some wreck have disappeared, and a party has been organised to search for them in case they fall into native hands. A perilous situation might well arise if they became crazed with drink."

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The Tongue Test

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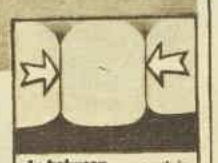

In between your teeth is where you benefit specially from using Macleans. Unlike ordinary tooth pastes, Macleans removes the coating there too, where the brush can't reach.

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Welcome Home, Mike

At last he knew it's meaning . . . a story

By GORDON GASKILL

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

HE recognised the letter the moment he opened his post-office box by the European stamps and the impressive "Embassy of the United States of America" in the upper left-hand corner. Furthermore, nobody but Austin Holloway ever addressed him as "Michael Sorrentino, Esquire."

Humming softly, opening the envelope with eager fingers, Mike crossed the street to where his wife waited in the car. He slid under the steering-wheel and began reading.

"Looks like good news," May smiled. "Maybe something back on our income tax?"

He grinned, not taking his eyes from the letter. "Better than that—almost. It's from Austin, who's been— Hey, he's coming here for a visit!"

There was pure delight in his voice. "Good," May said. "Isn't he Judge Somebody's son?"

Mike chuckled, remembering that May came from South Jersey, and she still didn't realise what important people the Holloways had been in a small place like Williston.

"That's right," he said. "He's the one I told you about, that I used to be friends with here. That I still am friends with, for that matter. He's in the diplomatic service. A third secretary, whatever that is."

May asked, "When is he coming?"

"Next Thursday. He's bringing his wife. They'll be here for two days. They want to have dinner with us. Here, read it yourself."

He started the motor and they moved slowly down Main Street. He was still humming. Somehow it made him feel proud to have a letter like that to hand to May. When she finished, she said, "Well, he writes a nice letter, all right."

"He's a nice guy," Mike said. "We've got to put on a real dinner for them."

She looked sideways at him. "You sound as if he were the President."

He laughed sheepishly. "I guess I'm pretty excited about his visit at that." . . . Funny, he thought. Here I am, a grown man, with a wife and two kids. A substantial citizen, with the biggest garage business in town. And I'm as tickled as a schoolkid because Austin Holloway still thinks enough of me to write.

As they passed the schoolhouse, Mike nodded. "Matter of fact, right there's where I got to know him, on that corner. I guess we were both—let's see, I was eleven years old" . . . .

They were both eleven and both in the same grade, but the similarity ended right there. Mike's parents were what the old townspeople called "Eye-talians." They came straight over from Naples and Papa raised vegetables in what Williston referred to as "Little Italy," about ten miles out in the pine-woods.

Mike was a "transported pupil," which meant he came to school by bus and brought his lunch. The town kids went home for lunch. Mike didn't have much to do with them, because he knew there was something wrong with his English. It was because Mamma and Papa hardly spoke a word of English. And when you speak Italian at home and English at school you're bound to get them mixed up.

The Holloways had been in Williston since before the Revolution. Judge Holloway was far and away the richest man in town.

But all that didn't seem to affect Austin. As far as Mike could tell, he was okay. Not spoiled, or a sissy, or anything. Yet he was so different from Mike. If it hadn't been for a snow fight they might never have even spoken to each other, much less become friends.

Mike had been waiting for the school bus. Everybody was throwing snowballs. Then Mike noticed six of the kids ganging up on Austin. Some were putting stones in their snowballs. Nobody was getting hurt, and it wasn't any of Mike's business. Still . . .

Mike started throwing at the gang, but not with stones. Pretty soon there was tackling and face-rubbing with snow. Nothing serious, nobody even mad. Then the bus came and Mike had to go. As he left, Austin had grinned. "Thanks, pal." And that was all there was to it. Yet it started something. It started a friendship.

Mike still remembered the day he met Mrs. Holloway. She was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen.

Austin had said, "Mother, this is Mike Sorrentino. He's a friend of mine from school." That was the first time Mike had heard "Mother" used that way. In his home it was "Mamma." And he remembered the hot chocolate and peanut-butter sandwiches Mrs. Holloway brought them. He had never tasted peanut butter before.

After that he played with Austin a lot. But he never really felt at home in the house itself; to him it was always a little like a church, a place in which to be quiet and respectful, to walk on tip-toe.

Everything was so different: the way the Holloways talked, the way Mrs. Holloway laughed, the food they ate, the big lawn and flower gardens. Mike's house was square, of concrete blocks, like houses in Italy, and the vegetables and grapevines came right up to the house. The Holloway house even smelled different, clean and fresh, of baking and furniture polish and the perfume Mrs. Holloway used. Mike's house smelled like wine and olive oil and garlic, of grapes drying into raisins, and hanging salamis. It was a good smell, but it was just different. It wasn't an American smell.

He remembered the awful time when he had asked Austin if they used wine.

"Wine!" Austin had exclaimed, laughing. "Gosh, no! What would anybody drink wine for? Besides, it's against the law." Prohibition was still on then. Austin had looked at him curiously. "Do you have wine in your house?"

"No," Mike had said, and that had been nothing but a lie. Everybody in Little Italy drank wine. Papa made his own, from his own grapes, and there was always a bottle on the table. Sometimes Mike had a little himself, mixed with water. It was hard to remember that, technically, wine was illegal—and Austin's father was a judge. Although he didn't have a court any more, but law offices in Trenton.

Mike didn't see the judge much, and felt ill at ease with him. One day Judge Holloway took Austin and Mike on a fishing on Barnegat Bay in a boat he hired. Mike noticed how respectful everybody was to the judge and called him "sir." Nobody ever called Papa "sir."

After the fishing trip he lost a little of his awe of Judge Holloway. And then something happened to ruin everything. He and Austin had been reading in the Holloway library. Austin's mother and father were in the next room talking, but Mike didn't pay any attention to what they were saying. Then he heard them laughing, and he heard one word that sent blood rushing to his ears and neck, and choked him up inside. It was the word "garlic." And he was sure, beyond all doubt, that they were laughing about him.

Everybody in the Little Italy cooked with garlic, but he knew the Holloways and people like that didn't. Somebody had told him once that if you eat garlic it gets right into your blood and skin, and you can never get it out. He had felt contaminated, unclean, in that sweet-smelling house, and when he left that afternoon he resolved not to visit Austin again.

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Mamma and Papa both stared at Mike in surprise as he asked, "Why do we have to have garlic in everything?"

He kept making excuses when Austin saw him at school, and finally Austin had asked, "Hey, is anything the matter?" And since Mike could think of nothing to say, no more excuses, he had started going again. But more than ever he tried to keep away from Austin's mother and father so they wouldn't notice the garlic. It was better in good weather because they could play outdoors then, and he figured that the wind and air would maybe make him less noticeable.

He had tried not eating anything with garlic in it at home, but it was impossible. Mamma put garlic in almost everything. He remembered watching her cook dinner one night. She began, as she almost always did, with olive oil in the big iron skillet, and chopped garlic, sizzling brown. Then chopped onions, peppers, and tomatoes.

"Mamma," he said, "do you have to put garlic in everything?"

She had stared at him in bewilderment. "What's the matter with you, boy?" she had asked sharply. And he had not been able to answer her.

Mamma had been proud, openly and volubly proud, that Mike had such a nice friend in Austin. Once she had told a neighbor, "Such a country! Already my boy makes friends with the nobility." Mamma didn't even know there was no nobility in America.

One day when Mike was leaving for school Mamma handed him a box wrapped with red ribbon. It was pretty heavy.

"A present for Mrs. Judge Holloway," Mamma had beamed. "You give it to her."

"What's in it?" he had asked.

"You just give it to Mrs. Judge Holloway," Mamma had said mysteriously.

After school Mike went home with Austin. Mrs. Holloway was out in the garden. Mike didn't know how to give her the present, and at last he had merely marched up to her and said, "My mother sends this to you." He had been careful to say "mother" and not "mamma."

"How nice!" Mrs. Holloway had smiled. "Your mother's very thoughtful. Now let's see what's in it."

He had not known where to look as she took off the wrappings. It was a bottle of wine. Even Mrs. Holloway didn't know what to say, and he saw, agonised, that she was trying not to laugh.

"Why—why, it's so sweet of her," she had said at last. "I'm sure the judge will be pleased, too."

Ashamed, yet defensive, he had found himself trying to explain. This was the best wine Papa had ever made, and there was only a little of it left, reserved for big occasions like birthdays and when Mamma and Papa had a wedding anniversary. And then he had stopped, struck with horror, realising he had admitted they did use wine at his house. And that he had said "Mamma."

. . . . . .

May nudged him, laughing. "Hey, wake up! We're almost home."

He turned to her, startled.

She said, "You look as if you were far away."

"I was," he confessed. "Remembering a lot of things."

"Bad things?" May asked softly.

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Mother goes to town

A complete short story

By BARBARA BEAUCHAMP

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

JULIE STAUNTON sometimes wondered which was worse — being daughter of a fabulous mother or wife of a famous man!

Take this morning, for instance: all the dazzling green and pale blue glory of a summer's day streamed through the open dining-room window, demanding—surely—some slight token of appreciation.

But Henry had not uttered one single word. Hunched over the debris of the breakfast table, he was engrossed in the paper—her paper!

A tender smile tilted the corners of Julie's mouth. In theory, Henry was serious minded: he took "The Times" and the "Manchester Guardian" regularly. In practice, it was Julie's illustrated daily rag which invariably absorbed him throughout breakfast.

She heard Belinda and Timothy stampede out of the house to their first classes in the junior school. As children of the headmaster of one of England's most progressive co-educational colleges they were well trained at setting an example in punctuality.

Henry had reached the centre page. Julie saw his brows contract and the nostrils of his aesthetic nose flare in indignation. Oh, my darling, you look just like a horse, she thought, but such a handsome horse!

"Really, Julie!" he snorted. "Your mother's an impossible woman!"

Julie felt the familiar tremor of apprehension which assailed her whenever her mother made the picture pages of the popular Press.

"Listen to this!" Henry was glaring at the paper. " 'Toots Babbington says, no woman too old for romance! Here the famous stage and television star is seen at the Casino Club with Vic Preston, well-known heavyweight boxer.' What the devil d'you think that means, Julie?"

"Only that Mama is probably succoring some lame duck." She resisted the temptation to go and peer over Henry's shoulder, knowing too well what she would see: those fabulous beautiful bare arms and shoulders, that slender neck and radiant heart-shaped face.

"What's lame about a heavyweight boxer?" Henry demanded.

"Oh, darling, you know what Toots is! She never says a word she means—and the publicity boys even get that wrong!"

"For a woman in her fifties, her behaviour's outrageous!"

"She was forty-six last Christmas," Julie reminded him gently.

Henry let the paper slide to the floor and stared gloomily at his empty coffee cup. "If only you had some influence on her," he muttered.

"Has anyone ever had any influence on Toots?" Julie got up and went round to press her cheek against her husband's. "Darling, you mustn't let her upset you."

"It's all very well," he replied more amiably. "But this sort of thing's so bad for the children."

"The children adore her."

"Maybe. But that ridiculous business of getting them to call her Toots—it's unnatural!"

Julie slid an arm round his neck. "If I'm not permitted to call her Mama, she certainly wouldn't answer to Grandmama!"

Henry kissed her cheek. "Well, thank goodness you don't take after her, my pet. But it's late—I must get along to my study. You haven't forgotten that Ernest Lombard's arriving tonight?"

"No, Henry. I'll see to his room this morning."

Professor Lombard was one of Henry's idols at the moment—a psychologist with a string of letters and published works to his name. He was to talk to the staff on the Psychology of the Adolescent.

"He'll probably stay for a few days—we have several things to discuss."

"That'll be nice for you," Julie said vaguely. She'd never met Professor Lombard and wasn't sure she particularly wanted to; as a headmaster's wife, adolescents were an open book to her.

Henry said diffidently, "I believe he's a vegetarian . . ."

"Oh, Henry!" her voice was reproachful. "The fish-and-egg kind?"

"I don't know—but play safe with supper tonight."

After he had left her, Julie went and stared at her reflection in the mirror above the fireplace. What was it Henry had once said to her? Julie, darling, I love you because you remind me of the good things in life—like fresh brown bread and honey.

Well, she reflected, tracing with a finger the suspicion of crow's feet at the corners of her eyes, there's more brown bread than honey now!

Five years ago, she and her mother had still been taken for sisters. Then Toots had gone ash-blonde. Now, Julie thought ruefully, at the age of twenty-nine, I'd probably be taken for the elder sister!

It was, she supposed, one of the penalties of having been born to a raging beauty who'd married straight out of the nursery! Sometimes Julie was not surprised that her father had died before he was thirty.

She cleared the breakfast table and then turned her attention to the routine chores of the day. How did one "play safe" with a vegetarian, she wondered? Finally, she compromised by ordering a vegetable curry and some cold beef on the sideboard, because darling Henry was apt to wilt without meat.

Afterwards she went upstairs to see that the better of the two spare rooms was ready to receive such a distinguished guest.

All the morning, insidious sunshine continued to pour through the open windows. Julie longed to go out and just laze in it—to strip off shoes and stockings and lie, relaxed, in a deckchair.

She was about to succumb to the temptation when the front door bell rang urgently.

"I'll answer it," she called to Mrs. Freestone, who was cook and general dragon below stairs.

It was a telegraph boy. "No reply," he announced cheerfully, and whistled his way off on a bicycle.

Apprehensively, Julie opened the yellow envelope and read the message:

Arriving this morning, darling, Love, Toots.

Oh, no, Julie thought despairingly, not Mama and Professor Lombard!

But it was too late. Toots Babbington's telegram barely preceded her arrival — except that Toots never did anything so mundane as just to "arrive": inevitably, she staged an entrance.

Julie saw a chauffeur-driven car draw up before the house. The next moment Toots had stepped gracefully out, accompanied by two large black poodles on scarlet leashes.

For a moment she stood, posed, her lovely face tilted upwards towards the house. At the same instant the school bell rang and children surged out into the sunshine from all directions.

Automatically they halted to stare, spellbound, at this glorious apparition with the poodles.

Toots smiled her famous smile in acknowledgement.

Julie ran down the front steps. What on earth, she thought in dismay, will Henry say about the dogs—the poodles were something entirely new. Then she brushed the thought aside: Henry would be too speechless to say anything!

She felt her mother's cool, smooth cheek against her own and caught the familiar whiff of expensive perfume.

"Julie—darling child, let me look at you . . . suntanned already! Sweetie, don't overdo it this summer—it's the weeniest bit out of fashion."

Arm in arm they walked up the steps. One of the poodles growled at the other.

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Toots made an expressive gesture with one hand. "Darling, this is all too, too lovely. Just what I need—a heavenly holiday in the country!"

"A holiday?" Julie said bleakly.

"Well, as you know, I'm 'resting' at the moment. Where are those adorable children of yours?"

The "adorable children" arrived at that instant.

"Toots! Have you come to stay?" they inquired ecstatically.

"Yes, my darlings. Timothy, angel, you've grown at least six inches. I really believe you're going to be tall, dark, and handsome!"

Belinda was fondling the poodles. "What scrumptious dogs, Toots. Are they yours?"

"Yes, sweetie, and you can take them for all the walks you want."

Timothy asked their names.

"Adam and Eve—because they're so shameless at times."

"Can we have one of their puppies?" the children chorused together.

"If and when, darlings. If and when."

The poodles were now straining at their leashes and growling in unison.

Julie saw Henry emerge from his study. In the shadow of the hall she noted his expression. But Henry had never really let her down yet and somehow he managed a smile and a hearty voice. "Well, well, Mother-in-law! This is indeed a surprise! Have you come all this way to lunch with us?"

Oh, dear, Julie thought, she can't bear being called Mother-in-law and Henry knows it.

But Toots ignored the verbal slur. "Darling boy," she cooed, "I've come to stay for a month!"

Upstairs in the spare room — the best spare room, of course—Julie watched her mother unpack.

"Darling—why this sudden urge for country air?" she inquired.

Toots Babbington slid pots of exotic-looking cosmetics on to the dressing-table. "As a matter of fact, sweetie, I've lent my flat to someone."

"Lent it? To whom?"

A froth of feminine underwear was rustled into a drawer. "To Vic Preston. His wife's having a baby. It's their first—and something's gone wrong and she has to be near the hospital. Julie—they had nowhere else to go . . . so I came here."

"But, Toots . . ."

"I know, darling—it's probably an awful bore for you, but what could I do? They're such a sweet couple. And she keeps having to go and watch him being bashed about. And it is their first, terribly exciting baby . . ."

It was beginning all over again—the magic that was Toots.

Basking in that lovable warmth, Julie felt the little knots of irritability unfurl, like the petals of a flower beneath the sun.

"That's awfully generous of you, darling," she mur mured.

Toots paused—a shimmering creation, quite unsuitable for country wear, draped over one arm. "Sweetie, what is the purpose of life if you can't help your friends? Tell me—is Henry dreadfully cross?"

"No, of course he isn't."

The shimmering creation slid to the floor. Toots came over and put her arms round her daughter. "Darling child, you're a shocking liar! I adore Henry, but you mustn't ever let him dominate you—it's bad for both of you. You are still in love, aren't you?"

"Tremendously."

"That's all I wanted to know—but of course he mustn't dominate you. And now, sweetie, I've brought down a lot of silly dresses I don't need—they'll look much prettier on you. Here, try this one on."

While she rescued the "creation" from the floor, she added lightly, "And now you'd better tell me what Henry's really cross about."

It was no good—Julie had never been able to conceal things from her mother. "I think it's Professor Lombard," she admitted cautiously.

"Who's he?"

"Someone whose intellect Henry respects a great deal." Julie gave a little giggle. "He's coming to stay for a few days to lecture to the staff. He's a psychologist."

"Darling—how terribly exciting. Does he write those lovely little birthday bits in magazines about friendships developing into love and good news coming from afar?"

"Toots—that's an astrologist, not a psychologist," said Julie faintly . . .

Henry was harder to handle. He glowered at her. "I believe you knew she was coming all along—and just didn't tell me."

"Henry, I swear I didn't. The telegram arrived and, two minutes later, there was Toots." Julie giggled.

Henry rounded on her. "What's funny in that? Good heavens—lending her flat to a heavyweight boxer! Your mother's insane!"

"No—just unpredictable, darling."

Henry clutched his head. "My wife's mother . . . my children's grandmother—a madwoman!"

"It isn't necessarily hereditary," Julie said soothingly.

But Henry wasn't listening. He nibbled at a thumbnail, deep in thought. "I tell you what, Julie," he said at last. "How about your mother having meals in her room?"

"Henry!" Julie was outraged. "Toots may be middle-aged, but she's not senile yet! I never heard of anything so unkind. Besides, she's looking forward tremendously to

To page 46

Mother staged her entrance perfectly and Professor Lombard choked over his drink as he took one startled look.

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A short story complete on this page

Point of departure

By BARRY STEVENS

MARY was there, pressed close against him in the crowd, as the boat train slid out of Victoria, and everyone on the platform turned away. He was sure he had seen her before somewhere. All at once he wasn't thinking at all about Harriet as he should be—Harriet, his fiancee, just off to France to study music.

"Hallo," Stephen murmured.

Mary glanced up at him, her sky-blue eyes nearly smiling. She did not answer, but he observed secretly that she kept glancing at him while they were jostled along. He also observed that she didn't seem at all depressed at having said goodbye to someone on the boat train.

"I know it's old stuff," he put out cautiously. "But — I've met you somewhere."

"At an art gallery," she spoke reluctantly as if she shouldn't. "Last week. It was that awful show of modern paintings. You and I agreed we hadn't the faintest idea what they were all about."

"Of course!" he said. "Those crazy modern things. My fiancee made me go. My — my name's Stephen Brooks."

"My fiance made me go," she said.

"Just been saying goodbye to someone?" he asked.

"My fiance, Walter. He's off to Paris to visit the museums and study painting."

"So's my girl! Paris and the piano."

Their eyes met. They floated through the station entrance towards the street.

"Well, now," he said with unbelievable calmness, "you're probably feeling a bit low like me—I mean your fiance going away and all that. Could—is there any chance we could have a drink together? We do know each other, a bit . . ."

Her eyes lifted uncertainly to his. She gave him a little nod.

". . . Harriet's a wonderful girl, Mary," he said over a drink. "Harriet Smythe, that's her name. Of course, she's up in the clouds about music as a career and I just sell typewriters for Biggs and Company—but we rub along together.

"We've been friends since we were children in Bristol. Her family knew mine and then Harriet came to London to study and I was so glad to find someone from home that we kind of gravitated together. She is a wonderful girl . . ."

"Oh, Walter's wonderful, too," she said. "He taught Art at the night classes I took. When I came up from Yorkshire we started seeing a lot of each other. Of course, he thinks I'm very conventional. Walter dislikes business, and I work in a big store. He thinks I'm more interested in cooking than in writing or painting—which I am . . ."

"Cooking?"

"Yes. My room-mate and I do all our own in our flat. It's good, too."

Stephen gazed at her. "Harriet doesn't like cooking," he said.

"Doesn't she?"

"Says she'd like to live in London in an hotel forever and just think. She hates anything domestic."

"Walter does, too. He has a fit when I mention a little house, perhaps a country cottage—you know, a garden, hens and ducks, and animals . . ."

As Mary's voice trailed off, Stephen thought she sounded guilty because she'd been critical of Walter. She finished her drink. She didn't look at him, though he looked at her all the time. He was suddenly oppressed with the thought that she might leave him now.

"Speaking of animals," he said "—would you consider an afternoon at the zoo?"

Her eyes rose immediately. "Yes," she whispered.

So they went to the zoo. Watching her feed the monkeys with peanuts, he tried not to realise that Harriet would have said it was trite. They came back to the West End and had dinner and then went to a film.

She sat tensely, living the exciting moments of the picture, just as he did; she cried at the sad bits, the same bits that made him want to cry.

"Walter thinks films are trashy," she said, coming out.

He didn't say anything. She looked at him, and he knew she knew that Harriet didn't like films either.

He saw her home to her flat. He realised that neither he nor Mary dared speak about themselves, together, here. Harriet and Walter seemed to lurk all round them.

"I don't suppose we should see each other again," he said.

"I don't suppose so, Stephen," she said.

Stephen made himself say goodnight at last. He forced himself away from the door and along the empty pavement. His head was singing with her, her voice, her small, upraised face with its hushed expectancy, as if she had always been waiting to meet him.

When he reached the corner he couldn't resist looking back. Sure enough, she was standing at the door, peering after him.

Four days later a postcard which bewildered him arrived from Paris. He went straight to Mary's flat.

"Look!" he said, still standing on the doorstep.

She glanced at the postcard. It read: "If you're feeling lonely, why not have dinner with Mary Blackley, 112a North Otterly Street, S.W.11? Paris is wonderful.

Harriet."

Mary went inside to her desk and returned with a similar postcard. It read: "If you're feeling lonely why not let Stephen Brooks take you out to dinner? Paris is wonderful.

Walter."

Stephen stared at her: "Then—they've met. And—this is their way of telling us what they want——" Suddenly all in a rush the question came tumbling from his heart to her: "What about you, Mary? Is it all right with you?"

She gazed up at him. "Me?" she said softly. "Who do you think wrote to Walter to tell him if he was lonely to look up Harriet Smythe?"

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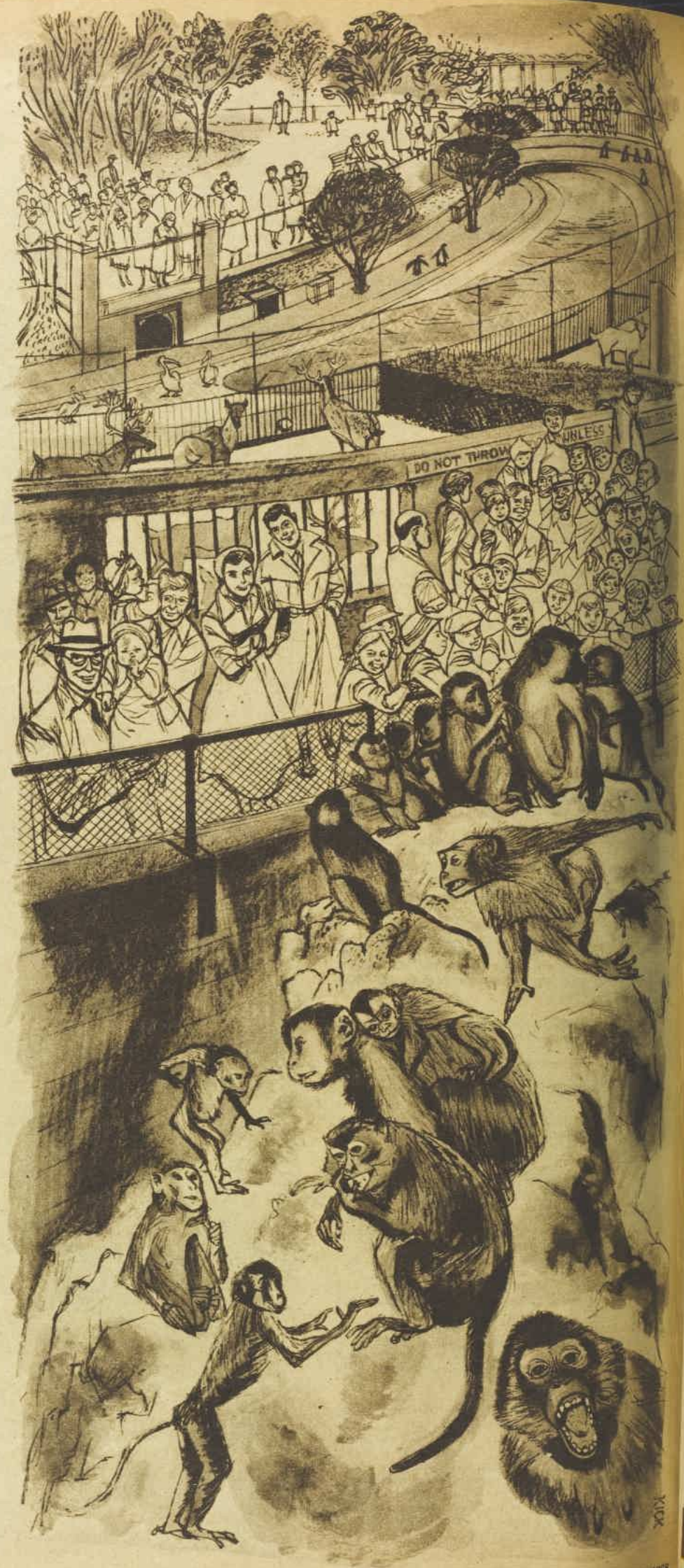

Like the rest of the crowd, Mary and Stephen watched the antics of the monkeys.

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NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

Operation brings for the deaf

RONALD McKIE tells the story of a housewife who was deaf — and of a surgical accident which enabled her to hear again the song of a bird.

THE surgeon spoke to the theatre sister. The patient under local anaesthetic on the operating table nodded violently.

"I think she's got it," the surgeon said. "I think she's got it."

The patient sang "The rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain."

"By George, she's got it. By George, she's got it," the surgeon exclaimed, continuing the lines from "My Fair Lady."

● This mad scene actually occurred in a Sydney hospital when Mrs. X, of Killara, was cured of otosclerosis, her hereditary form of deafness, by Rosen's Operation, and heard clearly without her hearing-aid for the first time for more than 10 years.

MRS. X prefers to remain nameless, but she talked about her deafness and the little-known operation which cured it (described in the panel opposite), in the hope that her experience might help other deaf people.

Deafness for this woman, against a bad family history of deafness, began when she was 18 and got progressively worse.

Ten years ago she had to start using a hearing-aid, and three years later, after she had twins, her hearing deteriorated so rapidly that by last year she could hear very little even with her aid.

She couldn't hear the telephone ring, and could hear only with the greatest difficulty on the phone.

She could hear her children only when they yelled at her, and had to depend on her husband to wake her if the children wanted her at night.

The only way she knew that her husband or children had returned home was to feel the vibrations of their footsteps through her own feet.

Became nervous

She could not drive a car, though she had been a good driver, and she had an attack of the jitters every time she started to cross a street.

"Only someone who is deaf or who has been deaf can possibly understand how socially and psychologically crippling deafness can be," Mrs. X told me.

"As my deafness worsened I became more and more nervous and introspective. I didn't want to go out or meet people. I began to withdraw from social life. People who didn't know I was deaf thought I was queer, snooty.

"People generally are nowhere near as understanding with the deaf as they are with the blind, and deaf people are very sensitive about their affliction, their inadequacy, and the way others react to them.

"If you ask people to repeat something — a statement, a story — they often repeat it in abbreviated form, so that you don't get the full significance of what was originally said, or how it was said.

Faces and voices

"But if you are deaf you can't continually be asking people to say it again.

"The deaf also look at other people differently. Now I watch eyes, but when I couldn't hear I watched mouths.

"You are most conscious, when you are deaf, of the close relationship between faces and voices, and a big problem when you can't hear is how to interpret expressions, for people 'put on' special faces for special occasions.

"If a person keeps a straight face while telling a funny story or saying something amusing, you haven't a chance of knowing what is going on. You either laugh in the wrong place or don't laugh at all, and, of course, you feel foolish."

Mrs. X could always hear better where there was a lot of noise at cocktail parties, in trains and trams, in big stores.

But at a quiet party in London, where she lived for several years before she married, she could hear only scattered words of what a young man was saying to her.

Finally he led her into a corner and loudly asked, "Are you deaf?"

"Yes," she said.

"I wasn't sure," he said with a grin, "because for the last ten minutes I've been making outrageous suggestions and you said 'Yes' to every one of them."

But this is only one of many stories she tells of her deaf period.

She had trained herself, when dining publicly, to say "Black" when the waiter arrived around coffee time.

But one night when she said "Black" to an Italian waiter he looked surprised and spoke to her again.

"Black," she said, smiling.

He waved his arms, spoke again.

"Black," she repeated.

But it wasn't coffee. She was wanted on the telephone.

One particular thing she noticed as her deafness increased was that her sense of smell progressively improved.

She always smelt gas long before her husband did, and always knew when the greengrocer had left her ordered fruit in the kitchen, because, even when at the other end of the house, she could smell the fruit.

She was once in a bus which narrowly missed a pedestrian. She was sitting with eyes closed, but swears she actually smelt the fear of a woman beside her seconds before the near-accident.

Ear abscess

About a year ago Mrs. X developed an acute ear abscess, and when this cleared up her Macquarie Street specialist suggested that Rosen's Operation might cure her deafness, and she agreed to have it done.

During the first operation on one ear she was amazed to hear the doctor's voice, and the impromptu scene from "My Fair Lady," already described, took place in the operating theatre.

But immediately afterwards she developed an infection in

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new hope

the ear, lost her hearing, and when the infection cleared she had the second operation on the other ear.

"One morning I woke just after daylight and heard a bird singing. I thought it was my imagination. Then I thought I might have left my hearing-aid on all night, although I hadn't been able to hear birds before.

"Then I knew I was hearing a bird, and it was a wonderful sound and feeling.

"I shook my husband awake and said, 'I can hear a bird singing; I can hear.' And then we both burst into tears. It was eight years since I'd heard a bird."

Hears perfectly

Since then she has heard perfectly, including sounds she knew so long ago that she had almost forgotten them — a dripping tap, the scratch of a pen, a book being closed, things dropped on the floor, the radio in another part of the house, the doorbell, the phone.

She now hears so well that some sounds — like saucepans being put away in the kitchen or the children banging their toys — are much too loud.

Normal life

And in the first few weeks after she regained her hearing her husband's extremely vibrant voice worried her a lot, and if he coughed the sound was loud and jarring.

But, apart from being able to lead a normal family and social life again, the whole range of former activities has been reopened to her.

Although she was always able, with great difficulty at times, to hear films, she hadn't heard music properly for years, and the theatre, which she also loved, was almost closed to her.

Unless she read and studied a play carefully beforehand, the whole performance was in mime.

Now she can hear every word said on stage, every instrument in an orchestra.

As she says: "I feel ten years younger and I look ten years younger. Life, now that I can hear again, is wonderful."

MRS. X could not hear the phone ring, and could hear only with the greatest difficulty on the phone. Now, after the operation, she hears so well that some sounds are too loud.

This is how it works

THESE answers to questions on deafness were supplied by the Macquarie Street specialist who cured Mrs. X.

• HOW DO WE HEAR?

The external ear is a conducting canal for air waves or impulses which vibrate the ear-drum — a thin, partly transparent membrane between the external canal and the middle ear.

These vibrations are transferred from the drum to a chain of small bones —the malleus (or hammer) and the incus (or anvil)—and then through the footplate of the stapes or stirrup bone to the inner ear, or organ of hearing.

There the vibrations travel around the basilar membrane to the round window, a membrane between the middle and inner ears.

The basilar membrane transfers the vibrations to nerves running to the brain.

• WHAT CAUSES DEAFNESS?

The two most common kinds are nerve deafness and conductive deafness.

Nerve deafness is a disease of the nerves of hearing and, although hearing-aids can help a little, practically nothing can be done for this kind of deafness.

There are many causes of conductive deafness — damage and infection are two — which is interference with the conductivity of air vibrations to the inner ear, or organ of hearing.

One of the most common forms of conductive deafness is otosclerosis, or an overgrowth of bone which prevents the footplate of the stapes or stirrup bone from vibrating.

This is usually a hereditary form of deafness.

• CAN CONDUCTIVE DEAFNESS BE TREATED, CURED?

Most cases can be treated and improved, and nearly all can be helped by wearing a hearing-aid.

There are also two operations for otosclerosis — fenestration and Rosen's Operation.

Fenestration means making a new window or passage into the inner ear. The patient has to stay a week to 10 days in hospital, and suffers from giddiness for some time after the operation.

Of those cases of otosclerosis considered suitable for fenestration, six to seven operations out of 10 are successful, with greatly improved hearing and lasting benefit to the patient.

Rosen's Operation is named after an American doctor who, nearly five years ago, was examining a patient's middle ear when the immobilised footplate of the stapes or stirrup bone suddenly broke loose and the patient heard again.

It is therefore an operation which began as a surgical accident.

The operation, though it has been performed in Australia for the last two years, is little known, and many general practitioners have never heard of it.

The operation, under local anaesthetic, takes no more than an hour, the patient is only 24 hours in hospital, and seldom suffers any giddiness.

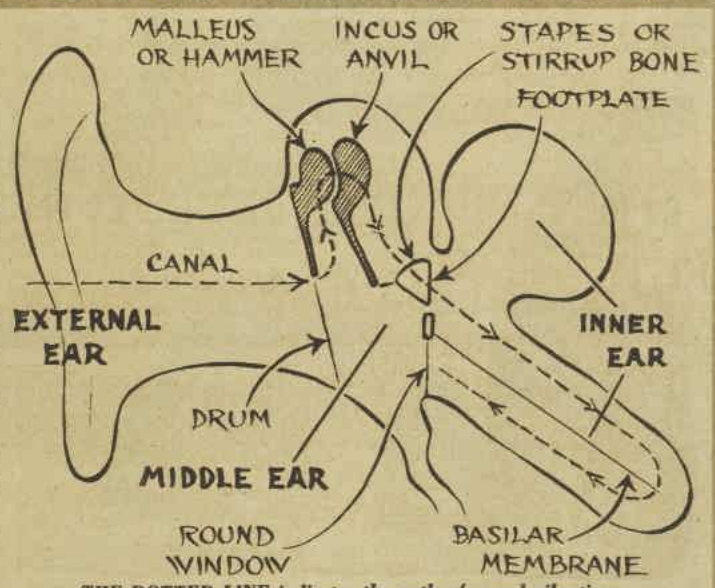
In four to five cases out of ten this operation is successful — and success usually means much greater improvement in hearing than can be expected from fenestration.

But in one case in 100 the patient's deafness will be made worse.

It is better to have Rosen's Operation first for several reasons, apart from the little discomfort and extremely short while a patient has to spend in hospital.

If it is successful it is very successful.

If it does not improve hearing, then fenestration can often still be performed.



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FATHER

"Barney's star rose and fell early in life."

MOTHER

"Hey Mu-um! Isn't it time you tried to wake me up?"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

FOUR years ago, when the fizzle of the Western Australian oil strike had taught many people more sense, I bought a hundred nice cheap oil shares.

"You see," said my hairdresser, "they don't cost much and if there's another find by one of the big operators these others go up in sympathy or something."

Subsequently the nice cheap shares dropped to a third of the price they cost me.

Week before last when they rose I had an opportunity to get my money back.

"Don't be silly," said the butcher. "You haven't had that £30 for four years, so you don't miss it. Why not wait a bit?"

"You choose the strangest financial advisers," remarked a friend later.

In that I am not alone. I shouldn't be surprised if this tale has a very familiar ring to you.

Never mind, we might all make our fortunes yet.

* * *

THE whole social structure of the underwater world bordering Australia must be going through an upheaval.

The tagging of fish as prizes is becoming an accepted rite for seaside-town festivals.

For the Brighton Beach (N.S.W.) festival last weekend, 38 fish carrying prize tags totaling £4600 were scheduled for release.

They had to be caught between 9 a.m. on November 15 and 2 p.m. on November 16.

When this column went to press the fate of the Brighton fish was unknown, but at most of these contests the high-priced fellows get away.

The result must be a new snobbery of the deep.

"Just look at that flathead," says one whiting to another.

"Such airs with that £500 tag, though they tell me it's not worth much on the current market. She acts like a dowager decked in diamonds."

"That's nothing," says the other whiting, wiggling a fin provocatively. "My mother says her sister had a necklace worth £1000, only she was snavelled by a groper.

"Anyhow — jewels or no jewels, would you like to look like a flathead?"

And, with finny, silvery laughter, they wriggle and flash away.

* * *

FRIEND of mine, a character whose methodical theories are spoiled only by her inability to put them into practice, keeps an alphabetical address book.

Each year she uses it for a Christmas-card list. Trouble is, she always leaves the job too late.

The year before last she got as far as the O's. Last year she made it only to the K's.

This year she hopes to retrieve some friendships by starting from the back of the book.

But on her past form it's a bad lookout for the P's and Q's.

EVEN the most conventional centenarian rates a paragraph in the papers, but Frenchman Louis Thenault is specially worthy of note.

Because he didn't like the noisy celebration arranged for his birthday by citizens of his home town, he borrowed a motor-bike, rode ten miles, and climbed a plum tree, where police found him later.

"How marvellous," you may say, "to be able to ride a motor-bike and climb a plum tree at 100."

But that's not all. How marvellous to be 100 and get away with such ingratitude to the kind hosts who had arranged the shindig.

That is one of the chief advantages of immense age. So much is forgiven. So many reasons for civility have gone.

Ambition, and the consequent need to maintain a calm, polite front to business associates, is no longer a brake on natural inclinations to rudeness.

At 100 males have given up bothering to impress females. Females, one supposes, no longer care about creating a good impression on men.

But to be 100 AND be able to express one's feelings with such vigor as M. Thenault—what bliss that must be.

* * *

FOR many years the heading for our social page in this paper has been "Social Jottings."

We were interested to discover this week that we may have provided a new meaning for a word. A teenager told us that she attended all the dances in her district and added that she "enjoyed these jottings very much."

Usage has such a powerful influence on language that — who knows? — some day the Oxford might take note.

* * *

LEADERS of the Scout movement in America have adopted a new code. Scouts over 14 will drop traditional uniform, will wear grey flannels with a white shirt, replace such titles as Scoutmaster and Troop Leader with President and Vice-President. The changes, said a Scout officer, were "more befitting the U.S. adult social structure."

Away with khaki dress, outmoded bushcraft,
In Wall Street jungles these aren't worth two hoots.
New uniforms for modern Scouts — how timely—
Are junior versions of grey flannel suits.
The world, it must be faced, is built on commerce,
And boys should Be Prepared to make it pay.
So rally, Scouts, and heed new rules, new watchwords;
Learn to put over one good deal each day.

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WITH its chic reversible design, it can be worn four ways, as illustrated here, in a variety of color combinations.

The square, tabbed crown buttons on to the base, and both pieces are easily reversible.

We suggest you buy just that extra piece of fabric to match "Anita" with your new summer dress. A floral material would be as pretty as a plain contrast to the basic white.

"Anita" is also ideal for wearing with casual clothes.

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Complete how-to-make instructions are enclosed with the pattern, which is specially priced at 2/-.

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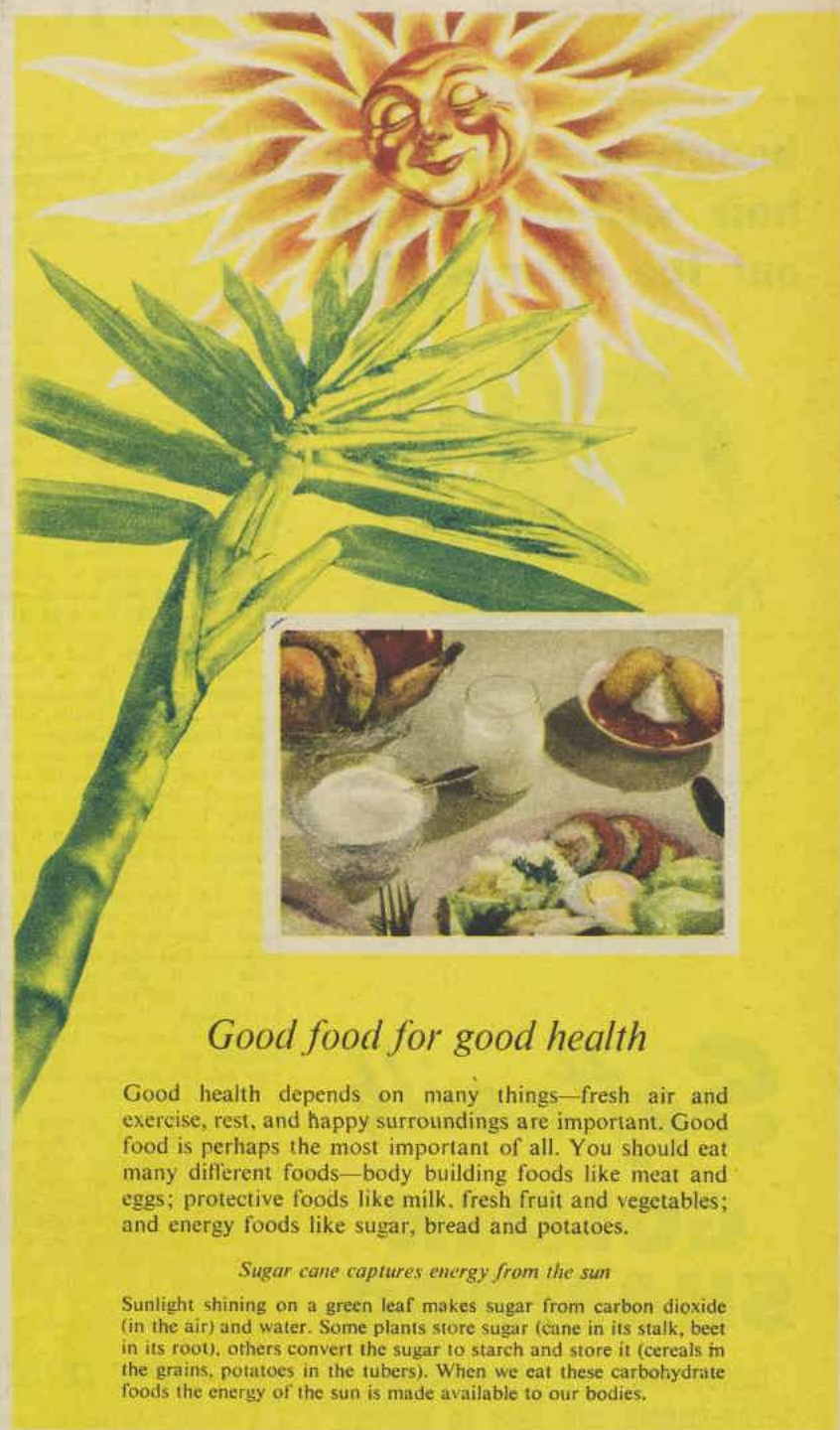
SUGAR . . . NATURE'S ENERGY FOOD



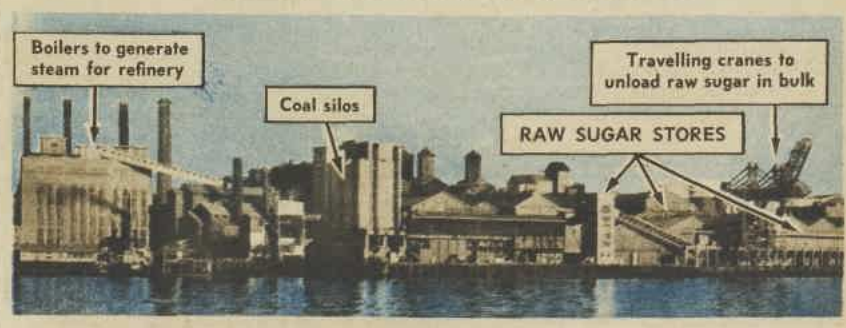
Good food for good health

Good health depends on many things—fresh air and exercise, rest, and happy surroundings are important. Good food is perhaps the most important of all. You should eat many different foods—body building foods like meat and eggs; protective foods like milk, fresh fruit and vegetables; and energy foods like sugar, bread and potatoes.

Sugar cane captures energy from the sun

Sunlight shining on a green leaf makes sugar from carbon dioxide (in the air) and water. Some plants store sugar (cane in its stalk, beet in its root), others convert the sugar to starch and store it (cereals in the grains, potatoes in the tubers). When we eat these carbohydrate foods the energy of the sun is made available to our bodies.

C.S.R.'s SUGAR REFINERY, SYDNEY



C.S.R.'s sugar refinery at Pyrmont, Sydney, refines about 200,000 tons of sugar a year and supplies most of the needs of N.S.W. and Tasmania. About half of the sugar refined in Australia is used by other food manufacturers to make jams, biscuits, jellies, sweets and many other wholesome and delicious foods.

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New Miracle Shampoo

beauty-washes your hair without drying out the natural oils!

Softasilk GOLDEN SHAMPOO

leaves your hair shining-clean, silken-smooth and easy to manage

Whatever your hair type or colour, you will find it softer and brighter after using this new Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Just pick up a bottle of Softasilk and see how the clear golden liquid moves with a slow, oil-rich movement. Its instant foam does not dry out the natural oils . . . in fact, it encourages the correct proportion. Start to-day with gentle, one-lather shampoo with Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Perfect for all types of hair!

ONE lather gives thorough cleansing

LARGE SIZE, 5/3 • REGULAR, 3/3

Keep your hair gloriously soft and clean wherever you go. Take this handy travel bubble . . . 1/3

U146C

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"I AM very worried because a boy at the school which I attend has told his friend that he is going to investigate me. What does that mean? I don't care for him much. He has a lot of brothers and sisters, too. I am only 10 and am very young, and I don't know how old he is."

J.L., N.S.W.

Don't worry about this boy; he is only teasing you. When he says that he is going to "investigate you" he only means find out all about you. Take no notice of him. Teasing boys are something all girls have to put up with.

What the teasers dislike most of all are girls who take no notice. The only fun they get is when the girl they tease gets worried or unhappy because of the teasing. Just toss your head in his direction and forget all about him.

"SEVERAL months ago I was introduced to a very nice boy at a polo match. Since then we have been keeping regular company. I am 22 and this boy is 24. However, I come from a wealthy, highly respected family in this district who lead a social life among an exclusive set. My boy-friend works on the railways and has had to earn his living since he was 15, for his family, although very nice and happy, are quite poor. My family has bitterly resented my association with this boy, whom I prefer to the suave boys of my own set. My boy-friend recently asked me to marry him, but said that, although he would like to be able to afford to give me all the things I have been used to, if I marry him I will have to become adapted to his way of life. This does not worry me, but if I marry this boy I know my family will disown me, and I have been very attached to them and I would find being disowned very distressing. But I really like my boy-friend more than any other boy I've known and he makes me very happy. I know he would understand if I refused to marry him because my family objects, he is so nice. Should I comply with my family's wishes or follow my heart?"

"Poor Little Rich Girl," N.S.W.

I think you know in your own heart exactly what you are going to do. You are the only person who can make such a decision.

But I can point out some of the advantages and disadvantages. I don't believe a marriage begun in the nasty atmosphere of family disapproval has a great chance of success, and when there is talk of such dramatic steps as "disowning" I think the chance of success would be even less.

Talk of "disowning" points to passionate emotions and high drama, and you'd have to have a very deep, strong love for the man concerned to override this.

Being a poor little rich girl also would count against you in the marriage success stakes. It is all very well at this stage to say the thought of living as a working-man's wife "doesn't worry you." But could you cope with it? Run a house efficiently, cook the meals, and stay as sweet and loving as you are without financial worries?

Of course, if this man is the true love of your life and you are his, nothing will stop your continuing happiness—not money, family, or any of the hazards that beset a marriage. Such love is extremely rare, and more possible when there is some money about. Only you can know what the quality of your love is and can make the decision.

"WE are two extremely attractive girls of 18 and very worried. We attend almost every dance and social event in our district, we enjoy ourselves generally at these and we have every dance and we seem to be popular among our male friends, but the boys we are rather attracted to never seem to notice us. The boys who have asked us out lately have not been our type and we have both been very upset about staying home all the time or just going out without friends. Please advise us."

"Twin Worries," Vic.

What is your type? I'd advise you both to sit down and think it out. It always surprises me when two young girls describe themselves matter-of-factly as "extremely attractive."

If you were, don't you think the boys you'd like to attract would be attracted to you?

Anyway, let's take the "extremely attractive" description phrase as true. There's more to attracting a man than looks. They only work for the initial impact.

If the boys find you haven't an extremely attractive line of conversation and manners to go with it, you don't get far.

And how is your grooming? Do you bath daily, use a good deodorant, take breath-sweetening tablets, manicure your nails, and keep your hair clean and well groomed? Do you use your make-up well, or overdo it and look too sophisticated?

I'd check on all these things and then wait for invitations from the sort of boys you like. Going out with anyone for going-out's sake pays no dividends.

A word from Debbie . . .

• Home-made sweets are a wonderful Christmas gift for teenagers to give. I think they're specially good dressed up in pretty wrappings with a card for the mother of a friend who has entertained you, or indeed anyone.

French Jellies: Soften 2oz. of gelatine in ½ pint of water, add another pint of water and 2lb. sugar. Bring to the boil, cook steadily 20 minutes. Allow to become cold, color and flavor as desired. Pour into square tins rinsed with cold water. When set, turn out on to greased paper, cut, and dust with castor sugar.

Walnut Fudge: Two cups of brown sugar, 4 tablespoons milk, 4oz. butter, 1 tablespoon liquid glucose, ½ cup chopped walnuts. Put everything except the walnuts in a saucepan and heat slowly until it boils. Boil until a teaspoonful dropped in cold water can be moulded into a soft ball with your fingers. Cool slightly, beat until thick, throw in walnuts, spread into greased slab-tin. When almost set cut up with sharp knife.

★★★★★ *DISC DIGEST* ★★★★★

AS far as I can ascertain, "Mea Culpa" is the first LP of that great French chanteuse Edith Piaf to have been pressed and issued locally. It's high time, because her "appearances" in the "Cabaret Night In Paris" series have been all too infrequent.

The disc (330SX.7586) presents fourteen magnificently interpreted songs.

French pops are unlike ours. We croon away about moons and Junes and April love. The French write and sing ballads of uncompromising realism, facing up to the fact that boy doesn't always get girl, and that in many cases a romance is more sad than joyful.

Piaf's harsh voice is unforgettable, and she uses it with power and obvious sincerity. Some of the songs you're sure to know — "La Vie En Rose," of which she is part-composer, "The Lovers of Paris," and "The Ballad of Poor John," the original and correct title of the tune we know as "Poor People of Paris."

Then there's that famous one she does with the Companions Of Song, "The Three Bells," and the story of "Monsieur Lenoble," who, having being abandoned by his wife, is foolish enough to pop his head in the gas oven. You'll find out all these facts on the back of the cover, where there are short summaries of the French lyrics.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

Out-dates all others

New MUM Stick Deodorant Checks Perspiration Too!

EXTRA PROTECTION . . . fully protects personal freshness and keeps under-arms dainty 24 hours a day

EXTRA APPEAL . . . ice-pink, cool, in fashionable "young-look" pack

EXTRA VALUE . . . more for your money . . . and the best. Full one ounce for just 6/3.

EXTRA QUALITY . . . non-crumbly to the last. Bland, safe for normal skins and the finest fabrics.

ICE-PINK

MUM

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

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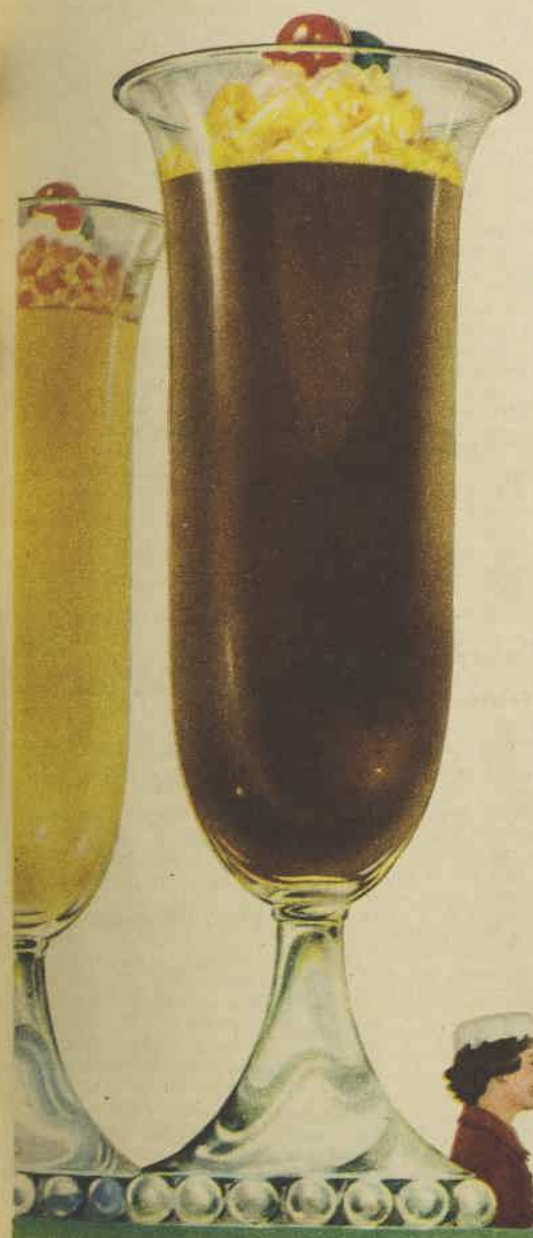
thank goodness for

Cottee's Instant Pudding



the delicious "busy-day" dessert made in a minute!

unexpected guests?

You love Cottee's Instant Pudding any time . . . but most of all when you have to rustle up a delicious dessert in almost no time at all. When those unexpected guests arrive, for instance!

ONE MINUTE . . . that's all it takes to make Cottee's Instant Pudding. You just add milk . . . there's no cooking at all!

And Cottee's Instant Pudding is as delightful to eat as it's quick to make . . . with a creamy-smooth flavour that's really mouth-melting. That's another good reason for saying: "Thank goodness for Cottee's Instant Pudding!"

Sparkling Cottee's Jelly with the "real fruit" flavour. So easy to make . . . so quick to set . . . so nice to eat — 'specially with Cottee's Instant Pudding!

So thrifty, too! With enough for 4-6 in every packet — Cottee's Instant Pudding costs just pennies a serve! 7 mouth-melting varieties:

- Chocolate
- Strawberry
- Butterscotch
- Raspberry
- Caramel
- Vanilla

and the new Coconut flavour

no cooking! just add milk!

** for goodness sake, buy Cottee's instant pudding . . . the delicious "busy-day" dessert*

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Bring out your natural loveliness with Rexona Soap

MEDICATED WITH CADYL

Give your skin a health and beauty treatment every time you bathe. Cadyl, the special blend of rare and wonderful beauty oils — oils of cade, cassia, cloves and terebinth — in Rexona Soap, flows deep into your skin where blemishes begin . . . healing, nourishing. This formula is exclusive to Rexona Soap, so every time you smooth the silky Rexona lather over your face, neck, arms, all of you, your skin blooms with new health and life. And day by day, you reveal your natural loveliness. Why, Rexona even smells like a beauty treatment! Such a lovely, fresh perfume, like the faint whiff of honeysuckle on the morning air.

X148.WW143c

Worth Reporting

OUR story of the last fateful hours of the airliner Southern Cloud recalled the barnstorming days to many of our readers.

Mrs. Freda Rees, of St. Columb's Rectory, West Ryde, N.S.W., made her first "joy flight" in the Southern Cloud when she was living in Launceston, Tas.

"It was on January 17, 1931, two months before the Cloud disappeared," she said.

"Every road from Launceston was a solid mass of vehicles of every sort, travelling to the aerodrome at Western Junction for the first aerial pageant to be held there.

"When we found that there were to be special 'joy flights,' my father, two brothers, and I were very keen to go up.

"My mother was not anxious to fly, but agreed to our making the flight, as the pilots were Kingsford Smith and Charles Ulm.

"We sat on form-like seats along the length of the cabin of the plane on each side, facing each other.

"There were 13 passengers on our flight, all wearing rather grim expressions as we clutched our seats.

"But oh! the wonder and delight of that trip, the novel sensation of looking down on the panorama spread beneath us, and the exhilaration of being in the clouds."

Millions don't mean a thing

MR. LESLIE BROWN, of London, spends £1½ million a week, a total of £78 million a year. Mrs. Brown housekeeps to a budget and spends about £2/10/- a head on food for her family each week.

Mr. Brown is the secretary and chief investment manager of one of England's largest and wealthiest insurance companies. And for the company he invests all those millions round the world.

In Australia for three months with her husband, Mrs. Brown is having a wonderful time forgetting her household budget while Mr. Brown invests his company's millions.

Married for 28 years, the Browns have three children—David, aged 26, who is studying to be an actuary like his father; Patricia, aged 23, who trained as a secretary like her mother and is now on a working holiday in Canada; and 14-year-old Alan, a schoolboy at Charter House.

They live in the suburb of Addiscombe, outside Croydon, in what Mrs. Brown describes as a "pretty, fairly large Tudor-style house."

"I do most of my own work, including the laundry, with a total of 24 hours a week outside help," Mrs. Brown said.

Mrs. Brown was an office girl in the company when her future husband joined the firm.

"It was a real matrimonial agency in those days," she said, "even though the girls were fined half a crown if they were caught talking to a man on the staff."

WIN BISSET, of our Perth office, tells this story of 10-year-old daughter Laura and her Perth schoolmates:

Teacher to class: What is a herbaceous border?

No response.

Teacher: Well, does anyone know what a herb is?

One young man's hand shot up. "A fast runner, Miss."

161 direct descendants

MRS. O. P. DASSLER, of Valley Road, Henderson, New Zealand, has sent us a charming letter about her recent golden wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Dassler were the guests of honor at the party given for them by their eight children, 37 grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

But the real "star" of the party was Mrs. Dassler's mother, Mrs. West, who has since died. Mrs. West was the mother of 10 children, 42 grandchildren, 106 great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Dassler's brother and her eight sisters, who had been her bridesmaids, were at the party.

The best man of the wedding, now nearly 80, was also a guest.

"My mother had a total of 161 direct descendants, which I think is almost a record, isn't it?" asks Mrs. Dassler.

Fabric designs from the bush

TWO pictures from The Australian Women's Weekly publication "The Living Bush" have provided inspiration for designs for furnishing fabrics which have just come on the Australian market.

One was of flannel flowers mingled with waratahs, and the other of a koala nestling in a leafy gumtree.

Designer Bee Taplin, of Melbourne, has incorporated them in her new range of fabrics.

As a daughter of the late Ralph ("Big Chief") Falkiner, one of the original Falkiner brothers who developed the now famous Falkiner merino stud, Bee grew up in the country, surrounded by gumtrees, koalas, and flannel flowers.

Success for two authors

SUCCESSFUL W.A. author Helen Helga Wilson paid a brief visit to Sydney this month to be awarded second prize in the Australian Journalists' Association short-story contest for her entry, "A Field Of Wheat."

Mrs. Wilson, who has lived in Western Australia since the age of three, was born in Zeehan, Tasmania. She is a Bachelor of Arts of the University of W.A., is married, and has three children.

Her first novel, "Quiet, Brat!" is now on sale, another, "The Golden Age," is in the hands of the publisher, and she has contributed several stories to our fiction section.

Mrs. Wilson has always been interested in the effects of incidents in early life upon children, and decided that the best place to trace such effects would be in a children's hospital, which became the setting for "Quiet, Brat!"

Another Australian author watching the sales of his first book is James Martin, of Roseville, N.S.W., whose "Rogue In Love" is set in 18th-century London, in the theatre.

Mr. Martin is the son of the late A. E. Martin, whose first book, "Common People," won £1000 in the first novel contest run by The Australian Women's Weekly in 1942-43, and became a best-seller.

Tall, lean, and still in his twenties, James Martin is a clerk. He has written several radio plays and serials, and three or four short stories which have appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly.

His second novel, set in the same period as "Rogue In Love," is already half finished.

★ ★ ★

FASHION and the Man: One hot day last week half a dozen of us girls rushed out shopping and came back happily wearing our new cool, long, straight, sack dresses.

Ronald McKie, who puts up with a lot of female fashion chat in our Sydney office, didn't say a word.

Instead, he came into the reporters' room, shirt-tail flapping.

"If he could only swim."

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH and the wife for whom he sacrificed the favor of Queen Elizabeth. Their romance began when Lady Raleigh was one of the Queen's maids-of-honor. It ended 26 years later, with Raleigh's execution.

Raleigh risked death for his devoted Bess

● A thrill of excitement mixed with fear ran through the Court of Queen Elizabeth when rumors spread that Bessie Throckmorton, blond, blue-eyed maid-of-honor, had been caught in an affair with Sir Walter Raleigh, perfect knight and reigning favorite of the Queen.

Another world-famous love story By WILLIAM JOY

THE Queen, in her jealous rage, had thrown both into the Tower, where they cooled their heels in separate bastions — a grim chastening for lovers.

Thus began the romance of one of the world's most gallant adventurers: a romance that began in the Tower of London and was to end there in sorrow 26 years later.

Elizabeth Throckmorton was 25, with rich golden hair, when she met Raleigh, then dazzling the Court in jewelled satin and the silver armor of Captain of the Queen's Guard.

Raleigh — soldier, explorer, poet, hero of many affrays against the Spaniards—professed so much devotion for the ageing Queen that he had little time for other women.

He dismissed the maids-of-honor somewhat scornfully as "witches who do hurt but no good," till he gazed into the blue eyes of Elizabeth Throckmorton and lost his heart.

Recklessly she snatched meetings with him in the palace gardens, and Raleigh had just left to hunt the Spanish treasure fleet when a tirewoman told the Queen that one of her maids-of-honor was about to become a mother.

The Queen was furious. Her rage increased when she heard that the miscreant lover was her favorite, Sir Walter Raleigh, who'd made the crime worse by secretly marrying the girl.

She recalled Raleigh and sent him to the Tower.

For months Raleigh and his wife languished there till the return of one of Raleigh's pirate ships, laden with Spanish treasure, helped him buy their freedom.

They were still in disgrace and the Queen would not receive them. But Bessie Throckmorton didn't mind. She had the love of the bravest, most gallant knight in the realm.

They retired with their small son Walter to Raleigh's Dorset estate of Sherborne, where they enjoyed the only peaceful idyllic years they were to know.

Too soon they were parted. Seamen's tales of Guiana's golden city of El Dorado fired Raleigh with thoughts of treasure to buy back the favor of the Queen.

Bess fought to hold him, but her pleas were of no avail.

For the next few years she lived at Sherborne in lonely domesticity, relieved by ardent reunions when Raleigh, now restored to royal favor, returned from his desperate forays against the Spaniards.

Queen Elizabeth died and disaster struck the Raleighs.

The Court dissolved into snarling factions as each courtier scrambled for the favor of shambling, slobbering King James I.

Elizabeth Raleigh herself was caught in the web of intrigue. She was falsely accused of plotting with Raleigh to put Arabella Stuart on the throne in place of the King.

James, who had already been poisoned against the Raleighs, steadily stripped them of all wealth and honors.

Grimmest blow came when Raleigh was arrested and sent to the Tower on a trumped-up charge of treason. After a travesty of a trial, in which most of their friends deserted them, he was sentenced to death.

Bess petitioned frantically for a reprieve.

But Raleigh was not yet to die. Public reaction was so hostile that the King reprieved him on the scaffold.

He was returned to the Tower for life imprisonment.

Conditions at first were not too harsh. Bess and her son were allowed to join him, and life in the grim prison strengthened their love.

In the first 12 months she bore him another son, Carew.

They were able to entertain freely in the Tower till James struck again and reduced them almost to penury.

At the Tower the loyal Bess nursed Raleigh thorugh a phase of growing sickness.

She encouraged him in chemical experiments and in writing.

In the comfort she provided, he wrote his famous "History of the World," which was promptly suppressed as being "too saucy in the censuring of kings."

Thirteen years passed before they left the Tower. The condition of freedom was that Raleigh should go again to Guiana and find the great mine of gold with which he had at last inflamed the greed of the King.

Bess heard the news with heavy heart, but she herself raised the funds that fitted out the five ships.

Sadly, she agreed to the pleas of her young son Walter that he should go with his father.

They sailed in April, 1617, after a final warning from the King that they should not be embroiled with the Spaniards.

Full of forebodings, Bess waited for news.

It came 12 months later — and broke her heart.

"Our son was slain," wrote Raleigh. "I never knew what sorrow meant till now. Comfort your heart, dearest Bess. I shall sorrow for us both."

She hurried to him at Plymouth, where she took a sick, broken man in her arms.

Both feared that death alone awaited Raleigh.

They seized one week of happiness, the last they were to have, before riding on to London.

As his enemies closed in, Raleigh planned to escape to France, but at the last moment was betrayed by his cousin.

He was thrown again into the Tower and subjected to the harshest questioning.

Bess was arrested and encouraged to exchange letters with him in the hope they would incriminate themselves.

To the chagrin of their enemies they wrote only of their distresses, each trying pathetically to hearten the other.

The most astute lawyers could pin no fault this time on Raleigh, and he was sentenced to death on the old charge for which he had already spent 13 years in the Tower.

Bess, released on the eve of his execution, went to the Privy Council in a last bid to save him, but all they would promise was that she should have his body when he was dead.

With broken sentences they had a final parting.

As she turned to go, she told him she had begged and received the right to bury his body.

Raleigh smiled, "It is well, dear Bess, that thou mayest dispose of that dead, which thou hadst not always the disposing of when alive."

And so, with a sad jest, Sir Walter Raleigh farewelled the constant wife for whom he sacrificed the favor of a queen.

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The 'hairdo' discovery that has taken America by storm . . . wins spectacular success throughout Australia . . .

GOSSAMER

Invisible Net

"Pressure ★ Pak"

Hair style by Mr. Charles of Sydney

Gossamer gloriously charms the hair to stay silkily controlled . . . Gossamer "conditions" your hair with LANOLIN ESTERS . . . and with Gossamer there is no heavy "lacquer" look—no stiffness, no dryness.

If you haven't discovered Gossamer yet, you don't know how beautiful your hair can always be. Gossamer keeps waves soft and glossy; keeps ends curled up or under, with lasting natural "spring." It even holds your hairdo faithfully in shape through hours of outdoor activity. And all the time Gossamer benefits your hair. It adds healthy lustre even to dry hair and new life to tired perms . . . thanks to Gossamer's protective *Lanolin Esters.*

Buy Gossamer at any Beauty counter, soon! Try it once and you'll make it part of your regular beauty routine. Spray Gossamer on your hair after it's combed, to keep it softly, naturally in place all day, all evening long. Use it to set your pin-curls perfectly *in minutes.*

At the touch of your fingertip, a fine spray of GOSSAMER sets your hairdo with a soft, sweet-scented "invisible net."

At cosmetic counters everywhere

Gossamer is now a better buy than ever, at only **12/6.**

For still greater value you can buy the large Salon size (with more than twice the quantity) for only **21/-.**

GOSSAMER

is made in Australia by the PRESSURE ★ PAK Company

A division of Samuel Taylor Pty. Limited

Immaculately groomed always! No more straggly wisps, dry frizz or droopy curls. Gossamer gives your hair that "exclusive salon" look.

Spray it on after a shampoo-and-set. Set a new hairstyle in minutes before a special "date." Gossamer does away with irksome nightly pin-ups.

Gossamer is invisible—and perfectly safe for any type of hair (wonderful for tinted and bleached hair!) Lanolin Esters in Gossamer keep hair soft and sheeny.

CT58-58

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The three-piece beach ensemble illustrated on this page has been designed specially to answer a reader's letter. Similar requests were received from other readers in last week's fashion mail.

HERE is the letter and my reply:

"My problem is a neat outfit to wear going to the beach. I have been looking for such a style and a paper pattern and can't find anything suitable. I want shorts, top, and overskirt — something simple to make at home."

The design I have chosen for you is cut on classic lines and will be best made in cotton. Drip-dry cotton would be perfect. I don't think you will have any difficulty with the cutting and making—the pattern includes a detailed instruction chart. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I HAVE to shop by mail and I would like your advice about summer clothing. I have always worn little fitted styles, like a coat-frock or shirt-frock. I have read about the new designs, but don't think they will suit me. Can I still wear a fitted dress?"

This season the easing of the silhouette is reflected in adaptations of classic designs such as the coat-dress and shirtwaist dress. However, the waisted shirtwaist dress and waisted coat-frock are both displayed in current fashions, and can be purchased in any department store.

"IS a pinafore style still being worn? I thought of making one in a red and navy plaid cotton and wearing a white blouse with it. Would you please suggest a design?"

The pinafore, or jumper dress, as it is labelled in the United States, is a classic that appears from season to season. The newest version has a chemise silhouette. My style suggestion is a lightly fitted chemise with a high, shallow front and a lower back, both squared and edged in navy rick-rack, as is the hemline. Have the blouse made in white batiste with a collarless neckline and buttoning down the back.

"CAN I correctly wear a belt with a chemise frock? I like new fashions, but I do think lots of summer clothes are unbecoming and exaggerated."

DS.341. — Shorts, blouse, and skirt ensemble in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

When the chemise is belted it becomes a modified "blouson" silhouette and does not look eccentric. Also in fashion, and a modified silhouette for summer, is a two-piece dress featuring a slim skirt and a top bloused from a drawstring waistline.

"WITH black crepe, I want to make a slim, beltless sheath for a late-afternoon party. I want the dress tailored, but would like some sort of simple trim."

Matching satin bands at neck and hipline would be an attractive way to trim a crepe sheath dress. Have the bodice band outlining a collarless, bateau-shape neckline, and finish with a flat bow. Repeat the bow on the hipline band. This will give the effect of a two-piece, which is very new in current fashion.

"WOULD you suggest a style for an afternoon social occasion? I like to keep up with the latest designs."

You'll be keeping up with fashion if you wear a chemise. One of the newest versions falls into a straight line from a drawstring directly under the bustline.

Beauty in brief:

TOO PLUMP LEGS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Legs that are heavy and out of proportion to the rest of the body are difficult to correct and present a problem in feminine grooming.

THE best way to disperse fat on the calves and thighs is by exercise and really deep massage. Mechanical massage is easier and gets quicker results, but you can massage your legs yourself.

Sit on the floor with your knees bent, your feet in front of you, and work up each limb in turn from ankles to thighs.

With both hands, take up the flesh in deep, wringing, twisting, and kneading movements. This must be done really hard to stimulate the circulation.

One warning: Don't try this if there are broken or varicose veins in the legs.

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Surround yourself with romantic fragrance, and enjoy the satin feel of flowers on your skin with soothing Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder. This misty fine talc clings all day to keep you fresh always.

Helps girdles, stockings and shoes glide on easily!

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COTTON — Summ

THE look for summer resort fashions, day and night, is young. The pretty-figure party dress with a floating skirt, the Empire line and a low-torso silhouette are all plentiful. The baby-doll dress, arrived here via the Italian beaches, is a key fashion for the girl with slender legs.

Pants, in all lengths, are still good (badly fitted ones never were). The new look about them is often the material, and in print they are this year's hottest resort news. Watch the chic look of blazing red against white sands, and white for any gala evening.

Note: the easy look in fashion is still with us, but "shape" is again being talked about. If you feel your best in a "little" waisted dress, don't be afraid to indulge. Even in this year of the by-passed waistline it has charm, especially for the boys.

—*Betty Keep*

● *Entrancing young way to dress (above) in a close-waisted one-piece with a billowing skirt. The material is sheer white cotton posed over white faille.*

● *Baby-doll beach dress (below left) has a sleeveless low-cut bodice top caught under the bosom, Empire style. It's a leg flatterer. A hair bandeau and umbrella are made in cotton matched to the dress.*

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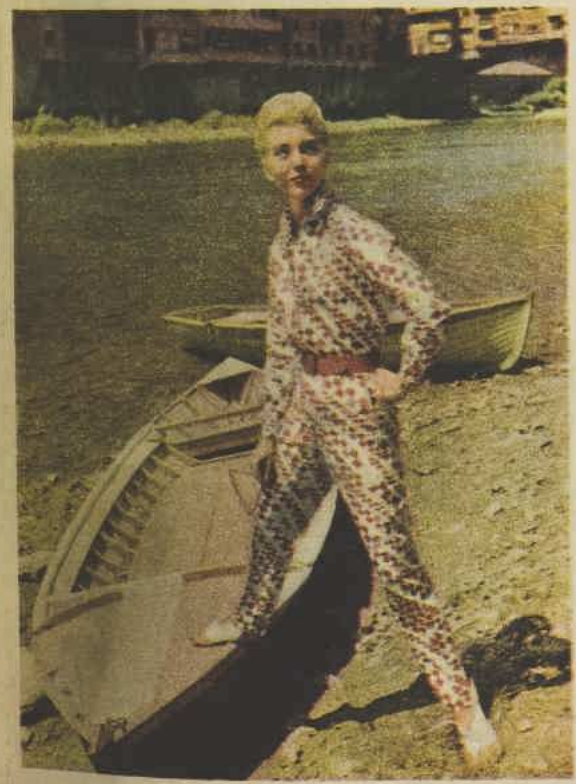
her holiday edition

● *Flower prints are in the limelight, and the one (above) is shown in a star shape for partygoers — the torso-line dress. The dress is fitted close to the hipline, then bells out.*

● *Classic of this and many seasons (below), a man-tailored shirt tucked into tapered ankle - length slacks. The material is printed cotton. Chic sandals complete the ensemble.*



● *Blazing a new trail on the beach is dazzling red. Left, it is seen in a matched loose-cut shirt, with easy uncluttered lines, and short shorts. A red-and-white canvas beach bag completes the ensemble.*

● *Bare-shouldered party dress (right) is made in cotton paisley-printed in shades of blue. The dress is belted, superbly cut, and has a soft, all-round self-gathered skirt.*

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Continuing . . . .

Mother Goes To Town

from page 29

meeting Professor Lombard — and it will at least even the party up."

Henry groaned and sank into his chair. "Ernest Lombard's not coming here for a social weekend, Julie. He's one of the leading brains in this country today, and, on his own subject, a brilliant conversationalist."

Julie sighed. Henry was a great talker, too—on his own subject! As for Toots, she was irrepressible.

At least that lets me out, Julie thought wryly as the hideous possibilities of the next few days unfolded in her mind.

It might have been all right, Julie thought afterwards, if her mother hadn't worn the black velvet dress that night — the one with the plunging neckline and pencil-slim skirt.

Toots made her entrance about five minutes before the evening meal, and the Professor — who'd been quietly talking to Henry and sipping sherry — took one startled look at this glittering, golden-haired apparition and promptly did the nose trick with his drink.

Sherry streamed down his little beard on to his knitted tie and the jacket of his tweed suit. The veins stood out on his broad forehead.

Henry thumped him on the back and said in a strangled voice, "Professor Lombard—my mother-in-law, Miss Toots Babbington, one of our best-known theatrical stars."

It was very noble of Henry, Julie decided, to have given Toots her credit lines at a moment like that. But the Professor was a changed man.

Until Toots' arrival, he'd been in command of the conversation and Henry had been deferentially listening to the pleasant north country voice propounding a theory on juvenile delinquency.

Now — possibly due to an injured windpipe — Ernest Lombard appeared to have lost the power of speech.

Toots leaned across the gleaming dining-room table — a perilous movement with a plunging neckline. "Professor, darling, should you really be eating all that mush? I've never known a vegetarian."

"Not vegetarian from choice," he croaked. "Weak stomach — allergic to meat."

Toots was quite undaunted. "Tell me, Professor," she cooed. "What is your opinion of rock-'n-roll?"

The Professor appeared to have no opinion on the subject. His glance scarcely left Toots' radiantly lovely face as she proceeded to give him her own views on the matter.

Henry shot Julie an anguished look which clearly said: "Get her away before I crawl under the table!"

Tactfully, Julie rose at the end of the meal to leave the men alone with their port.

Toots turned back at the door. "See you later — alligator!" she said, giving the Professor her most dazzling smile . . .

Much later Julie lay with her head cradled on Henry's shoulder. "Darling, I'm terribly sorry," she whispered.

Henry didn't answer. Instead he began to shake — in silent rage, she supposed.

"Tomorrow I'll take her somewhere in the car . . . a long way away," she promised soothingly.

Henry was now heaving in apparent agony.

"Darling — are you all right?"

"Alligator!" The word exploded in a guffaw. "Oh, my word, Alligator!"

"Henry — please . . . Toots may hear us!" Would she ever — she wondered — cease to be torn between loyalty to her mother and devotion to Henry?

Suddenly her ribs ached with suppressed laughter. "Darling, it's all my fault," she gasped.

Henry had stopped heaving. In the darkness he traced with a finger the outline of her face. "The trouble with you, my pet, is that you have always underestimated your Mama! Yes — for pity's sake segregate her somewhere tomorrow or Lombard'll burst a blood vessel!"

"It's guaranteed to grow hair — but I haven't yet learned how to control it."

"Oh, I will . . . I really will," she promised. "And, Henry, sometimes I think you're an awful darling . . ."

But Toots had no intention of being segregated the next day. In the morning she insisted on showing Ernest Lombard round the school grounds.

After lunch she came downstairs in a deliciously cool cotton frock and supervised her grandchildren moving two deck chairs to the garden.

"If we do this, Toots, you promise you will sign them all?" Their flushed faces gazed up at her anxiously.

"But, of course, my darlings. Of course."

"'Cos they'll be along in a minute," Timothy hissed at her.

"I've never failed my public yet," said Toots gaily.

Julie and Henry emerged from his study to see their daughter struggling with an outsize deck chair. "And what's all this in aid of, Belinda?" Henry asked sternly.

Belinda paused in her efforts and gazed with interest at her hand. "Ooh . . . don't these chairs pinch your fingers?" she remarked conversationally.

Toots stepped forward. "Darling boy, I'm going to hear the Professor read his lines. In the garden."

"His lines?" Henry looked dazed.

"But, of course. I shall read the cues from his notes. Amateurs never understand the importance of timing. They go er . . . er . . . er . . . at the beginning of every sentence. Wait till you hear him this evening, darling boy — I assure you we're not going to waste the golden hours in the garden!"

The Professor came in through the front door.

"There seem to be some young people outside waiting for you, Staunton," he remarked to Henry.

Belinda and Timothy collided in a mad rush to the front steps.

The Professor picked up the deck chair which Belinda had dropped. "I'm ready when you are, Miss Babbington," he said gallantly.

Toots gave him her radiant smile. "If you'd just take Adam and Eve into the garden, Professor, I'll be with you in five minutes." She handed him the two poodles on their scarlet leashes.

At that moment Timothy and Belinda returned weighed down with a strange assortment of autograph books. "Here's the first lot, Toots. You will do them now, won't you?"

"Give them to me, darlings."

Toots sank into a chair and began to inscribe her flourishing signature in them.

Julie glimpsed a long queue of eager children on the front steps as Timothy and Belinda sped out for further autograph books.

It would, she decided later, have passed off all right if Henry hadn't discovered about the money.

"My children —" he ranted, "my own children flogging their grandmother's signature at threepence a time!"

"Sixpence to the Senior School," Julie murmured faintly.

"The sheer dishonest commercialism of it all!" he shouted.

Even Toots had been rather shocked.

"My darling children," she had said wistfully to a crestfallen Timothy and a tearful Belinda after they had been made to hand the money back, "I always give my signature for nothing — except, of course, on advertisements," she added truthfully.

"I shall take Lombard out to dine in town before his lecture this evening," Henry announced fiercely when he and Julie were alone once more. "A few more hours under this roof and he'll think he's in a nut-house!"

"Very good, darling," Julie acquiesced swiftly. "Toots and I will have a quiet evening on our own. Unless, of course, you'd like us to come to the lecture?"

Henry tore at his hair. "On no account is your mother to be allowed anywhere near the Big Hall," he bellowed. Julie sighed with relief . . .

Alone with her mother that evening, Julie found her in a strangely silent mood. "I think I'll go to bed early," Toots announced shortly after supper.

"Are you feeling all right, darling?" Julie asked anxiously. For her mother to retire before midnight was almost unheard of.

"Oh, perfectly. But it has been rather an . . . an exciting day . . ." She gave her daughter a nervous — almost guilty — look.

To page 48

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MELTONIAN FOR ALL SHOES... A DRESSING FOR EVERY FASHIONABLE SHADE

Continuing . . . .

Mother Goes To Town

from page 46

She's hatching something, Julie thought, after Toots had gone upstairs, but her mind felt too exhausted to probe the matter further. She stretched herself out on the sofa and closed her eyes.

She was awakened by the return of Henry with Professor Lombard. One glance at her husband's expression brought her to her feet—he looked positively goofy.

"Did it go well?' she asked apprehensively.

Professor Lombard stepped forward briskly. "Splendidly, Mrs. Staunton, splendidly. A very intelligent audience — their questions showed they have an excellent grasp of the adolescent mind."

Then why, Julie wondered, was Henry looking so strange?

The Professor was still speaking: "And now, if you'll excuse me, Mrs. Staunton, I think I'll go up. I return north in the morning and must make an early start — there's a great deal to see to . . . good-night to you both."

"Good-night," Julie said faintly.

Henry had still not spoken a word. His eyes held a sort of glazed look.

"Darling—what happened?" Julie said as soon as they were alone.

Henry passed a hand across his forehead. "Oh, the lecture was a great success . . ." His voice sounded strangled.

"Then what is the matter?"

"I think I'm dreaming . . . I just don't believe it! Julie — Ernest Lombard's going to marry Toots!"

"What?" Julie heard her voice go falsetto with shock.

Henry collapsed into a chair. "They fixed it up this afternoon. He's going north tomorrow to get the house ready for her. They're being married next week. 'She has done me the honor of agreeing to become my wife,' he said! Toots . . . oh, my word, Toots in a sort of shepherd's cottage on a Yorkshire moor!"

"I must go to her at once," Julie squeaked — rather as if she were referring to a patient on the danger list — and sped out of the room . . .

Toots was sitting by her dressing-table in a froth of pink negligee when Julie burst into the room.

She gave her daughter a nervous smile. "So, you know, darling child?"

"Toots — is it true?"

"Yes, precious. But I promised not to say anything until Ernest had spoken to Henry. The darling man thought you might not approve."

Julie felt her head whirling — was Toots her mother or her child? "But, darling, are you sure?"

Toots made a wide gesture with her arms — a gesture Julie had seen her make a hundred times on the stage. "Never have I been more sure of anything! Ah, my darling, if only you knew what a relief it will be . . ."

"Relief?"

"To get rid of all this!" Toots waved a hand over the dressing-table with its array of cosmetics. "To be able to have crows' feet and laughter lines . . . to forget about calories and a waist measurement . . . to say hell to hairdressers and to welcome the pepper-and-salt bits in the front . . ."

Her voice trembled suddenly. "To be myself and not have to go on trying . . . do you understand, darling?"

Julie saw the familiar, eager, lovely face through the mist of her own tears. Behind the extravagances that were Toots, she had glimpsed the simple, warm-hearted sincerity of her mother.

She slid on to her knees and put her arms round Toots' slender waist. "Oh, darling, if that's the way you really want it . . ." Her throat felt constricted with love.

Toots pressed her cheek against her daughter's hair, softly rocking her in her arms. "Darling child, I do so want to grow old gracefully — and with some dignity. It's very hard to do that as Toots Babbington!"

"But the Professor — I mean Ernest?" Julie asked shakily, looking at her mother.

Toots gave her delicious gurgle of laughter.

"The darling man loves me for what I am — not for what I look like. That's why he was so silent last night. He told me so: he said he was studying what went on behind the facade! D'you know, precious child, he's the first man since your father who's ever thought anything did go on there!"

"Oh, Toots . . ."

Toots whispered softly. "No woman is ever too old for romance. We're going to be happy, very happy, Ernest and I . . ."

"I really think they will be, too," Julie said, snuggling up against Henry later that night.

In the darkness he traced with a finger the outline of her face. "D'you know what, my pet? The trouble with me is that I've always underestimated your Mama . . ."

"Oh, darling — it's taken a professor of psychology not to do that," Julie replied sleepily.

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—FOR THE CHILDREN—

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Continuing . . . . The Lonely Shore

from page 25

"No, indeed," said Elizabeth, remembering dark days when they had nailed kangaroo skins at the windows as protection against the expected native spears. Now she frowned.

"Papa," she said hesitantly, "just now I thought I smelt wine on Polly. I suspected she had been at the decanter—but I remember now, she came back from camp this morning. And there seem to be few of the others about."

"What!" exclaimed her father. "Why didn't you say so?"

Elizabeth forebore to say she had lacked the opportunity. She only said: "I'm sorry, Papa. Shall I fetch Polly?"

"Yes, of course. Fetch her immediately," commanded her father. He went to appraise the Resident of the latest development, while Elizabeth hurried into the kitchen.

It was empty. Elizabeth went out into the yard. There was no sign of life. Even old Gilgi had vanished from the spot where he had been sleeping. Back in the kitchen Elizabeth saw what had escaped her notice before—Polly's gown in a carelest heap on the floor, as though the girl had cast off with impatience the shabby chrysalis of civilisation. Elizabeth hurried out to her father, whom she found already astride his grey mare, Fancy, his peg-leg thrust out awkwardly.

"Well?" he said.

"Polly has gone."

The three men looked grave. Then John Bussell, forestalling her father's outburst, said: "Perhaps you have given us a useful hint as to the location of the missing casks, Miss Farnsby. If so, there is no time to be lost. I wish you good day and trust that we will be seeing you at 'Cattle Chosen' for Sunday's service."

With brief farewells the three men set heels to their mounts and galloped down the road. Elizabeth watched them until the peppermints hid them from sight, then walked to the ocean side of the house, where zinnias were still flowering in a brave splash of color against the low stone wall though their season had passed.

The bay, white with sea-fury for a few days before, was a polished mirror for the sky. Apart from the supply ship, there was only the Silver Bay at the anchorage, and she found herself thinking of its master with some curiosity. She had seen him but twice—a lazily amused young giant in the sandhills, and then for the second time when their brief moment of mutual recognition had dissolved in her father's anger. Or had she imagined that moment?

Strange that the American's image was far more vivid in her mind than that of Mark Gilbert, whom, of course, she would marry. At the moment the prospect was uninviting—poor Mark, she thought. No doubt sighing for her at the Swan. She reflected wryly that no one was ever likely to say "poor Captain Parkes." The young American, she thought, would certainly be master of any situation he chose to make his own.

If they should meet again—but, of course, they would not! She sighed and turned away. Without Polly there would be the dishes to be washed, and it was most unlikely that Annette would have attended to them.

She found her sister sitting in front of the mirror in her own room trying on Elizabeth's best bonnet.

"Wretched child!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Have you no bonnets of your own?"

"Mine are so dull. Mama thinks I am still a child."

"Which you are, of course."

Annette tossed her fair ringlets. "Next year I'll be seventeen and you'll be a little passe. It's high time you married Mr. Gilbert."

"It's none of your affair, Miss!" snapped Elizabeth.

Annette shrugged. "Well, you can't afford to reject offers much longer. And you're awfully lucky—Mr. Gilbert is so handsome and charming—and comfortably situated, too! You will reign in style at the Swan. Besides, I want to be a bridesmaid and wear a trained gown and roses in my hair like the Queen's bridesmaids."

"Thank you," snapped her sister. "I've no intention of marrying just to gratify your whims, my dear sister!"

She flounced out, feeling oddly disturbed. She had every intention of marrying Mark Gilbert, so why should she feel unreasonably annoyed when Annette mentioned it?

"Now, stop me if you've heard this . . ."

She washed the dishes in a decidedly bad humor, and still feeling restless decided she would take a stroll along the river to see old Maria, although it was growing late.

"Where are you going?" asked Annette without interest when Elizabeth went to her room to collect a bonnet and cloak.

"To see Maria. Tell Charles to come for me should I be delayed."

After she had gone Annette frowned in an effort of memory. Where had Elizabeth said she was going? She had not been listening, but it did not matter. She did know Elizabeth had said she would be back soon. She returned to her reflection in the mirror.

Elizabeth was glad she had visited Maria, but she had to admit that the old woman's recital of her aches and pains was more than a little dull. The sky, too, she noticed, glancing through the window, was becoming overcast, but, although she suggested more than once that she should be going, she found it hard to leave, especially when Maria insisted on brewing tea in her big earthenware teapot and spreading bread and butter. Finally Elizabeth stood up in desperation and announced she must go — with Polly absent there was so much to be done.

"Poor lamb," mourned Maria. "And I crippled with rheumatiz — but, never mind, Miss Elizabeth, I'll be along as soon as I can. As for that Polly—she be a rare bad'un, and not above casting an eye on them foreign sailors, I'll be bound."

Elizabeth was secretly appalled at the rapidly darkening sky, heavy with the threat of rain. She had expected Charles to have come to meet her — but perhaps he was already on the road. She stepped out bravely, but the night, aided by the heavy cloud, was falling faster than she had bargained for, and, although she strained her eyes, there was no sign of Charles. Had she known it, at that moment Annette was desperately trying to remember where Elizabeth had said she was going for an exasperated Charles, who had begun to worry about his sister's absence.

"If ever there was such a feather - brain!" exclaimed Charles. "Wait until papa hears about this!"

He went outside and peered down the road, racking his mind as to where Elizabeth would be visiting on foot, for he saw Prince was still in the yard.

The rain was pouring down by this time, and Elizabeth, still a mile from home, realised that she must take shelter or suffer a thorough wetting. She stumbled gratefully against the rough trunk of a peppermint tree, and stood there miserably, wondering what the best course would be. So heavy was the downpour that she did not notice the man leading the horse until he was almost beside her. For one glad moment she thought it was Charles, but when a strange voice spoke, saying, "Steady, there, steady!" to the horse, she shrank back instinctively against the tree.

She peered through the darkness, her heart thumping, wondering whether it was safe to reveal herself. But she did not have long to ponder on that score for the horse sensed her presence and started away with a snort of terror.

"Who is there?" asked the man sharply. For a moment she did not reply, and then it was too late, for a strong arm went around her throat chokingly. With a gasp of pure terror she clawed vainly at the restricting arm, and then, twisting her head, buried her teeth deeply in the stranger's hand.

She heard him curse, and cringed as the arm ran closely down her body, pinning her arms to her side. Now she was held tightly against a rough jacket, and a voice was saying in her ear: "And now, my lovely, perhaps you may be persuaded to tell me who you are."

Jonathan Parkes! Recognition came to her at the same moment as he, realising who she was, loosed his hold on her so abruptly that she staggered and would have fallen if he had not caught her arm.

"Miss Farnsby!" he exclaimed in amazement. "What in heaven's name are you doing here?"

She stumbled over the story of her visit to sick Maria, conscious of his deepening disapproval. When she had finished he spoke coldly.

"Surely you know the foolishness of being out at such a late hour without an escort," he said. "Even without the natives, there are many white men who would be a danger to an unaccompanied female."

"I told you I had no idea it was so late. In any case, I had left a message for my brother to come and meet me," she said stiffly.

He must have seen her distress, for he said more gently: "In any case, I trust you will permit me to escort you home when the rain ceases."

"Thank you, but I shall be quite all right," she said abruptly. "I am probably more familiar with this place than you are."

His voice was sharp again. "Don't be foolish, Miss Farnsby. Of course I shall take you home."

They stood in silence, and there was only the drumming of the rain on the already sodden earth. For conversation's sake she said, "This weather is most melancholy. I much prefer the summer."

"Yet you are English," he said with a touch of amusement, "and England, I understand, is not noted for sunny skies."

"I have but a faint recollection of England. I was only eight when we came here."

"Eight! Then you were among the first colonists to arrive."

"Yes, indeed. We came on

To page 51

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the ship Warrior thirteen years ago."

"That must have been an alarming experience, coming to a strange land. Or is that but a faint memory now, as well?"

"Indeed, no!" she laughed ruefully. "I could not easily forget that. It was most uncomfortable. Later we were camped on the beach at the Swan in tents in most horrid weather, with all our possessions on the beach with us. No one seemed to know what we were to do or how to do it."

"And then you came here?"

"Indeed, no! We found that all the good land near the Swan had already been taken up, so we and several other families —including the Bussells and Molloys—went to Augusta. It was no good, though. When our crops failed we almost starved, and we were close to despair. But then Mr. Bussell found this country and gave such glowing reports of it that when he and his family moved here, and some of the other settlers, we came, too."

"What did your father do in England?"

"Papa was in the navy. He was at sea most of the time and we lived at Plymouth. But you know how it is—sailors often pine for the land, and papa was always talking of having a little farm of his own. I do not know whether it was necessary to come as far as this for it, though," she concluded with a laugh.

She had forgotten the rain and the cold and in fact felt curiously lighthearted. Jonathan was saying: "I fear I'm no sailor who pines to be ashore. I hope to follow the whale for many a day yet. My people have been whaling for more years than I can count."

"I envy you," Elizabeth said wistfully. "I wish sometimes that I were a man. They have

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some sort of freedom. But alas, instead I stay at home and churn butter and make preserves, or drink tea with the settlers' wives." She sighed.

"The world would be a harsh place without women to do these things," he said "There would be little joy for me coming home from the sea if I did not know my mother would be waiting to welcome me."

"You are like all men," she told him scornfully. "A woman's place is in the home, you say, waxing vastly sentimental, but which of you would change places with us?"

He chuckled. "Could you picture me sewing a fine seam —any more than I can see you hunting a great fish, drenched with spray and bitter cold?"

"There is still adventure there for you," she said rebelliously. "There is precious little for me."

"Adventure is where you find it," he said seriously. "Do you not sense adventure here in the building of a new land, Elizabeth?"

She shrugged her shoulders, saying pettishly: "Is it customary in America to address ladies by their Christian names on such brief acquaintance?"

"No," he said soberly. "We Americans are not all barbarians, although your father thinks otherwise. You know well enough why I call you Elizabeth—and don't be coy and deny it. Shall I tell you why?"

"Why?" she said, her voice little more than a whisper.

"Because there is much between us, Elizabeth Farnsby, whether you choose to deny it or not. You knew it as well as I when you lay in my arms, half drowned. Have you not wanted to see me again, as I have wanted to see you?"

Now her face was raised to his and he could imagine the amazement on it, although he could scarcely distinguish her features. He wondered whether she would think him bold or crazed—or both, and for the first time in his life Jonathan knew apprehension as he waited for a reply from a woman's lips. For a moment the upbringing of a Victorian young lady warred with Elizabeth's essential honesty, and

"Of course my credit is good! How else could I get so far in debt?"

when at last she spoke he had to bend close to hear what she said.

"I, too, have wished to see you again," she whispered. Jonathan sighed—and realised he had been holding his breath.

Wordlessly, he pulled her against him and his mouth, warm and urgent, found her own. She resisted only for a moment, and then lay in his arms as though spellbound. His lips left hers at last and his fingers ran over her cheek and throat as though he would remember her forever without sight.

"How beautiful you are," he said, and there was laughter in his voice. "Even dripping wet from the sea I would have liked to have told you so then, Elizabeth."

"I don't understand," her voice was puzzled "I scarcely know you . . . I've seen you but twice before, yet it seems I've known you always."

"Is that how it is with you, Elizabeth?" he asked eagerly. "Strange, too, I feel as though I've been waiting for you since time began."

"And now we meet under a tree in the dark and rain."

"Even that cannot spoil it," he declared. "There's a serenade in the rain, and a thousand little frog voices to tell the world Jonathan Parkes has lost his heart." He kissed the top of her head, smelling the dampness in her hair.

"Again you've lost your bonnet," he chided. He stooped and felt among the damp leaves. "Here it is," he announced in triumph, "but a little the worse, I fear. Ah, well, within the year we'll shop in Boston for the prettiest bonnets in town."

"Boston?" she said faintly.

"Boston—New York—and a whole world with you at my side. When do we marry, Elizabeth?"

"Marry——" she said, scarcely believing her ears.

"Marry, of course, my sweet stupid," he mocked her, and as she tried to realise the enormity of the situation—she, Elizabeth Farnsby, daughter of one of the most respected colonists, in the arms of a stranger.

"Ah, my sweet, what a wonderful time we'll have—and what a song the wind will sing through the shrouds as the Silver Bay spreads her canvas homeward bound. It's a more valuable cargo than oil I'll be taking this time. When can I speak to your father, Elizabeth? I fear he'll not approve of a Yankee son-in-law. I trust you are of age in case he forbids the banns."

She said faintly, "This is madness, Jonathan. Papa would never permit me to wed you—"

"A thousand disapproving fathers will not stop me marrying you, Elizabeth," he said. "Only you have the power to do that, my dear. This was meant to be, Elizabeth. Have you any doubt of that?"

"No," she said. "No. But I fear papa has no great love for Americans, and you angered him sadly that day on the beach. But surely," she added, with the eternal optimism of the young, "he cannot refuse me that on which my whole happiness depends."

"And how will the young Englishman favor losing you?" said Jonathan.

"Poor Mark," she said. "I cannot but think he will take it hardly, but there will be another for him."

"But she won't be Elizabeth Farnsby," Jonathan told her. "I cannot help but be sorry for the man who loves you but cannot have you — it might have been I."

"No, not you," she murmured, and surrendered again to his kisses while the rain fell in a thick curtain about them and the frog song was unending.

"Harkee, my love," he said at last. "I must take you home—I would that I could carry you away to my ship, like some bold pirate, but instead I'll be the polite swain who hurries his lady home that she may not catch a chill. I think the rain is easing off at last. Kiss me once more before we go. Ah, Elizabeth, I would that you were to lie in my arms tonight, but my dreams will be sweet for all that I sleep alone."

Elizabeth opened her eyes and drew away reluctantly, raising a trembling hand to smooth her hair. Now she remembered all too well what a fine rage and fluster her father was likely to work himself into if he had discovered her absence. It would not be unlikely that he would have the whole settlement out looking for her. She made to step off into the darkness, holding her skirts high in her hand, but Jonathan pulled her back.

"Not so fast, my love," he said easily. "I have a much better plan. You shall ride in front of the saddle with me."

"No!" she exclaimed in alarm. "Someone may see us."

"What sane person would be out on a night like this?" he laughed. "And I would not care very much if they did see us—would you?"

She did not answer, but put her foot into his hand obediently enough, and swung up on the bay mare. Then he was in the saddle behind her, with his arm about her waist to steady her, and as he joggled the reins the old mare started off eagerly in the direction of home.

Elizabeth edged her chin comfortably against the hollow of his shoulder. She felt weary now, but still she thought there would be nothing she would like better than to ride on and on through the night with Jonathan on the old bay mare with no thought of tomorrow.

"I wish," she said impulsively, "there was no need to

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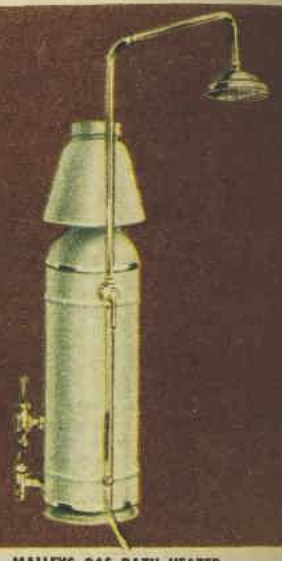

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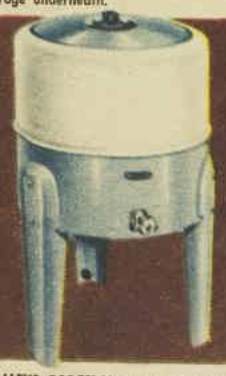

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MAYPOLE ZINNIAS, showing their striped and spotted petals. They are obtainable in a wide variety of colors and combinations of color. The blooms are slightly smaller than the dahlia-flowered variety. They last well after cutting and are very decorative.

Summer annuals

● When the spring-flowering bulbs and hardy annuals finish their life of color and fragrance, the gardener often wonders what to grow in their place.

THE answer is half-hardy summer annuals—those drought, heat, and humidity resistant species.

There are a wide variety of fine types such as French and African marigolds (incidentally they are natives of the hot parts of North and South America), tithonia or Mexican sunflower, zinnias of all kinds (most of which come from Mexico), and many others.

Tremendous improvement has been made in recent years in the zinnia family. They are obtainable in a wide range, from border dwarfs only about 6in. high to lilliputs about 12in. tall, pompones 15 to 18in., robusta 20 to 30in., and the tall dahlia-flowered and fantasy types, which run up to 4ft. in rich soil.

The gaudy gaillardia, with its red-and-yellow petals, is another sun-defiant plant.

Petunias are bright and beautiful, and many different kinds such as low-growing, bedding types, singles, and lovely fringed, tall-growing doubles are obtainable.

Asters of all kinds make a glorious show from round about the new year until the frost kills them. Wilt-resistant Crego is one of the best to grow for the reason that the plants are hardy.

Other fine half-hardy annuals that make a good show during summer are the leafy amaranthus family (several distinct types), arctotis (daisy-like flowers of great size), celosias and cockscombs, annual chrysanthemum (a good cutting flower), cosmos, didiscus (lavender lace flower), phlox, and scabious.

Plant queries

READERS who would like their gardening problems solved by our expert should write, giving full details of the pests and diseases of their plants, and enclosing specimens. Please enclose also a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Address queries to "Garden Expert," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

RIGHT: Maypole zinnias and African marigolds growing in a massed bed at Werribee Station, Waugoola, N.S.W. Both these flowers require an open sunny position and regular watering during hot summer weather.

ABOVE: Globe Amaranths make fine bedding plants and last a long time in the garden during summer and autumn. They grow to about 15in. high and the blooms, when dried, will last for years.

RIGHT: Verbena Brilliant is the brightest of the summer-flowering members of this family. It sprawls widely and does best on a bank or the edge of a rockery where the laterals will be able to hang down.

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COVER-GIRL DESIGN

● "Gai," our cover-girl dress (right), is obtainable ready made and cut out ready to sew. It is available in no-iron color-fast faille poplin in white, pale pink, lilac, pale blue, navy-blue, and turquoise. The coin-spotted cotton cummerbund and head scarf are in red-and-white, blue-and-white, pink-and-white, and navy-and-white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 30 and 32in. bust, 79/6; 34 and 36in. bust, 84/6. Postage and registration, 4/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 30 and 32in. bust, 51/3; 34 and 36in. bust, 54/6. Postage and registration, 4/6 extra.

Pattern No. 4929 is also available in sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4¼yds. 36in. material and ¾yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6. Patterns and the dress may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. Mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

Continuing . . . .

The Lonely Shore

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go home. I would be happy like this forever."

"Not in the rain, my pretty romantic," he chuckled. "Before long you would hate me for kidnapping you from your comfortable home. Besides, there are happier ways of making love, Elizabeth."

"Do you know so much about love, Jonathan?" she asked drowsily. He was silent for a space, thinking how little he had known about love and passion who thought he knew so much. Then he said gently, "Enough to keep you happy for ever and ever, I hope, Elizabeth."

"I know it," she said, and sighed happily. "There is so much I want to know about you," she went on. "Isn't it strange? I know nothing about you at all."

"You have the rest of your life to find out all my secrets. But, never fear, my dear, you'll find my family perfectly respectable." He broke off. "Where are we now, Elizabeth? Are we near your home?"

She peered through the darkness and started when she saw the faint glimmer of the riding lights of the ships in the bay. "We have passed right through the settlement and I did not notice it. Turn up this track to the right."

"Our journey has been all too short," he said. "Ah, well—tomorrow I see you again—and forever after that. And there are plans to be made and your parents to be placated. I confess I am a little alarmed at the thought of them. What is your mother like, Elizabeth?"

"She wants me to marry Mark Gilbert," said Elizabeth bluntly.

Jonathan was silent — then he laughed. "I see I must banish the shadow of this Mark Gilbert from your heart, my dear. Are you sure you are not a little in love with him, after all?"

"No!" she protested fiercely. "It's you I love—and I have not even begun to wonder why."

"Love's not for wondering about, Elizabeth—only to be enjoyed."

"It's not everything," she protested. "There is the future to be thought of. One is not always young."

"What a sobersides you are!" His lips were warm against her throat. "How could I ever grow old with you to make my blood fire and wine, Elizabeth?"

"No," she said. "NO—no more kisses, Jonathan, please. We are right at the gate."

"So we are," he said. "Let me come in now, Elizabeth, and beard your father in his den."

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"No—you must not," she said, horrified. "Can you not imagine his rage if you came now—and he discovered we had been together tonight? I must pretend that I came alone."

"He'll be in a rage, anyway—better he has all his rages together," counselled Jonathan. But she was seized with panic.

"No—please, Jonathan! Wait until tomorrow—then call and talk reasonably with him. Remember, you angered him the other day. He will not forget that easily. Please, Jonathan—you would not wish to make me unhappy."

"Heaven forbid—but you must forgive me if I wish to shout my happiness from the housetops."

"Tomorrow — please!" she begged. "I do want everything to be well for us. I couldn't bear to displease papa—and I want him to like you, too."

He was silent, and then he said: "Very well, my dear. Promptly at ten o'clock tomorrow I shall be at your door. Then you shall see just how polite a Yankee barbarian can be to the papa of the girl he loves."

"I know it will be for the best," she said, relieved.

"There is a penalty for my forbearance," he told her. "Kiss me good-night, Elizabeth."

She drew away at last, whispering: "Good-night, dear Jonathan." Before he could stop her she had twisted out of his arms and slipped to the ground. He made to follow, but she was pressing close to the mare, laying her hand pleadingly on Jonathan's knee.

"Please!" she begged him. "Please go!"

"If I must, then," he said, and snatched her hand from his knee to kiss it. "Good-night, then, my love—until tomorrow."

But he was to see her again before the morning came.

. . . . . .

Elizabeth's dreams were troubled. Captain Farnsby

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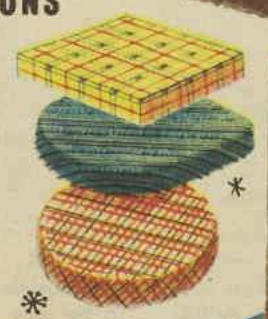

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had refused his consent, and Jonathan had lifted her on to Prince and together they galloped away, closely pursued by her father and Captain Molloy. The hoofbeats of the following horses were louder and louder, and then suddenly she was awake, sitting up with the pounding still in her ears. It was some moments before she realised it was no part of her dream and that someone was beating heavily against the outside door.

Her father, of course. She had been vastly relieved to find he had not returned when she reached home, and it had been easy enough to explain her late arrival to Charles and Annette, who were so relieved to see her that they were not disposed to be curious.

She had gone to bed early, partly because she was genuinely exhausted by the events of the day and partly because she wanted to be alone to savor again the delight of Jonathan's kisses and his wild words of love. But she had not remained awake long — and now it seemed she had scarcely slept. She jumped out of bed, lit a candle, and found her wrap, wishing that Charles had gone to the door —but, of course, he slept like a log, and Annette was as bad.

The frenzied hammering still went on, and she wondered how anyone could sleep through it at all as she hurried out into the hall. At any moment her father would probably start to shout the house down. But as she placed her hands on the heavy bolt that held the door she paused. Sudden caution made her call: "Is it you, papa?"

There was no answer, but now she heard labored breathing outside, and she spoke sharply: "Who is there?"

"Let me in!" cried a voice hoarsely. "Let me in—they'll kill me. For the love of heaven, open the door!"

The unknown groaned in pure agony and Elizabeth went swiftly to the dining-room, where her father's second set of pistols lay in the drawer of the sideboard. Hastily she loaded one and came back to the door.

Continuing .... The Lonely Shore

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There was only the sound of tortured breathing now, and she hastily pulled back the bolt with her left hand, while she kept the heavy pistol in her right.

The door swung open and a whimpering dark figure crawled past her into the hall, then sprawled there, blood oozing on to the floor from where the heavy spear, its shaft now broken, lay in his shoulder.

Elizabeth gasped, her immediate reaction being to slam the heavy jarrah door shut again and push home the bolt, which seemed to move all too slowly. Then she ran to Charles' room, pounding the door until her brother made sleepy response.

By the time Charles stood beside her, his great-coat thrown over his night-shirt and his eyes drowsy with sleep, Elizabeth was on her knees beside the stranger.

"Great heavens, Liz!" exclaimed Charles. "Poor devil —is he dead? Who can it be?"

"He is still alive — the wound is only in his shoulder. I think it is the missing sailor from the Silver Bay. In fact, I am sure of it. Jonathan—Captain Parkes — ordered him to give us rum to revive us when we were rescued."

She flushed, relieved that Charles, in his concern over the sailor, had missed the Jonathan.

"See," she continued hastily. "His belt—I remember it particularly. Such real looking snakes."

Around the gross body the silver snakes with their ruby eyes glistened in sinister beauty. Like Jonathan, the brother and sister had no knowledge that a man had paid with his life for owning the belt Brass coveted, but Charles did say, "An ugly looking brute, isn't he—I wonder what mischief he was at to earn that spear."

"The spear must come out so that the wound may be drained of any poisons in the blood," said Elizabeth. "Fetch me a bowl of water, Charles —there's some still hot in the urn—while I get some cloths."

It went against the grain to tear up one of the precious linen sheets, well mended as they were, but Elizabeth thought her mama would forgive her in this emergency. Together she and Charles pulled the unconscious sailor into a sitting position. Then she eased the broken end of the spear forward until she could push it no farther and the barb jutted well out the other side.

"Here, let me pull it, Liz—I'm stronger than you," said Charles. He took hold of the barb carefully, and with a jerk it lay in his hand, bloody and horrible, while the blood gushed darkly from the hole it left behind.

Elizabeth choked down the nausea that swept in a great wave through her, hastily sponging away the blood, and packing pads of linen against the wound before she bandaged it firmly.

"Well done!" praised Charles. "And now, seeing you're looking as green as I feel, Liz, let's have a tot of brandy. I suppose our guest will be the better for some, too, when he comes around." Elizabeth drank the generous swig of brandy Charles poured her gratefully, though the flaming spirit made her choke.

Then excitedly she leant over Brass.

"Look, Charles," she exclaimed, "he's opening his eyes."

Brass groaned, and for a moment his eyes slitted against the light. Then they were wide with horror and he clutched at Elizabeth fiercely.

"Keep 'em out," he muttered. "Keep 'em out. Don't let 'em get me!"

"You are safe now," Elizabeth told him soothingly, releasing her arm as gently as she could. Brass was sitting up now and his eyes were wild.

"The girl—they killed her. They'd have killed me if I hadn't run for it. Keep 'em away from me." He cast himself from side to side in misery and fear, and Charles, feeling a certain disgust at the man's gibbering fear, spoke sharply.

"There's nothing to fear, my man. You'll be safe on your ship by morning."

But Brass was not to be silenced, and Charles said in a low voice: "I'll get Grebb. It's not right, Liz, you should have to listen to the obscenities. Go to your room and Grebb and I will put the fellow in my room."

"I'll wait until you get Grebb," Elizabeth said firmly. "The man may easily cast off his bandages and do himself injury. Oh, dear, I hope papa returns soon and tells us what to do." She paused. "Charles," she said in a whisper. "Did you hear anything?"

It could have been the murmur of a rising wind, but the sound—faint as it was—reached the half-conscious Brass and he started up wild-eyed, clutching at Elizabeth's skirt.

"The Indians! They'll kill me—they'll kill me like they killed the girl!"

"The natives!" said Charles.

He hurried to the window, drawing aside the heavy curtain.

"Liz!" he exclaimed in alarm. "They're waving torches

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; Articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Continuing . . . . The Lonely Shore

from page 56

d yelling. I can see spears, Give me your pistol."

"No," said Elizabeth. "Fetch e muzzle-loader. We may ed to frighten them."

There was movement be- nd them and Annette stood ere, clutching a blanket bout her.

"What is it, Liz?" She gave squeal of horror as she saw e man lying on the ground.

"The natives," Elizabeth told er. To Brass she said sternly: Can you move? Then crawl ut of sight. It will not be good r you or for us if the natives e you. Do you hear me? Out f sight!"

Obediently the man started o drag himself clumsily along he floor. Then reaching a hest that stood near the door, e used it as a lever to get to his feet, and, clawing at the all with his good hand, dis- appeared into the dining- room.

In the meanwhile, the low murmur outside had risen to tumult, and now there was hammering at the door.

Elizabeth thought she could recognise the voice of the old chief Gilgi among the high, thin native voices.

"Listen," she said to Charles. "Gilgi is with them—he will surely listen to reason."

"I hope so," said Charles. "I wish Grebb was in here. I wonder why he has not come in—surely the noise must have wakened him before this."

"Open the door—open!" shouted a voice, and Eliza- beth sighed with relief. Now she was sure it was Gilgi.

"Go away — go away, Gilgi!" she called. "Go away or there will be plenty trouble. No tucker or tobacco for you unless you go away quick-fel- low."

The answer was a crash of glass as a spear hurtled through the window to fall to the floor only a few inches from Charles.

"We must open the door and talk to them," said Eliza- beth, "or they will think we are frightened."

"I am," grinned Charles with an attempt at lightness. "All right, then—let's wongi with them."

Elizabeth went to the door and pulled the bolt. As she flung the door back the three of them, tightening the grip of their guns, stared aghast at the scene. The light from the torches outside lit up the fierce faces of more than twenty war- riors, most of whom were very drunk. The only moderately sober one was old Gilgi, but the sullen anger of his old face was more terrifying than any of them. At sight of the open door the dark bodies swept forward in a wave.

"Gilgi," said Elizabeth coldly, without moving, while she tried to control the tremor in her voice, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Give 'um white man," said Gilgi, his voice thin and men- acing. "Then we go. We wish no hurt you, Miss 'Lizbeth, but white feller bad feller. Give 'um white man and we go 'way."

ELIZABETH said sharply, "There's no white man for you, Gilgi. Go away!"

"We know white feller here, Miss 'Lizbeth." Gilgi's voice was ugly. "You give 'um."

"What has he done?" asked Elizabeth evenly. "Why do you look for the white man with spears?"

"White man fool about Polly. Kill 'um Polly dead feller. Now kill 'um white man!" There was pain as well as outrage in the old na- tive's voice, and Elizabeth drew her breath sharply. Polly was dead. But there was no time to think about that. She stepped forward and let them see the pistol in her hand.

"Go away, Gilgi," she said. "In the morning we shall see that justice is done and the white man is punished as he deserves. I promise you that will be done. But now—— go! Do you want to be hun- ted and shot as your people were before? Go away—now! Then come first thing tomor- row and see my father or Cap- tain Molloy."

Old Gilgi stood still, con- sidering her words, and she thought with relief that the danger had passed. But a young buck, naked except for his red paint, loosened a spear with a drunken shout. Luck- ily, his aim only sent the spear hurtling between Charles and Elizabeth, but it was tinder to the already inflamed natives. They cried out angrily in the native tongue, pressing closer and waving their spears, while those who knew a little Eng- lish shouted, "Give 'um white man!" above the uproar.

"Gilgi!" cried Elizabeth, raising the pistol and conscious of Charles beside her with the muzzle-loader to his shoulder. "Take your people away — or we shoot!"

A spear quivered in the door frame beside her, and, wait- ing no longer, she pulled the trigger, aiming above their heads. The dark tide wav- ered and then swept forward again, and now it was Charles who emptied the muzzle-loader into the advancing mob. Shouts of pain and surprise mingled with the roar of the gun, and then Elizabeth cried out with relief, for the natives were scampering away into the sheltering dark, dragging their wounded with them.

She leaned back against the doorway, finding the heavy pistol shaking in her hand, while Charles hastily reloaded the gun. But the darkness had swallowed up the natives, and suddenly the night was still.

"They will come back," whispered Annette fearfully, but Charles shook his head.

"I wish they had not forced us to fire on them," said Eliz- abeth in a low voice, "seeing this man has bitterly wronged them." She paused. "Smoke!" she said sharply. "Can't you smell smoke?"

The unearthly scream that broke across her words froze their blood. The scream of a horse in pain and fear.

"Prince!" cried Elizabeth. "Something has happened to Prince."

She fled back through the house and clawed open the bolts of the kitchen door.

"Liz!" shouted Charles after her. "Liz—come back!"

But Elizabeth was already flying down the path, her wrap billowing in the wind, towards the stables. Then she saw the glare that flared suddenly above the mulberry trees, and again the horrifying scream shuddered in the frightened air.

Flames shot through the shingled roof as she ran through the door of the stables. Heat beat on her in a wave, and, blinded by smoke, she went sprawling over some- thing on the floor. Cough- ing, she struggled to her knees. Grebb! It was Grebb's body she had stumbled over. Grab- bing him by the shoulders, she started to pull him back to- wards the door, where she was joined by Charles.

"Prince!" she sobbed. "Prince!" and before Charles could stop her had vanished into the smoke. The air was suffocating, and already flames were bursting from Prince's stall — but the big horse was beyond help. Prince lay hor- ribly twisted on his back, two spears protruding from his belly, and with a cry of des- pair Elizabeth turned and fought her way back to the door.

Charles, beside himself with anxiety as he dragged Grebb to safety, saw his sister out- lined by flames as she ran through the door.

"Quick!" he shouted. "It's going!"

His shout was drowned in a roar of flames as the stables collapsed in blazing ruins, and with horror Charles saw Eliza- beth go down as a blazing rafter caught the side of her head with a glancing blow.

With a sob, Charles dropped Grebb, but as he started back he saw a man appear from

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Continuing . . . . The Lonely Shore

from page 57

nowhere and match up Elizabeth's body as easily as if she had been a doll.

For the second time that night Jonathan Parkes held Elizabeth in his arms.

Carrying her beyond the flames he laid her down on the grass. Under his hand, through the thin material of her nightgown, he felt her heart beat reassuringly. He sighed with relief and looked up at Charles.

"She is only stunned," said Jonathan. "Tell me, what caused this thing? We saw the glare from the ship and came straight ashore."

"The natives," said Charles. "They sought a seaman from one of the whalers. He found refuge at our house and we managed to drive them off—but this is their revenge. My sister's horse speared and our servant injured."

"Prince dead? My poor darling," said Jonathan more to himself than Elizabeth, but Charles heard him and stared. Jonathan flushed at the boy's surprised look and said hastily: "I think we should bear your sister indoors."

"Indeed, yes!" said Charles, aghast to see that Elizabeth's wrap had gone and her thin muslin nightgown was torn and charred. The American swung her into his arms again and strode off towards the house, cold anger steadily mounting within him.

That drunken swine Brass! Thanks to him Elizabeth was injured and the horse she loved speared. There would be the devil to pay for this night's work, he promised Brass silently.

Charles hurried ahead and, picking up a lantern, preceded Jonathan to Elizabeth's room. Annette met them, giving a cry of alarm.

Jonathan put Elizabeth gently down on the bed, then dropped on his knees beside her.

"Elizabeth!" he pleaded. "Elizabeth—speak to me."

The girl stirred. Her eyes flickered open and then closed again. Charles touched Jonathan on the shoulder.

"If you would come with me, sir, I would be grateful. Grebb, our servant, still lies out there and I have no idea how badly hurt he is. I must have your help to get him inside."

Jonathan rose to his feet unwillingly, his eyes not leaving Elizabeth's white face.

"Miss Farnsby must have a doctor."

Charles shook his head.

"The doctor is away at the Swan. But be sure of it—my sister Annette is well qualified to take care of her."

Annette at that moment made her appearance with smelling salts and a bowl of hot water. Jonathan saw that Elizabeth had again stirred slightly.

"Come, please, sir," begged Charles urgently

They found the little ex-sailor still stretched unconscious where Charles had left him. Charles decided the only place to take him was to his own room, as Grebb's hut was far too distant from the house for him to be conveniently attended to. He and Jonathan had scarcely eased Grebb on to Charles' bed when there was a clatter outside and Captain Farnsby burst into the room.

"What in hell's name goes on here!" he roared. "Stables burnt down—windows broken! What has happened?"

"I wish you had come earlier, papa," said Charles, turning to his father in undisguised relief. He briefly outlined the events of the evening, but before he had finished Captain Farnsby exploded in a splutter of oaths.

"Grebb——" he said at last. "Is he all right?"

"Except for a sore head, I think," Charles told him. But the Captain's attention was now on Jonathan and his eyes were cold.

"And how come you here?" he asked. "It would have been better sir, if you had closer command of your men, so your seaman would have been prevented causing this loss to us. I might have known it was all due to Yankee foolishness."

Jonathan's jaw set. "It seems your own party did not shape well in locating the miscreants despite knowing the country better than we," he sneered and instantly regretted it.

"Yankee scoundrel!" roared Captain Farnsby. "You have not heard the last of this. Your blackguardly man has inflamed the natives with liquor, causing death and destruction. When this reaches the ears of His Excellency perhaps he and the Government will at last do something to prevent Yankee whalers polluting our shores as they have been allowed to do far too long—robbing the settlers of the whales that might bring them a living!"

"The settlers have reason to be grateful to our whalers—many a time when they've been near starving it's been an American who has come to their aid," snapped Jonathan. "And grasping though England is, I doubt whether she can command fealty from the leviathans of the sea!"

Captain Farnsby choked, but his voice when he spoke was cold and controlled—a fact that caused Charles to eye him with more apprehension than if he had chosen to shout.

"I would ask you to leave my house, Captain Parkes," he said. "Charles—where is the Yankee sailor?"

"In the dining-room, papa." Charles replied.

"Captain Parkes may remove him at his earliest convenience," announced Captain Farnsby, not looking at Jonathan.

Jonathan bit his lip. He bitterly regretted his hasty temper and incautious words, and he realised to mention his attachment to Elizabeth now would be fatal.

"My men are on the beach, sir," he said stiffly. "I shall fetch them immediately. I bitterly regret the trouble my man has brought upon your family."

Captain Farnsby inclined his head in icy acknowledgment and Jonathan—inwardly fuming with rage—turned on his heel and went out into the night. When he returned with Zeb Holly and two seamen he was ushered into the house by Charles and realised Captain Farnsby had retired.

"In here," Charles told him, and led them to the dining-room, where Brass sat miserably, clutching his injured shoulder. He stumbled to his feet when he saw Jonathan, and a flicker of fear touched his unpleasant face. Jonathan eyed him in cold anger and turned to Zeb.

"Take him back to the boat, Mister Holly—and await me there."

Zeb stepped forward. "Can you walk, Brass?" he asked sharply.

"Yes, sir," muttered the man. But he swayed uncertainly on his feet as he made to step forward.

"Support him, men!" ordered Jonathan, and assisting the injured seaman the subdued party left the house. As their glimmering lantern vanished from sight Jonathan turned to Charles, who had been watching the scene curiously.

"Would you do me the favor of discovering whether your sister has recovered consciousness?"

Charles nodded obediently and slipped into the house, leaving Jonathan with his own bitter thoughts. Almost immediately he had returned, saying with a smile: "She is conscious, sir—but still a little dazed. She has suffered a great shock, I fear—she was much attached to Prince."

"I shall come again tomorrow," Jonathan said.

"Good-night to you, Captain Parkes," said Charles soberly. For a moment the two stared at each other, and then Jonathan strode off into the night.

He sat silent as they were rowed back to the ship. Zeb, after several glances in his direction, kept silent. He had seen Jonathan angry, but not in this cold, queer mood with his eyes blued-steel in his set face. Jonathan's mood rested heavily on the boat, and even the injured man, huddled on the bottom boards, seemed afraid to groan.

They reached the ship, and as the boat nuzzled the side Jonathan scrambled up on deck. He stood watching them assist Brass up the side, and rage washed over his mind in an overwhelming flood. The light shone on Brass' face as he crawled aboard, and in its black-bearded ugliness Jonathan could see nothing but evil. And this creature had brought tragedy to Elizabeth! Her white face—her father's anger—his own stupidity in arousing that anger further swept him with black despair.

Even then it was Brass who wrought his own undoing, for as he stepped forward he staggered and fell, and at sight of the huddled heap of ugliness at his feet Jonathan's last vestige of control went from him and his heavy boot went home into the man's ribs crushingly.

"Jon!" Zeb Holly, forgetting the staring seamen, looked at his friend as though he had taken leave of his senses. But Jonathan did not heed him. His eyes were fixed as though hypnotised on the man at his feet, and when he spoke it did not sound like his own voice.

"Fetch me a rope end."

"Jon!" Zeb stood appalled. "You can't flog the man—he's already injured."

"Kallin!" said Jonathan in the same dead voice. "Fetch me a rope end. Jump to it, I say!"

. . . . . .

The light was fading when the Silver Bay slipped into her anchorage some ten days later. In pale golds and mauves the sun's path still lingered, although the sun itself had disappeared. Waiting for his evening meal, Jonathan smoked his corncob pipe, leaning over the bulwarks, looking moodily towards the shore.

Everything had gone well with them this trip—a fifty-foot black whale was fast alongside and the ship's boats were already carrying the blubber ashore for trying out. But the sight brought little pleasure to the master of the Silver Bay. Coming on deck, Zeb Holly hesitated a moment before coming beside him. You never knew where you were with Jon these days. One word and he'd be right down your throat.

It all dated back to the affair with Brass and the natives, but Zeb could see no reason why Jonathan had taken it so much to heart. There had been no difficulty with the Resident, and he had settled handsomely with the relatives of the speared girl, although Zeb failed to see it was any concern of Jonathan's if a drunken native girl was unlucky enough to get speared in a camp brawl. There had been also the package of English sovereigns Jonathan had sent ashore to Captain Farnsby in payment for Prince—a sum in excess of the animal's value in Zeb's opinion. The packet had been returned without delay or communication.

"The old fool," Zeb had laughed when the messenger had returned. "If he lets pride come before good gold sovereigns." But Jonathan had not replied as he searched the packet eagerly as though expecting to find some message there.

Jonathan had not seen Elizabeth again, although he had delayed sailing for nearly a week. He had called the following day after the fire and had been turned away with the information that Miss Farnsby was "much better, thank you." When he had written a note it had been returned unopened with the message that Miss Farnsby "thanked Captain Parkes for his interest, but had no wish to enter into further communication with him."

Anger warred with pain at this final snub. If Charles had been at home, he could have told Jonathan that Elizabeth knew nothing of his visits, but tossed in delirium, with her hair cut short because of her high fever, and leeches — brought from the river by the natives — applied by order of the surgeon, Mr. Green.

But Charles was away ploughing the forty-acre paddock and Jonathan was left

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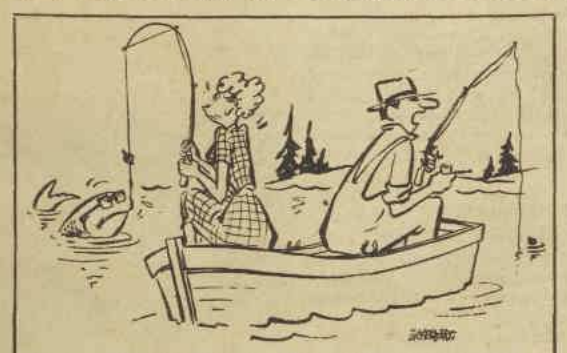

". . . and what makes you think just 'cause you hooked a fish that we've run into a school of them?"

THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

● Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me. Every week we award £2/2/- each for the two best entries.

WANDERING through a large store one day I happened to notice a bundle of belts on display at what seemed to be bargain prices.

"Do you have size 24 in this color?" I asked the salesgirl, pointing out a red studded one.

"No," she replied, and looked at me as if I were stupid.

"Well," I retorted, resenting her look, "it's quite a common size."

"Not in dog collars, madam," she remarked acidly.

£2/2/- to Miss C. Charles, Belmont, Newcastle, N.S.W.

OUR local progress association ran a letter-writing competition and I was delighted when informed my letter was the winning entry. I began to feel I was attaining my desire to be a writer. My joy was short-lived.

The treasurer, on handing me my prize, commented dryly:

"You had to win. Your letter was the only entry we received."

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FOR A BUFFET . . .

• These cold collations, hot platters, and snacks are so tempting they invite the hostess to entertain informally in her own home with comfort and assurance. All the dishes given here can be eaten easily with a fork or fingertips. Remember to arrange effectively.

WHENEVER there's a party in the air the hostess' thoughts turn automatically to savories and snacks. These foods can be served either as titbits to whet the appetite for the meal that is to follow or as a serve-yourself buffet like the spread shown in the picture.

You will not need an expert's skill to prepare the delicious savories, snacks, and spreads featured here.

All the ingredients in our recipes are easy to obtain and to handle, and the dishes need only a minimum of time to prepare, especially if you have a well-stocked pantry shelf.

These buffet savories are designed to serve 20 guests. Spoon measurements are level.

MAJORCAN SPREAD

One red and 1 green pepper, 4 4oz. packages cream cheese, salt and cayenne pepper, bread rolls, biscuits, French bread, salami slices.

Remove stems and seeds from peppers. Shred the flesh and lightly cook the colors separately in a little stock or water. Drain well and cool. Mix about two-thirds of each color into the cheese with salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Pile in a pyramid in a dish and decorate with the remaining peppers. Serve with a knife for guests to spread mixture on savory biscuits, bread, or salami slices.

COLD PLATTER SUGGESTIONS

Cheese Logs: Eight thin slices processed cheese, ½ cup finely chopped ham, 8 gherkins.

Spread cheese with chopped ham. Place gherkin in centre and roll. Wrap each in waxed paper and chill.

Bologna Wedges: Spread slices of big bologna or pork luncheon meat with a mixture of cream cheese and horseradish. Stack 5 or 6 slices high; chill, cut in wedges to serve.

Ham Rolls: Combine one package cream cheese, 6 chopped stuffed olives, 1 teaspoon horseradish, 2 tablespoons cream, salt and pepper; spread on slices of boiled ham; roll, fasten with cocktail sticks.

Cheese Apples: Grate 8oz. cheddar cheese finely; add ½ cup chopped nuts and 12 small pickled onions chopped. Mix well. Form into balls. Roll one side in paprika, stick with clove.

TOMATO-CHEESE FONDUE

One clove garlic, 1½lb. grated cheddar cheese, ½ pint sweet cider, salt and pepper, pinch grated nutmeg, pinch cayenne pepper, ½oz. butter, 1 tablespoon cornflour, ½ cup tomato juice, French bread.

Smear a chafing-dish or a fireproof earthenware casserole with a cut clove of garlic. Put in the cheese, cider, seasonings, butter, and cornflour blended smoothly with tomato juice. Stir over very moderate heat until the cheese is melted to a smooth, thick, creamy consistency. Stand it over a spirit heater or on a hotplate on the buffet table. The fondue should be allowed to get hot enough to bubble very slightly but must not boil. Eat it on cubes of French bread dipped into the pan.

DEVILLED KIDNEY COMBINATION

Seven lambs' kidneys, salt and pepper, mustard, 7 rashers streaky bacon, 2 dozen button mushrooms, ½ dozen baby onions (parboiled), butter, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Remove skins from kidneys, soak kidneys in cold salted water for ½ hour. Cut in halves and remove tubes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and spread with a thin layer of French mustard or ordinary mustard mixed with vinegar. Cut each pieces in halves. Remove bacon rind, cut each rasher across in four pieces, and roll up each piece tightly. Wash mushrooms (if button mushrooms are not available use open caps, and cut them in halves or quarters according to size after removing stems). Thread mushrooms, bacon rolls, kidney pieces, and onions on to kitchen skewers. Place in a well-greased fireproof dish. Brush with melted butter and Worcestershire sauce and bake for about 15 minutes in a moderate oven. Turn them once during cooking and baste again. Remove skewers and serve piping hot.

SAVORY PUFFS

Six ounces flour, salt and pepper, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 teaspoons mustard sauce, 2oz. margarine or butter, ½ pint water, 4 eggs, 6oz. grated cheddar cheese, ½ cup finely diced ham, fat for frying.

Sift flour, salt, pepper, and cayenne together. Slice margarine into water in a small saucepan and heat slowly until boiling. Remove from heat, add flour and seasonings all at once and beat until smooth. Beat over low heat until the mixture forms a ball. Remove from heat and beat in eggs one at a time. Beat in cheese, ham, and mustard. Drop in teaspoonfuls into deep hot fat; fry until golden brown and crisp. Drain well and serve hot.

SARDINE CANAPES

One large tin sardines, ¼lb. tomatoes, 2oz. butter, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 6 slices bread (toasted), chopped parsley.

Carefully remove sardines from tin on to dish, sprinkle over vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, and set aside until required. Cut several strips from outsides of tomatoes and mash remaining firm pulp with butter, salt and pepper. Cut toast in halves lengthwise, then diagonally, spread with butter mixture and lift one sardine on to each piece. Arrange tomato strips on top of half and sprinkle parsley down centre of others. Serve.

CRABMEAT EMERALDS

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, ¼ cup white vinegar, ¾ cup boiling water, green coloring, salt, 1 cup chopped crabmeat (or lobster or prawns), 1 tablespoon chopped capers, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 10 buttered rounds of toasted bread.

Soften gelatine in cold water, add vinegar and boiling water. Stir in few drops of green coloring, add salt or other seasonings to taste. Pour a little around sides and bottom of oiled gem irons or patty-tins and allow to set.

Combine crabmeat with capers and sufficient mayonnaise to make a firm mixture. Spread over set mixture in containers to within ¼ inch of the top. Fill cases with remaining gelatine mixture and chill. Unmould on to rounds of toasted bread and serve.

PUFFTALOON SPLITS

One pound self-raising flour, 1½ cups milk, ½ teaspoon salt, fat for frying.

Sift flour and salt, mix to a soft dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly. Press out to ½in. thickness, cut into rounds with a small floured cutter. Heat fat in shallow pan, put pufftaloons in. Fry golden brown, turn, and brown other side. Cook 3 to 4 minutes. Drain on kitchen paper. Split and fill with either one of the following savory mixtures:

Baked Beans: One small tin baked beans, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 firm tomato, salt and pepper.

Beat eggs, place in saucepan with milk, baked beans, salt and pepper. Remove skin from tomato, chop the flesh, place in saucepan with other ingredients. Stir gently over medium heat until thickened.

Salmon: One 8oz. tin salmon, 3 dessertspoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ pint milk, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parboiled red pepper, salt and pepper to taste.

Drain salmon and break up with fork. Melt butter, add flour, cook 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in prepared salmon, lemon juice, chopped pepper, salt and pepper to taste.

HOT PLATTER SUGGESTIONS

Cheese Crunchies: One 5oz. jar sharp spreading cheese, ¼ cup butter, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup flour.

Thoroughly cream cheese and butter. Add sifted dry ingredients and mix well. Form 1in. balls; place on greased baking sheet. Chill thoroughly, about 2 hours. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes.

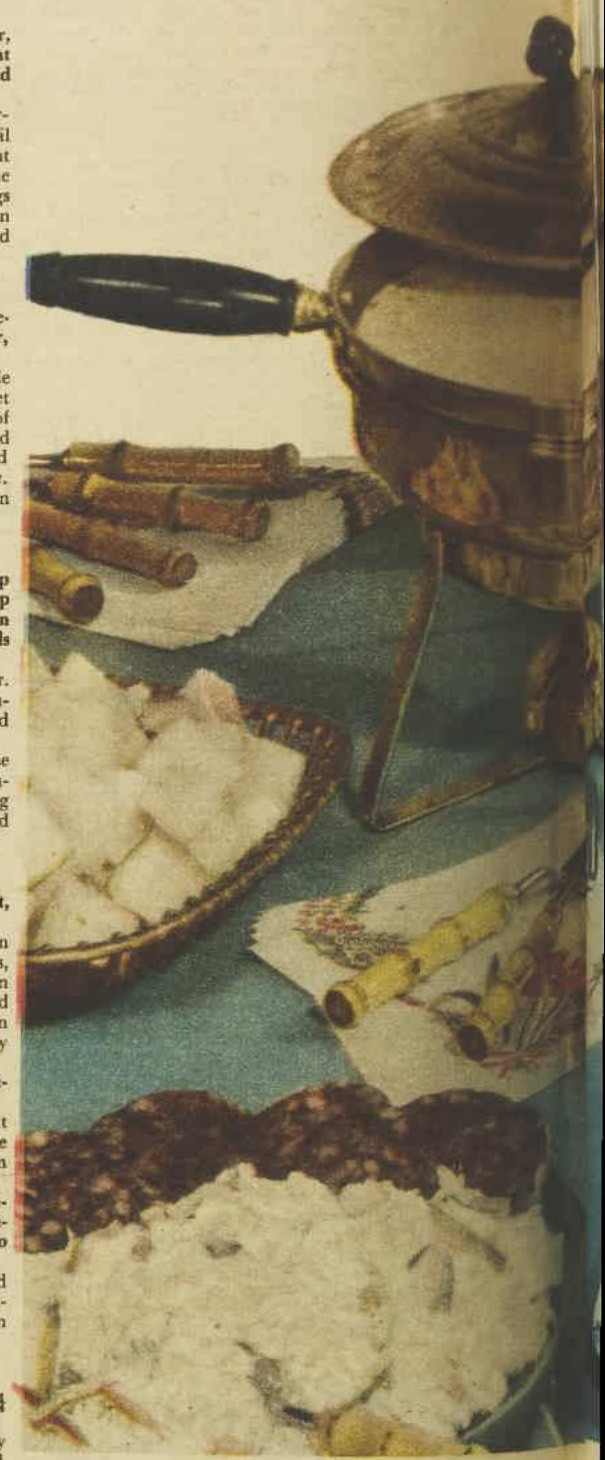
Stuffed Olive Prunes: Pit 12 prunes; stuff each prune with a stuffed olive and wrap with ½ slice bacon; fasten with toothpick. Grill, turn frequently to brown evenly.

Crabmeat Rolls: Half cup tomato juice, 1 egg, 1 cup dry breadcrumbs, pinch salt, dash of pepper, ½ teaspoon chopped parsley and celery leaves, ¾ cup finely chopped cooked fish, prawns, or crab, 12 strips bacon (cut in halves crosswise).

Mix tomato juice and egg. Add crumbs, seasonings, parsley, celery leaves, and fish. Mix thoroughly; roll into finger lengths; wrap each with ½ strip bacon. Grill, turning frequently to brown evenly.

Codfish Puffs: One and a half cups cooked cod or haddock, 3 cups diced raw potatoes, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 beaten egg.

Cook potatoes in boiling water until tender; drain. Mash and add remaining ingredients; mix well. Drop from tablespoon into shallow fat, hot enough to brown bread cubes in 40 seconds, fry until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper.



JAMBOLAYA

Four rashers bacon, ½ cup finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons flour, 3 cups tomato puree or tomato juice, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon paprika, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 6 cups rice, 3lb. to 4lb. sausages, pinch herbs, parsley.

Remove rind from bacon, chop coarsely and fry lightly in its own fat until it starts to color. Add onion and brown lightly. Stir in flour, cook until it browns lightly. Stir in tomato puree or juice, water, paprika, salt and pepper, continue stirring until boiling. Add cooked rice, simmer gently 10 minutes. Roll sausages in flour, prick well, fry gently until evenly browned and cooked through. Cut into chunky pieces about 1in. long. Fold into rice mixture with herbs and simmer 10 minutes or place over boiling water and cook ½ hour longer, stirring frequently. Serve in individual ramekin dishes, garnish with parsley.

Jambolaya can be prepared in advance and reheated in the chafing-dish just before serving. If this is done it may be necessary to add more moisture (tomato puree, tomato juice, or stock) just before reheating.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4911938

savories, snacks, and spreads

By
LEILA C. HOWARD
Our Food and Cookery Expert

CHICKEN DIAMONDS

Two cups finely minced chicken (or rabbit, veal, or tinned luncheon meat), 2 tablespoons chopped gherkin, 3 tablespoons butter (well creamed), ½ cup mayonnaise, salt, cayenne, tomato sauce, 12 slices of thin bread (toasted).

Combine meat with gherkin, butter, mayonnaise, and seasonings, and mix until well blended. Cut bread into diamond shapes and spread with a generous layer of mixture. Garnish with radish slices and chopped parsley if desired.

TUNA TARTLETTES

One pound tin shredded tuna, 2oz. white breadcrumbs, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped capers, ½ cup mayonnaise, salt and pepper, red food coloring, 2 dozen small cheese pastry-cases, ¼lb. small shelled prawns, whole capers, parsley.

Break tuna pieces, turn into bowl, add breadcrumbs, one chopped egg, capers, mayonnaise, seasoning, and red food coloring. Pile a heaped teaspoonful in centre of each pastry-case. Decorate with egg-yolk or white sieved separately, and top with prawns and whole capers. Garnish with parsley.

CORN BOBBLES

Two cups drained whole-kernel corn, 2 eggs, ¾ cup flour, ¾ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Crush well-drained corn with fork, add beaten eggs, then fold in flour sifted with salt, pepper, and baking powder. Mix well, making a stiff dropping consistency. Drop a teaspoonful at a time into 1in. deep fuming fat or oil. When brown underneath, turn to brown other side. Drain on kitchen paper, serve piping hot.

PAPRIKA BREAD CRISPS

Thin slices of bread, milk, salt and pepper, chutney, minced parsley, grated cheese, parsley sprigs, paprika.

Cut bread into wafer slices. Cut in rounds or small triangles, place on oven-tray, brush with milk and dust with pepper and salt. Bake in a slow oven until crisp and brown. When cold, store in airtight tin until required. Before serving spread with chutney and parsley, top liberally with grated cheese, and toast or bake until cheese is bubbling and brown. Dust with paprika and garnish with parsley.

***DELICIOUS SPREAD** of savories and snacks is offset with colorful pottery, an attractive copper chafing-dish, and cutlery with bamboo handles. Recipes for Majorcan spread, tomato-cheese fondue, devilled kidney combination, tuna tartlettes, and such platter favorites as sardine canapes, crabmeat emeralds, chicken diamonds, and ham rolls are among the buffet treats on these pages.*

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"How lovely your hands are - even after so much washing-up"

Your hands are out of hot water in half the time . . . because

RINSO's RICHER SOFTER SUDS SPEED UP DISHWASHING

"When I wash-up with Rinso I've more time to enjoy the visitors," says Mrs M. Sheridan of Park Road, Naremburn, N.S.W. And Mrs J. Hopcroft, who pops over the road to give a hand when the Sheridan boys have a party, agrees: "No matter how high the dirty plates are piled, they're sparkling clean with Rinso in almost no time."

. . . Rinso's richer, softer suds get dishes hygienically clean so quickly and so easily you can see the difference in your hands, too!

Z.480 WWFPG

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LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness

Many Australians suffer from unhealthy hair and scalp often without knowing it. They believe their hair is naturally dull, or realising something is wrong, start using lotions and dressings that only mask the problem temporarily.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS: Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the *incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp.* Dust, grime and dandruff form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff), though it's often in the hair without being seen!

THE ANSWER: Loxene *medicated* shampoo as a scalp treatment. This preparation, called Loxene, *really cleans* away all dust, grime and flaky deposits (dandruff). With regular use Loxene removes and helps overcome the development of dandruff.

ONLY HEALTHY HAIR CAN BE ATTRACTIVE HAIR

Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly—it is the natural way to beautiful hair.

3/11 PER BOTTLE, SUFFICIENT FOR 8 SHAMPOOS

Single treatment bubble, 1/3

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

L.1A.1B

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French's

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MUSTARD

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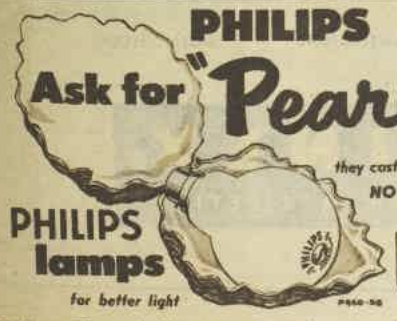
PHILIPS

Ask for "Pearl"



they cost NO MORE

PHILIPS lamps

for better light

RICH LAYER CAKE such as this may be served as the centrepiece for an afternoon-tea or supper party, or for after-dinner dessert with black coffee. See recipe below.

Chocolate cake wins £5 prize

● A delicious chocolate almond cake in which layers of sponge are filled with richly flavored cream wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

THIS cake is decorated with almond halves.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded for a simple savory dish with crayfish tails. If preferred, curry powder can be used in place of the chilli flavoring in this recipe.

Spoon measurements in both recipes are level.

CHOCOLATE ALMOND DESSERT

Two layers sponge cake, ½ cup rum or brandy, ½ cup water, 8oz. cooking chocolate, 4oz. butter or margarine, 2 cups icing sugar, 6 egg-yolks, blanched almonds to decorate.

Cut each sponge layer in halves crosswise. Sprinkle each layer with water and half the rum or brandy. Allow to stand while preparing chocolate cream. Melt chocolate over hot water. Cream butter with sifted icing sugar, stir in chocolate. Add egg-yolks one at a time and balance of rum. Sandwich layers together, spreading each layer evenly with one-quarter of the chocolate mixture. Decorate top with almonds. Chill before serving.

First Prize of £5 to Miss S. Warby, Box 12, P.O., Plympton, S.A.

CRAYFISH MEDLEY

Quarter pound butter, 3 medium onions, 1 finely chopped clove garlic, 2 tomatoes, ½lb. raw cabbage (finely shredded), 4 cups cooked crayfish or lobster meat (finely chopped), 2 cups cooked rice, ½ teaspoon dried herbs, 1 teaspoon chilli sauce, 1 dessertspoon sugar, salt to taste, grated Roman cheese.

Heat a large frying-pan, add butter; when melted and hot add onion and garlic, and fry until color changes to light brown. Add chopped tomatoes. Stir in finely shredded cabbage and continue cooking about 10 mins. until cabbage is just cooked and still crisp. Add remaining ingredients and heat thoroughly, stirring all the time. Heap into individual heated bowls or on plates and sprinkle with cheese.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Williams, 41 Gertrude St., Geraldton, W.A.

FAMILY DISH

HERE'S a delicious dish featuring veal steak that is well worth including regularly in family menus. It costs approximately 7/-, and serves four or five.

VEAL CONTINENTAL

One and a quarter pounds veal steak (cut from 2 shanks), 2 tablespoons fat, 1 clove garlic, 2 onions, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups stock or water, ½ cup tomato puree or juice, salt, pepper, ½ cup red wine, 1½ cups diced potato, 1 dozen olives, 2 rashers bacon.

Cut veal into cubes, fry lightly in hot fat, remove; add chopped garlic and onions to pan, fry until lightly browned. Add flour, brown slightly. Stir in stock or water, tomato puree, salt, pepper, and wine. Stir until boiling, pour over veal in large casserole. Cover and cook in moderate oven ¾ hour. Add potatoes, olives, and bacon pieces (rind removed). Replace cover and cook further 30 to 35 minutes, or until meat and potatoes are tender. Serve hot with green or other vegetables in season.

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... yet I clean them every day

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2611

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THIS TABLE WAS TRANSFORMED IN JUST 30 MINUTES

It takes so little time to bring new sparkle into your home. Table tops, kitchen or work benches, shower recesses, occasional tables come to life with an application of Laminex, and easy-to-follow steps actually make it fun to do it yourself. Laminex Contact Adhesive makes sure the Laminex is down to stay — and Laminex will remain resistant to heat, scratches, stains and abrasions for years to come. Easy to apply, a joy to keep clean — only a swish of a damp cloth and Laminex will shine like new, always.

HERE'S HOW YOU APPLY LAMINEX

1. Select your Laminex from the exciting range of over 60 patterns and colours at your local hardware store or Laminex Dealer. 2. Order your required size — it will be cut to your specifications. 3. Obtain sufficient Laminex Contact Adhesive for your job. 4. Clean and sandpaper the surface to be covered with Laminex. 5. Apply Laminex Contact Adhesive to both surfaces and allow to dry. 6. When it is touch dry, place Laminex in position and roll it down. If necessary, file the edges for a perfect job. For brighter kitchen, bathroom, lounge and bedroom furniture, do it yourself with Laminex, before Christmas.

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A VERSATILE DESIGN

CONVENTIONAL tile roof or soaring skillion. Plans and specifications for either version of the design are available from our Home Planning Centres and may be ordered in brick, brick veneer, timber, or fibro construction.

● The dramatic difference a pitched or skillion roof makes to the appearance of a house is illustrated in the two perspective sketches of this week's "signature" plan for a three-bedroom home.

READERS may order plans for either version of the design for £7/7/- a full set from our Home Planning Centres. See addresses in panel.

The architect, Mr. P. Bamforth, of Adelaide, has lifted an orthodox L shape design out of the ordinary by his imaginative treatment of carport and front elevation.

The roof of the carport extends into an egg-crate screen over the front patio, then becomes a closed-in overhang, sheltering the entrance. This gives the house an appearance that is both functional and attractive.

In the skillion-roof version, the ceiling of the lounge-room follows the rake of the roof, and a row of high windows gives added light to the interior. They also add interest to the more contemporary appearance of the exterior.

Compact layout

In keeping with this informal atmosphere, the carport wall has been replaced by an open screen.

Thoughtful planning has kept the interior layout compact and convenient for family living, but with a lounge-room of spacious dimensions for entertaining.

The lounge extends through the depth of the house to form a dining area on the back wall, with windows overlooking the garden.

The connecting living-dining-room could be closed off by sliding doors or a room divider.

An open fireplace at one end of the lounge heats both the living and dining section, and large areas of glass, including hopper windows opening to the front patio, give good ventilation.

The plan economises on floor space—the absence of an entry hall makes a considerable saving in area, and other passages have been kept to a minimum.

This gives an air of spaciousness to a home whose overall area is only 11 squares.

The grouping of the rooms provides desirable isolation for the first and second bedrooms, while giving them close access to bathroom and toilet. Bedroom three would make a delightful utility sunroom if not required as permanent sleeping quarters.

The projection of the bathroom wall allows space for storage or a linen cupboard.

Designed for easy meal preparation, the modern kitchen has plenty of bench space and a pleasant outlook through wide windows to the rear garden. A divider in the form of a bar separates the kitchen from the dining area.

Approximate costs of building this home would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £4675; timber, £3365; fibro, £3155.

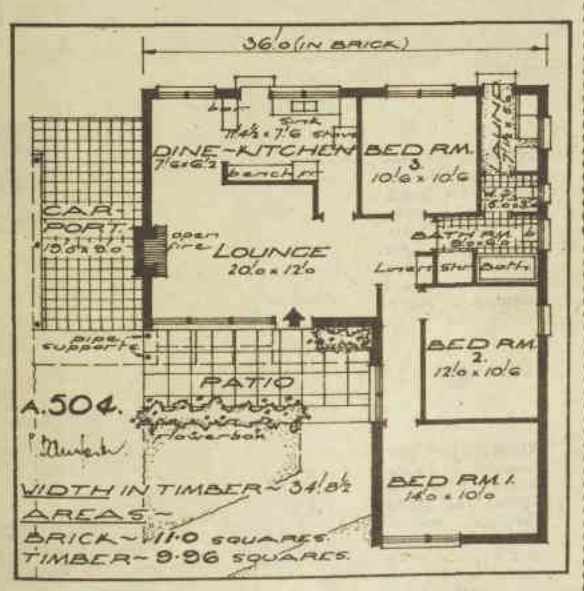
In Victoria: Brick, £4165; brick veneer, £3675; timber, £2885; asbestos, £2775.

In South Australia: Brick, £3345; timber, £2945; asbestos, £2855.

In Queensland: Brick, £4665; timber, £3025; asbestos, £2935.

In Tasmania: Brick, £4400; timber, £3045.

In Canberra: Brick, £4765; timber, £3455; asbestos, £3245.



FLOOR LAYOUT of Home Plan No. A504. Although the area is only 11 squares, skilful allotment of space ensures that rooms are generously proportioned.

WHERE TO BUY HOME PLANS

OUR Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to assist all intending home-builders.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee, £7/7/-.

A new standard plan is published every week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE on any aspect of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home is given.

PLANS ARE SPECIALLY PREPARED to any reader's individual requirements or design, or can be modified from any of our standard plans. Fee, £1/1/- per square.

MAIL ORDERS should give the number of the design and the building material to be used. Please enclose fee.

Our Centres are situated in the following stores:

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

HOBART: FitzGerald's.

MELBOURNE AND GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'. Also at the Master Builders' Bureau at Miranda.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

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W4

Where's the WETTEX!

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Make it a PARTY

Tasty cheese garnished with Holbrooks Dutch Cocktail Onion

Small sandwiches are delicious with Holbrooks Gherkin Spread

Sliced ham, Holbrooks Mustard Sauce and Sliced Sweet Gherkin

Holbrooks Sliced Gherkin, stuffed Olive, Cocktail Onion, frankfurt

Holbrooks Anchovy Paste and Sliced Gherkin on small biscuit

Sliced ham and Holbrooks Mustard Sauce rolled round half Gherkin

Sliced tomato, chopped ham and Holbrooks Mustard Sauce, Capers

Cubed cold sausage, Holbrooks Gherkin, coloured Cocktail Onion

with Holbrooks

IMPORTED COCKTAIL DELICACIES

★ *Sweet Gherkins* ★ *Spanish Olives*

★ *Cocktail Onions* ★ *Gherkin Spread*

TRY THE NEW TASTE THRILL — HOLBROOKS SWEET KETCHUP

Fun for children

GIFTS TO MAKE . . .

A TINY PLANT growing in a decorated eggshell will delight anyone in the family who is fond of gardening. Plant a small piece of cactus, a sprig of rosemary, or a few seeds of alyssum or wheat.

HERE are some novel ideas for gifts that children can make for family and relatives at Christmas. There's a glistening jewel-box for Mother, shaving tissues for Dad, coconut money-boxes, and gaily painted eggshells containing tiny growing plants. Directions for making these gifts are simple and easy to follow. At the foot of the opposite page there is the first instalment of a clown jigsaw to cut out and make.

JEWEL-BOX

Here are the instructions for making the lovely jewel-box shown at left.

Paint a wooden box inside and out with gold paint and allow to dry.

Hold one end of a stick of sealing-wax near the flame of a candle for a few moments until it becomes heated and is just about to melt. Then quickly daub the melting wax on to the lid of the box.

Repeat this with different colored pieces of sealing-wax until the whole lid is covered. Line the bottom of the box with a small piece of silk or velvet in your mother's favorite color. For extra effect put a piece of cotton-wool between the lining and bottom of the box.

ABOVE: Glowing with bright colors, this jewel-box would make a lovely Christmas gift for Mother. See directions for making at right.

RIGHT: Cut out colored tissue paper in 8-inch circles and spike through centre. When shaving, Dad can use these to dry his razor.

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. . . FOR CHRISTMAS

COCONUT MAKES MONEY-BOX

THE two cute money-boxes shown above are made from two coconuts. We chose a clown and a mammy to decorate them, but you could have any design you like. Here are the directions for making the money-box:

First peel the fibre off the outside of the coconut and smooth the surface as much as possible. Then cut the top off, pour out the milk and scrape away all the meat inside.

Cut a slot slightly wider than a penny in the centre of the top and then glue the whole piece back on to the other part of the coconut.

Paint a face like the clown or mammy shown, or make up your own design. If you copy the mammy, tie a piece of red polka-dot material around her head, making sure not to cover the slot, and sew two curtain rings at the side for hoop earrings.

The glued top can be broken off easily when the money-box is filled.

JOLLY CLOWN JIGSAW PUZZLE

● How would you like to make this jolly jigsaw clown with his wide smile, peaked cap, and colorful balloons? It's quite easy to do and lots of fun as well.

THIS is the first instalment of our jolly clown jigsaw puzzle, which will make a fine gift for a boy or girl.

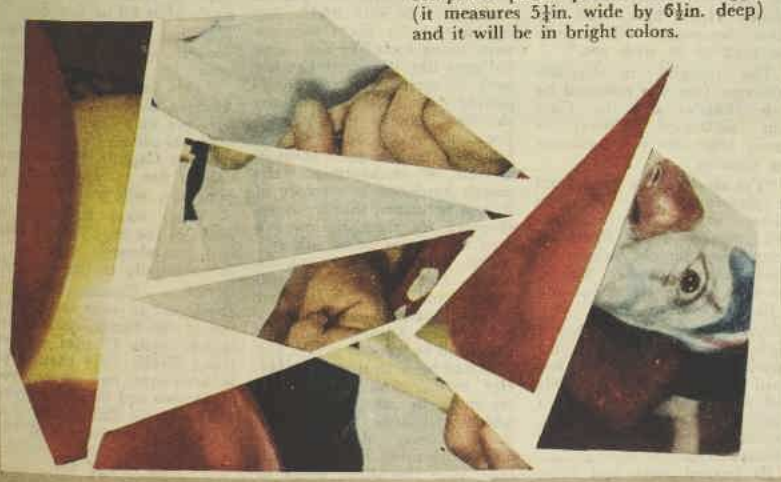
The first pieces of the jigsaw puzzle are given below. Next week we will publish more pieces of the jigsaw.

All you have to do is paste a piece of thin cardboard straight across the back of the seven jigsaw pieces below, then carefully cut out each piece separately so they will fit neatly when put together.

It will take 22 pieces in all to complete the whole jigsaw.

Make sure you get your new jigsaw pieces next week.

When the jigsaw puzzle is put together it will look like the clown at left, so keep the picture for reference. But the completed puzzle picture will be bigger (it measures 5¼in. wide by 6¾in. deep) and it will be in bright colors.



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SWEET MUSTARD SAUCE

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YOU'LL ALSO ENJOY HOLBROOKS SWEET MUSTARD PICKLES

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BOTH ARE EXCELLENT HOUSEWIVES

— but which would you say was the most thoughtful?

An unpleasant task, but Mrs. A. scrubs her toilet bowl regularly. It looks reasonably clean, and that's enough for Mrs. A. She never thinks of the hidden "S" bend, around which no brush can possibly reach.

Mrs. B. is very conscious of the hidden "S" bend, and realises that a brush alone will not do the job. So she sprinkles Harpic last thing every night, and has the added satisfaction of knowing that the *whole* toilet will be sparkling clean . . . free of germs and unpleasant odours.

Pleasant way to really clean your toilet . . .

Sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night, and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and destroys bacteria in the lavatory bowl, leaving it sparkling and hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Ask for Harpic at your store.

To keep your toilet clean and bright Sprinkle Harpic every night

HARPIC REGD.
Lavatory Cleanser

HP150 R

SAFE FOR CLEANING SEPTIC TANK TOILET BOWLS

Continuing . . . .

The Lonely Shore

from page 59

to draw his own conclusions. To the devil with her! he thought savagely, and had the Silver Bay put to sea. It was that day Elizabeth had crept from her bed while Maria and Annette were out of the way and leaned weakly on the window sill. The bay was empty, and seeing it so the tears rolled down her face, partly from disappointment and partly from sheer weakness.

A cheerful hail cut across Jonathan's bleak thoughts before Zeb had time to speak to him. Jonathan hastily took his pipe from his mouth to answer, and a few moments later he and Zeb saw a boat approaching through the dusk, and in the stern, taking his ease, Captain Ben Williams of the Janet with a wide grin on his white-whiskered face.

"I'm mighty glad to see ye," he roared when he was close enough. "I thought ye were going to miss the ball!"

"What's the old idiot babbling about?" grunted Jonathan, but louder he said: "Come aboard, Cap'n, and tell us all about it."

A few moments later he was pouring coffee for the Captain, whose ship was one of the temperance ships—in high favor with the more sober element of the settlement — while he and Zeb poured a whisky for themselves.

"About this ball. You've an invitation to attend," said Captain Williams, wiping the back of his hand across his mouth. "We're having a first-class ball this night aboard the Janet, with all the youth and beauty of the settlement invited."

"What, dancing on that tub of yours?" asked Jonathan sarcastically but with a smile. "You could scarce swing a cat there, let alone dance. The ladies will be falling overboard every time they step out in a quadrille."

"Maybe that's the idea," suggested Zeb slyly. "What are you feeding your guests on, Cap'n — salt pork and biscuits?"

"Indeed, no!" protested Captain Williams. "I'll have you know there will be nothing but the most delicate viands—and coffee, of course. No alcoholic refreshments, seeing we're a temperance ship. But never fear as to the capacity of the old Janet. We gave a ball on our last cruise in King George's Sound, and it was voted a grand success. But now, gentlemen, you must excuse me, for I have to see to further arrangements. I'll be seeing ye tonight — and never fear that you'll lack pretty partners. There's a number of young ladies coming in addition to the mamas and papas. Captain Farnsby has promised to bring those elegant daughters of his, and there will be the Misses Grandways and Dabmans, to mention but a few."

The smile was wiped from Jonathan's face and he said stiffly, "For my part I've little use for social activities, but Mister Holly here, and my other two mates, will be only too glad to be with you."

The surprise on Captain Williams' face was reflected on Zeb Holly's, and the Captain exclaimed: "What, a young feller like you forswearing dancing?"

"I'm afraid I'm a poor hand at dancing," lied Jonathan without shame. "But the ladies will not miss me. I figure on being busy tonight ashore — already the men are stoking the fires for the trying-out and I like to overlook them."

"A fine way of spending a night like this," laughed the Captain, "but we'll look forward to seeing Mister Holly and your other two officers. I wish ye good evening, then, Captain Parkes — I must be on my way."

He bustled away and Jonathan watched the boat pull away from the side. Zeb, beside him, glanced at him curiously.

"Since when did you forswear dancing?"

Jonathan shrugged. "I'm not in the mood for it," he said. "But you — with Spence and Candace — will well represent the Silver Bay and can bring me all the news of the evening."

After the evening meal Zeb took up a position at the small square of mirror in the cabin and anointed his curly head with Macassar oil, not forgetting to comb some through the luxuriant side whiskers of which he was inordinately proud.

Jonathan, looking up from the log in which he was writing, laughed grimly. "The ladies will swoon when you get to windward of them—you smell like all the flowers in spring."

"And why not?" queried Zeb. "Would you have the local belles sneer at a poor whaling man?"

"You look more like a dandy than an honest whaleman,"

"The government let me have it cheap — it was a sputnix."

commented Jonathan, and Zeb chuckled self-consciously. When Spence and Candace appeared, similarly well brushed, Jonathan went up to see them off and as the splash of oars faded into the darkness lingered awhile, leaning on the side.

Laughter came rippling with the tide and lights moved across the water to the Janet, which was lit up like a Christmas tree with every ship's lantern that could be begged or borrowed from the rest of the fleet.

Soon, across the spangled lights of the deck, moved figures in twos and threes, and Jonathan drew his breath sharply. Which of them, he wondered, was Elizabeth?

Elizabeth . . . Elizabeth—the promise of her lips and her clinging arms which had tortured him throughout the whaling chase swept him again. He had been a fool not to go with the rest aboard the Janet—it might have at least given him a chance to speak with her. But then, why risk rebuff when she had shown clearly she wanted nothing to do with him? Let her dance the night through with young fools like Zeb—and old ones like Williams! Let her bask in their admiration, forgetting that a few nights since she had been in the arms of Jonathan Parkes and the sobbing rain had wrapped them in a veil of enchantment. His mouth hardened at memory of it, and he turned sharply away, shouting for them to lower a boat as he was going ashore.

But Elizabeth was not on board the Janet. She still twisted and turned before her mirror, while Amelia begged her to make haste or the night would all be gone.

It had been an upsetting day. Her mother and Amelia had returned by the Champion, which had come in early in the morning, Mrs. Farnsby quite prostrated by a feverish cold, with the added shock of finding Elizabeth's shining plaits replaced by short curls.

"Your beautiful hair!" she moaned, wringing her hands, but Elizabeth said shortly: "Be thankful, mama, you do not find me with a shaven poll. Only Annette's most earnest pleadings turned old Maria away from her purpose."

Her mother was speedily revived, however, by Annette's excited announcement that Elizabeth had become betrothed to Mr. Gilbert only three days before.

"Such an estimable young man!" sighed Mrs. Farnsby, who had retired to bed with hot lemon drinks. She had feared that her headstrong Elizabeth would delay too long, and that the charming and eligible Mr. Gilbert would be snapped up by one of the daughters of Perth homes, where he seemed more than welcome. In her disappointment in finding that Mark was not there to be welcomed as a future son-in-law, having had to return to Perth the previous day, she took no note of the fact that Elizabeth's bearing was far from the radiant appearance expected of the newly engaged.

From her sick-bed Mrs. Farnsby had supervised the to-do surrounding the unpacking of a special box of clothing brought by the Champion and sent by their cousin, the Honorable Stephanie. She also decreed, from the depths of a lace-edged handkerchief, that Amelia would certainly not be able to go to the ball on the Janet unless Elizabeth accompanied her. Amelia's horror at this decision was so real that Elizabeth had been forced to say an unwilling "yes."

To top everything there had been the spectacle of Annette in tears most of the day, refusing to be comforted because her debut was still a thing of the future, and she was not allowed to accompany them to the Janet. But now she had sufficiently recovered to creep in, red-eyed and still sniffing quietly, to watch Elizabeth dress.

"How fortunate you are, Liz," she sighed. "How I wish I could go!"

"I'd gladly let you go in my stead, had I my way," her sister told her. "It will be most dull —they'll all reek abominably of blubber and chew tobacco and spit."

Annette managed a feeble giggle at this libel on their hosts, but immediately returned to the attack, saying wistfully: "Indeed some of them seem quite gentlemanly. That Captain Parkes was truly civil—though not to papa. And so handsome and strong! He carried you into the house as though you were a feather, Liz. I think it was rather shabby of papa to refuse to let him call again after all he had done."

"What are you talking about, goose?" said Elizabeth, paper-white.

"The fire, of course!" said Annette, then clapped her hand over her mouth. "Oooh! Papa made us promise we would not mention Captain Parkes' name or the fire to you—don't tell him, Liz, will you?"

"Why, what happened the night of the fire?" asked Elizabeth carelessly, turning to grope blindly in the wardrobe.

"Oh — Captain Parkes arrived just in time to pull you out of the flames, quite unconscious, while Charles was rescuing Grebb. He carried you in here—you had on but your nightgown and that all scorched and torn — I'm sure I don't know what mama would have

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said! Anyway, Captain Parkes laid you on the bed and fell on his knees most upset, calling 'Elizabeth.' How could he have known your name? I thought it most forward of him—and so, I'm sure, did Charles! Then he went to help Charles with Grebb and then papa came home, and there was a fine to do—Oh, if papa knew I had told you this—"

"Go on," said Elizabeth.

"There is nothing more to tell. Papa ordered Captain Parkes from the house. When he came back several times to inquire after your health papa had Maria tell him that you wish to hold no further communication with him."

"Oh!" said Elizabeth. "Why—did he ask for me particularly?"

"Indeed, yes—in fact, he wrote a note to you—which papa returned unopened. Don't you think it rather strange?" Annette giggled. "Perhaps he was smitten with your charms when he fished you out of the sea."

"What romantic fancies you have!" Elizabeth laughed. "The man was merely being polite."

Oh, Jonathan, Jonathan—so that was the way of it! Why had she not waited—why had she indulged in weak fancies that the American had been playing a game — and was probably laughing over his dalliance with the settler's daughter? Why had Mark come then when, tortured by the sense of betrayal, she had been willing to his proposal? She almost groaned aloud now—remembering Mark's undisguised delight at her acceptance—the unexpected passion with which he had taken her in his arms. She had cried out involuntarily under his kisses because they were not Jonathan's, and Mark, thinking he had frightened her, had immediately apologised and become all gentleness.

Apologised—poor Mark! Oh, Jonathan, Jonathan — what have I done!

She turned blindly from the closet, her arms full of gold satin, and Annette—immediately diverted—cried: "Liz—surely you're not going to wear that!"

"Why not?" asked her sister indifferently. "If it will fit me. I'm sick of my old green gown!"

"My dear," the impulsive Stephanie had written in a note pinned to what Elizabeth knew to be the loveliest garment she had ever seen in her life, "imagine your plump cousin in this. I could kill my dressmaker for making it too small, for it is a pretty silk. However, I hear you're fashionably thin, so perhaps you will grace some colonial ball in this."

There was much more in Stephanie's sprawling hand about her social triumphs, but Elizabeth had had eyes only for the gown. There had been no time, however, to try it on, with her mother's unpacking to attend to, and now she slipped it over her head, hoping that it would fit.

"Liz!" gasped her sister.

The gold satin made Elizabeth's bright curls burn like a flame, while the stiffened skirt stood away from her small waist in shimmering folds. From the low-cut bodice, with its tiny puffed sleeves, her pale shoulders and throat rose like a flower.

"Do up the back fastenings for me—there's a good girl!" said Elizabeth, and Annette hastened to obey. With no more than a fleeting glance at herself in the mirror, Elizabeth snatched up her quilted silk cloak, regretting that it was old and no fit companion for the splendor of her gown. She kissed Annette lightly and swept through the doorway, affecting not to notice the gasps from Amelia and Charles.

"Surely that is a little splendid for tonight," ventured Charles, acutely uncomfortable in a high collar and jacket grown too tight for him. But Elizabeth laughed.

"Why?" she queried. "Goodness knows when I shall have an opportunity to visit the Swan, and I cannot bear to have such a fine gown mouldering in my wardrobe."

"You make me look a dowdy bumpkin," mourned Amelia, well aware that she looked charming in her white gown, with pink roses in her ringleted hair. "All the gentlemen will refuse to look at me!"

"There will be so many gentlemen," shrugged Elizabeth, "that none of the ladies are likely to go without dances—even if their feet are flat and their eyes crossed. Papa and Charles," she said, "are you quite ready? I don't think we shall disturb poor mama—she was fast asleep when last I peeped in."

THERE was a stir of mingled good-natured envy and admiration when Elizabeth entered the saloon on the arm of Captain Farnsby. In the sudden blaze of light she bloomed like a golden lily.

Zeb Holly, in conversation with a pretty, plump girl with buck teeth, had not missed Elizabeth's entrance. He stifled his gasp of admiration to ask carelessly: "The young lady who just entered—who is she?"

"That's Miss Farnsby," the girl told him. "She is very beautiful, is she not?"

"Her gown is most striking," said wily Zeb, but a few minutes later he tapped Captain Williams on the arm. "Would you do me the favor of presenting me to Miss Farnsby?" he begged with ill-concealed eagerness.

"Do ye mean the Miss Farnsby in the white gown?" asked Williams, knowing full well that Zeb did not.

"No," whispered Zeb. "The one in gold."

"So ye wish to be presented?" chuckled the captain. "Well, ye're not the only one with that notion. Six have requested that pleasure already. Well, in a moment, my boy—but first I must have a word with the Resident and his charming lady."

Zeb waited impatiently until at last the captain, with a broad smile, led him to Elizabeth, who turned with a pleasant smile that did not reach her eyes. She had been so confident that Jonathan would be present that now—realising he was not—she felt quite sick with disappointment. But she managed to smile again in response to Zeb's low bow, while Captain Williams said: "May I have the pleasure of presenting Mister Holly, first mate of the Silver Bay."

Zeb was gratified at the flash of interest in her eyes, but she merely made formal acknowledgment of the introduction.

"May I have the pleasure of a dance with you, Miss Farnsby?" he begged eagerly. She hesitated only a moment—then said quickly: "The dance after this, if you wish, Mr. Holly. This one is promised to Captain Douglas."

As the fiddles struck up on the deck above them, Captain Douglas came forward eagerly to claim his partner, and she moved off with a parting smile at Zeb.

"Now, Miss Farnsby, I could have sworn I heard you promise the next dance to young Frazer," chided the captain with a smile as he turned and pranced in the quadrille with Elizabeth.

"Did I?" she said absently. She bit her lip: "I fear I am very remiss."

But when the next dance was announced Elizabeth returned to the deck almost immediately with a delighted Zeb, while James Frazer, first mate of the Ladybird, who had started forward to claim his partner, retired somewhat mortified.

Zeb was finding Elizabeth a delightful partner, flatteringly interested in his activities. Suddenly she said: "I have made your acquaintance before, Mr. Holly—though but fleetingly and in odd circumstances. Do you not remember the overturning of the Champion's boat?"

"Indeed, yes!" exclaimed Zeb, realising why her face had been vaguely familiar, though it was difficult to associate this radiant creature with the half-drowned young woman Jonathan had fished from the sea. "I feel I owe you a deep apology for that unfortunate affair."

But her attention had strayed, and Zeb noticed that her eyes had turned more than once to the gangway as though she was expecting someone.

At last she said: "Your captain is not here tonight. I should have thought he would be a great follower of the dance."

"Indeed he is," Zeb assured her, "though for some reason

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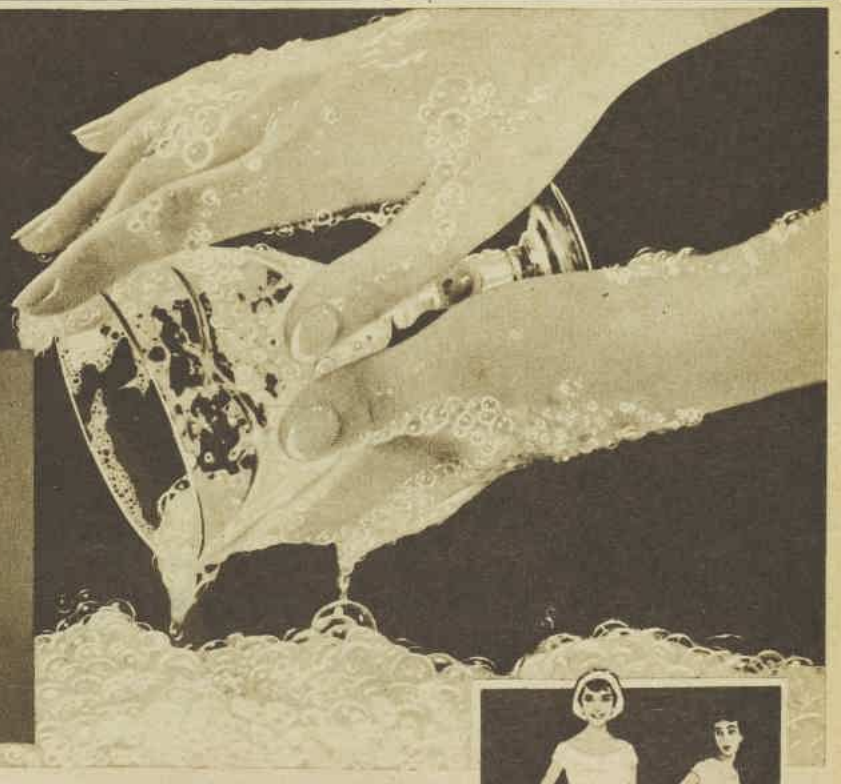

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tonight he could not be persuaded to come. He is overlooking the trying-out on the beach."

"Indeed?" said Elizabeth, and Zeb looked at her sharply, not missing the disappointment in her voice. Zeb offered his arm to escort her below.

"Would you care for some refreshment? The coffee is excellent, I believe," he offered.

"Indeed I know American coffee is justly famous," Elizabeth told him. "But if you would be kind enough to escort me, I should prefer to promenade," she said boldly. "I had found the saloon a trifle close."

Zeb could hardly believe his ears, but joyfully hastened below for her cloak. When he returned they paced the deck solemnly, and Zeb was pleasantly aware of the envious glances being thrown in his direction.

"Your captain," Elizabeth was saying, "must indeed be of an industrious turn of mind to forswear the pleasures of the dance in favor of a trying-out."

Zeb laughed. "Indeed," he said. "It is most unlike him, but I find him hard to understand of late."

"He is a strict master, is he?" she queried.

"Indeed, no!" Zeb eagerly defended his idol. "He is the finest of men, even were he only my captain and not my best friend. We grew up together and there is none I know or like better."

"But you spoke of his moodiness," persisted Elizabeth, and Zeb looked at her curiously.

"I think, Miss Farnsby, that his mood may in some way be connected with the unfortunate affair of the seaman Brass, in which I understand you suffered loss and some distress. Captain Parkes took the matter greatly to heart — especially your father's displeasure. But there—such subjects are not for a night like this. Do not the lights ashore look cheerful?"

"Indeed," said Elizabeth softly, "do not think that discussion of the events of the other night are too distasteful for me—though I regret that Captain Parkes has taken it to heart. It was more an ill-stroke of fortune than any fault of his."

"That's what I have told him," said Zeb eagerly, "but he seems to take little comfort from it."

Elizabeth was silent, looking to the shore along the golden track shed on the water by the blazing fires. Dark figures moved about the fires, and she wondered which of them was Jonathan.

Then Zeb heard her sigh.

"You may escort me below, if you will, Mr. Holly. I must have the dance I promised to Mr. Frazer," she said—and turned — to face Jonathan Parkes.

Jonathan was almost the dandy he earlier accused Zeb of being. Brass buttons gleamed on his dark blue jacket, and a silk neckcloth, secured with a gold ring, sat at the throat of his snowy linen shirt. His yellow hair, well brushed, still waved rebelliously, despite the application of water.

The two stood looking at each other, and Zeb had the sense that he had become invisible, as a great light dawned in his mind. Elizabeth had turned white, and now she put out a hand to the rail to support herself, her cloak slipping back to show her skin gleaming creamily above the gold satin.

"Jonathan!" she said, hardly above a whisper.

He stepped closer before he spoke, looking down at her, and almost touching her, but with his hands still held stiffly at his sides.

"Did you expect to escape me so easily then, Elizabeth?"

. . . . . .

Captain Farnsby, if not actually enjoying the evening, was tolerating the hospitality of members of a race he found quite incomprehensible. A race of Bible-thumpers and coffee-bibbers, he thought sourly, contemplating his cup of coffee without enthusiasm—but what could you expect of a people

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who preferred to honor a plain Virginian named Tyler in place of her glorious Britannic Majesty.

But so far he was being civil enough to the Yankees, and Captain Douglas was being a sympathetic listener to the latest imposition of the Colonial Government in a three-cornered conversation with John Bussell, who had brought his wife and sister, Fanny, on board.

"No land to be sold at less than a pound an acre is their latest demand," snorted Captain Farnsby. "And who is going to pay a pound an acre for land in this colony when

"Happy £31/12/6 birthday to me . . ."

they can go east? No wonder we are facing ruin, with only those of us too poor to leave fighting on."

"Your settlers in some parts of the colony are in a sorry state," mused Captain Douglas. "Not long since we went ashore south of the Swan and accepted hospitality from one Mr. Peel. A dreary hovel if ever there was one—with handsome furniture rotting away, and the finest silver—all tarnished, laid by one blaak servant. A man without hope."

"Poor Tom Peel," said John Bussell.

"Yet they tell me he came out with £50,000," marvelled Captain Douglas. "He must often wish he'd stayed in London town——"

A small silence fell and Captain Douglas, looking across the cabin, smiled suddenly.

"A handsome couple — your daughter and young Parkes!" he said pleasantly.

Captain Farnsby jumped as though he had been shot, and turned just in time to catch sight of the retreating backs of his daughter Elizabeth and that scoundrelly fellow from the Silver Bay! How dared he presume to ask his daughter for a dance and what shamelessness of Elizabeth to accept, knowing the fellow was forbidden to the house!

Blind with rage Captain Farnsby apologised briefly to Captain Douglas and John Bussell and charged up on to the deck in their wake. But he found them already dancing—and, horror of horrors, no respectable dance but the newfangled and licentious waltz! He could scarcely contain his rage as the two passed him, seeing the American's hand familiarly on his daughter's waist, while Elizabeth smiled shamelessly into the fellow's eyes. But angry as he was, the captain realised he could not very well make a scene, and was forced to stand and watch while Jonathan bent his handsome head, his lips moving in some remark that set them both laughing as they swept away again.

"A handsome couple," remarked someone again, and Captain Farnsby had the sensation of being stabbed. He snorted, turned on his heel, and stamped down to the saloon.

"Charles," he said sharply to that young man, who had seen the meeting between his sister and the American with some apprehension, "find your sisters' cloaks and tell Amelia we are leaving immediately."

"Not so soon, surely!" exclaimed Captain Williams.

"It is growing late," said Captain Farnsby, "and my poor wife was far from well when we left her. We must thank you for a pleasant evening, sir—but now we must leave."

He started for the deck again, while Charles found a disappointed Amelia and told her that for them the dance was over.

"Jolly good thing, too," yawned Charles, who had been more than a little bored, but now he kept a sharp eye open for events on deck. They were not long happening.

Captain Farnsby snatched Elizabeth's cloak from Charles and was waiting as Jonathan and the girl came towards them.

"Elizabeth," he said, and at her father's voice she turned white. "It is time we went. Say your farewells to your friends while I see to the boat."

"May I offer my boat to take you ashore, sir?" asked Jonathan politely.

"You may not," snapped the Captain, turning his back, but Jonathan's hand was on his arm.

"There are certain things I wish to discuss with you, sir," he said in a low voice.

"I can think of nothing I wish to discuss with you, sir!" snarled Captain Farnsby, turning on him in a fury, although he managed to keep his voice under control. "I shall be grateful if you will remove your hand from my arm."

Jonathan made to speak again, but Elizabeth's eyes met his and at their piteous expression he stood silent.

As quickly as his peg-leg would allow, Captain Farnsby marshalled his flock before him.

"Elizabeth — Amelia — Charles—I'm waiting!"

Jonathan stood watching as the Farnsbys, under their papa's watchful eye, descended meekly into the waiting boat. But as their boat pulled away from the side he hailed his own boat sharply.

"Follow the boat ahead," he said as he dropped down into it, and so it came about that the two boats grated on the sand together and Jonathan was striding on the beach to meet them as Captain Farnsby was handing Elizabeth ashore.

"Sir," said Jonathan, "I must speak with you on matters near to the heart of us both. May I call on you tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow, nor any day!" said Captain Farnsby sharply. "I shall esteem it a favor, sir, not to have to address you again. And now—good-night!"

He made to turn away, but Jonathan stood squarely in his path.

"Since you will not grant me privacy to make my request," he said, "I must ask you here and now for your daughter Elizabeth's hand."

There was silence, broken by something between a gasp and a sob from Elizabeth.

Captain Farnsby's eyes glittered in the sick light of the winter moon, and when he finally found his voice it was cold beyond belief.

"I can only believe that you have taken leave of your senses, sir," he said. "Otherwise I can see no reason for your impudent and embarrassing declaration. Embarrassing particularly, as you have no acquaintance with my daughter — as I'm glad to say — for, before God, I'd rather see her dead than wed to you or any of your kind — and also in the light of her betrothal but three days since to an estimable young man of the colony, Mr. Gilbert."

Jonathan stood frozen, and then, in a voice Elizabeth hardly recognised, he said, "Is this true?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes—it is true. I had no time to tell you." She lifted her eyes and saw his face, white and expressionless. "Jonathan—" she whispered.

"You have done an honest man an ill turn, Elizabeth," he said quietly. He made no further move as her father, beside himself with rage, dragged her away without another word. She glanced back once, stumbling in the sand as she did so, and saw Jonathan still standing on the beach. Then in silence she and her father preceded Charles and Amelia to the house.

To be continued

Printed by Conpress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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Films WITH AINSLIE BAKER

BABY TO JAYNE

JAYNE and Mickey Hargitay say they don't care whether their baby—expected any day—is a boy or a girl, they're just looking forward to having a baby.

Jayne Hargitay, better known as Mansfield, is the platinum blonde with the 40in. bust, whose looks and personality have made her the talk of filmgoers since she crashed public attention by going uninvited (in an iridescent red bikini) to a film premiere.

True, the premiere was of "Underwater," and all guests were in swimsuits and aqualungs, but even in that gathering Jayne's presence was outstanding.

But her first real breaks came with "The Girl Can't Help It" and "Oh, For a A Man," satirising Marilyn Monroe. In the latter she played opposite wrestler Mickey Hargitay ("Mr. Universe"), who later became her husband.

In January this year, wearing a form-fitting pink gown, Jayne wed Mickey in a Californian chapel. Crowds stood outside the church, but there were few onlookers within. They included, however, seven-year-old Jayne Marie Mansfield, daughter of a previous marriage.

This year, in August, news broke that Jayne, sen., was to become a mother for the second time. In an interview, Jayne said:

"I swore my doctor to secrecy when he first told me. I made two visits to the doctor in disguise. No one recognised me. By the fourth month I hadn't gained a pound and I started wearing sack dresses—for obvious reasons.

"Mickey and I kept our secret—such a very personal, precious one—just between the two of us."

Small daughter Jayne heard the news over the radio before her mother could tell her. But Jayne Hargitay need not have worried.

"She was so excited. She ran to me and kissed and hugged me, and then to Mickey and kissed and hugged him. And she kept saying over and over, 'I just can't believe it's true. I want a baby brother.'"

Throughout the waiting months, Jayne has been well and happy. "Our baby," she says, "is the glorious fulfilment of our marriage. It is the God-given enrichment of our lives.

"Having a baby is the most beautiful thing in the world. I don't believe that my fans will find me unglamorous. Today's Paris fashions—the sack, trapeze, and the new waistless Empress Josephine style with the high bust and belt and flowing skirts—are just perfect for me.

"And I am not dieting. I have learned to eat correctly and for health since I met Mickey."

Jayne's most recent picture, "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw," filmed in Spain, was finished early in her pregnancy. Her next film is scheduled to start at the end of December, when the new baby should be three weeks old.

Like most young mothers, Jayne has been reading books on child care and guidance, worried lest her small daughter might resent the new baby's coming.

"Being jealous has never entered her head," Jayne said. "I have been careful to make Jayne Marie feel that this new baby is equally hers.

"And last night, when I sang her lullaby, she whispered, 'I'll help you bath the baby, Mummy, and I'll help dress the baby, and I'll take such good care of the baby.'

"I thought she was asleep, but no. For suddenly her eyes popped open. 'Mummy,' she exclaimed. 'We'll have the baby for Christmas!'"

WEARING look-alike dresses, Jayne Mansfield and small daughter Jayne Marie. Big Jayne is 24, little Jayne is seven.

EXPECTANT parents Mickey Hargitay and wife Jayne Mansfield (in sack maternity dress) go shopping for their baby's cot.

OUT FOR A STROLL, Mickey, Jayne, and Jayne Marie form a happy family group. Small Jayne is hoping for a baby brother.

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Ideal couple matched on TV by Cupid machine

The most publicised wedding of the year took place recently in Hollywood when two young people, picked as a perfect match by a mechanical Cupid and helped along in their romance by hypnosis, were married.

ART LINKLETTER, millionaire TV master of ceremonies, was best man at the wedding. And so he should have been.

He arranged the whole romance on his zany but popular show "People Are Funny" (Sydney's Channel 9, Saturdays 5.45 p.m.; Melbourne's Channel 7, Saturdays at 7 p.m.).

Art's mechanical Cupid, which started the romance more than a year ago, was a Univac computing machine. The "ideal" couple chosen, Shirley Saunders and Robert Kardell, were picked by the Cupid after it sorted out a number of question-and-answer cards.

All the machine did in the Kardell case was to match two people with identical tastes, interests, backgrounds, and religions.

Shirley and Robert are both 26, protestants, and have a similar educational background. Both are interested in swimming, horseback riding, classical music, and entertaining at home. He is a minor executive, she is a secretary.

The first time he tried this stunt Linkletter crashed badly. The "ideal" couple, a middle-aged policeman and policewoman, broke their engagement before the wedding date.

Linkletter, determined to sponsor an ideal wedding, enlisted the aid of a hypnotist to help his Univac couple to the altar. The hypnotist in full view of the TV audience "ordered" Shirley to fall in love with the man who would call her first. It was Bob.

Everyone concerned swears that her falling in love was genuine. The two of them appeared in a spelling game in the Linkletter show for five weeks running.

In between the appearances they went on a series of glamor dates arranged by the Linkletter Cupids.

On the sixth show Shirley and Bob announced their engagement amid the cheers of the audience.

But they weren't completely carried away. They told Linkletter they didn't trust the circumstances and insisted on a year's engagement, which I understand is unheard of in America.

Anyway, now they're married, madly happy, and popeyed at the generosity of Mr. Linkletter and his show.

They had a Hawaiian honeymoon at his expense, and came back to find that in their absence Linkletter had furnished and decorated their new but bare home. They bought the home with some of the 20,000 dollars (about £A10,000) they won.

Linkletter has appointed a special aide to keep an eye on the Kardell marriage.

"We've kept an eye on them through the year," he said. "We want to be close should there be any setbacks. We want this marriage to last. Too much is at stake."

If you think Mr. Linkletter was talking about the continuing happiness of the Kardells you're wrong.

What is at stake is the reputation of "People Are Funny" and the mechanical Cupid. Linkletter and his aides can't let any shadow fall on these.

How about a resident hypnotist to keep the Kardell love blooming?

ART LINKLETTER presents a cheque for 10,000 dollars to Shirley Saunders and one for the same amount to Bob Kardell, the young couple picked as ideal on "People Are Funny" (Channel 9, Sydney, 5.45 Saturdays, Channel 7, Melbourne, 7 p.m. Saturdays) by a mechanical Cupid.

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

★ ★ ★

THERE was a strangely modern note in a recent episode of "The Last of the Mohicans" (Sydney's Channel 9, Melbourne's Channel 7, Mondays at 7.30 p.m.). Hawkeye, in his high-class fur millinery, came across a bad white girl living with an Indian tribe. Pointing out the error of her wicked ways, he said severely, "Do you want to spend the rest of your life in an Indian's blanket?"

The pert miss, who I may mention was wearing a magnificent line in uplift brassieres and a short relaxed-line jacket over well-cut trousers, shrugged and said, "Indian's blanket? — Indian's mink!"

★ ★ ★

CHANNEL 2 had better watch out when they start the new series of the popular "Lassie" show (Sydney, Mondays 7 p.m.; Melbourne, Wednesdays 7 p.m.), because it has startling new theme music.

Shown recently for the first time in America, public and sponsors were amazed to hear behind the familiar "Lassie" opening slides the strains of Russia's national anthem, the "Internationale."

Red-faced executives, after hurried conferences, told how it had happened. They had taken as new theme music "Greensleeves," a song that is now in the public domain and can be used free.

Investigation showed that the "Internationale" and "Greensleeves" share the same opening notes.

So that "Lassie" won't be hauled before the Senate's Un-American Affairs Committee, "Greensleeves" has had the offending notes removed and the theme is played with the first part missing.

Mystery solved

DURING last week's epic golf telecast from Channel 9, blond Valerie Cooney periodically blew in front of a camera and advertised a pretty blouse she was wearing.

Saturday afternoon, with the wind blowing fiercely, Val did her piece. She talked about the blouse and intrigued dozens of people by saying, "Unfortunately I can't show you the back of it."

So many people asked me why she couldn't that I asked her.

"I was in quite enough trouble as it was," she said. "I was trying to keep my skirt down in the wind. I did the announcement behind the first tee, and we had quite a big gallery watching us.

"I just wasn't game to turn round."

Valerie sounded very excited all the time I was talking to her. When I asked her why, she told me what she described as the "most wonderful news of her life"—a baby on the way, due to make its appearance next June.

Val is married to movie cameraman Bob Wright. Their baby will be called Julie Jane if it's a girl, Stephen if it's a boy.

"I'm so happy, I want everyone to know," Valerie said.

SURE stops perspiration

Right through active summer days, Sure keeps you fresh and safe. This amazing new anti-perspirant deodorant stick by Goya really does stop perspiration as well as odour, gives you double safety. You'll never be guilty of unpleasant underarm odour if you use Sure every day. There's no mess, no bother with Sure's witty push-up case. It strokes on in seconds. Use Sure and be sure every day.

Goya

7/9

Stop Dry Skin

When the harsh weather robs the skin of moist oils quicker than those little oil ducts can replace it, the results are wrinkle dangers. Those of you with dry skins should take a little extra care at this time of the year. Smooth oil of ulan over the face and neck daily, before you make-up, and again before retiring. This hygroscopic (moisture attracting) oil will give the complexion a youthful bloom, and is the finest protection against wrinkle dryness . . . *Margaret Merril.*

Highlight your hair as you set it with

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A few drops a day and your waves in to stay

BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to listless kidneys not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world—get DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.

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wash-up to-day's One-step way with

No Rinsing No Wiping—

Trix is thick

by far the most economical of all detergents...you can easily prove it for yourself.

It's TRIX that gives you one-step washing up because it's non-sudsing, pure, and 100 per cent cleansing. With Trix you just wash-up — *that's all* . . . you don't rinse; don't wipe. Trix washes completely clean, then drains clean off — so dishes dry gleaming, hygienically pure, ready for use again.

Trix is sudsless — the modern improvement on all sudsy detergents and soaps. Trix gets to work with concentrated cleansing energy *down in the water*, absorbing grease like magic. Trix doesn't waste its energy making lazy suds. *Suds can't clean — they merely float on the water and trap grease. That's why they leave not only soapy streaks but greasy patches on the dishes. And beware! Those dull surfaces collect germs — like the teatowels used to polish them.*

Much easier, much cleaner, is the modern, no-wiping method of washing up, with TRIX.

ST67-58

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it's Magic

Only Mum Rollette has this ingenious modern applicator. It automatically releases just the right amount of bland, pink, fragrant lotion.

it rolls out doubt . . .
rolls on charm

Sweet magic is the new Mum Rollette deodorant that deliciously rolls on with a revolving crystal ball. It can't drip or spill . . . there's no fingering . . . no waste. And it works like a charm! Checks perspiration and keeps freshness sure, longer than anything ever did before. Utterly gentle to the skin . . . safe for clothes.

MUM
Rollette
DEODORANT
Checks perspiration too

Just 7/6

Another fine product of
BRISTOL-MYERS

New Film Releases

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

★★★ THE CRANES ARE FLYING

Russian drama, with Tatyana Samoilova, Alexie Batalov. English sub - titles. Esquire, Sydney.

CLAIMED as Russia's most Westernised film to date, there is still something essentially nationalist about this beautiful film's treatment of the old theme of young lovers cruelly parted by war.

It has been widely recognised as the new, non-propaganda, emphasis - on - the human-element Soviet approach to film-making, of which "The Forty-First" was the first example.

The central characters (a musician, a doctor, a student, and an engineer) are all intellectuals—members of Russia's privileged class.

Photographically it is imaginative, poetical, and sometimes a little self-consciously tricky.

As the girl who marries the stay-at-home cousin of the soldier she loves, Tatyana Samoilova, a wide-hipped mixture of Juilette Greco and Millie Perkins, is Russia's most internationally acceptable star.

The final sequence, with the heartbroken girl distributing her flowers at random among the returning soldiers and the welcoming crowd, is one of those rare, faultless pieces of filmcraft that do so much to atone for a film's lesser moments.

This year's Cannes Film Festival gave "The Cranes" its best-film, best-actress, and best-photography awards.

In a word . . . MEMORABLE.

★ THE BARBARIAN AND THE GEISHA

Fox biographical drama, with John Wayne, Eiko Ando. In De Luxe color, CinemaScope. Regent, Sydney.

HAPPILY, the visual rewards of a beautifully photographed rural Japan, together with its interesting and colorful historic ceremonies, are available as compensation for the ridiculous sight of Wayne as a 19th-century American diplomat.

He plays Townsend Harris, first American officially to raise the U.S. flag in a Japan still determined to remain isolated from the rest of the world.

When he and his interpreter (Sam Jaffe) look like coming to a sticky end at the hands of the feudal lords, Wayne becomes a public hero after coping with an outbreak of cholera.

Japanese actress Eiko Ando, graceful and exquisitely costumed, is the Madame Butterfly of the piece.

If you are interested in scenery, ancient customs, and colorful ceremonies, see this —and put up with its unconvincing human drama.

In a word . . . SCENIC.

★ OPERATION MAD BALL

Columbia Army comedy, with Jack Lemmon, Ernie Kovacs, Mickey Rooney, Kathryn Grant. State, Sydney.

THOSE who enjoy such simple pleasures as jokes about morgues, girl-hungry G.I.s, sharp-witted privates, and slow-witted officers will find a good deal to amuse them in this story of a U.S. medical unit in post-war France.

Lemmon, a likeable, plain-faced fellow, is the master mind behind a plan to stage an unofficial ball in a nearby village, thus giving the G.I.s and nurses one more chance at romance before the unit disbands.

Making a brief appearance in a role of lunatic improbability is Rooney, as a master-sergeant from a neighboring unit, who finally solves the problem of getting the nurses to the strictly off-limits ball.

A character of quite startling originality and uncouthness is drawn by Kovacs as the politically ambitious Intelligence officer who is the main stumbling-block to the ball taking place.

On her showing as the nurse over whom Lemmon and Kovacs come into conflict, Kathryn Grant shows little promise of a glittering screen future.

In a word . . . CHAOTIC.

Movie news

WHILE he's doing his Army service, young Russ Tamblyn is trying to write a novel —with an actor as the central character. Russ, who rubbed the Army brass up the wrong way once or twice in the early days of his call-up, has since settled down and is getting along without any further trouble. He's with a Special Services division in Oklahoma.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD stars — at least the younger ones — react just like other girls after a fight with a boy-friend. Millie Perkins' way of letting Dean Stockwell know she could do without him was to attend the premiere of the little theatre group's presentation of "Look Back in Anger" leaning on the arm of Tom Perkins.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Sascha Distel was asked how his parents took the announcement of his engagement to Brigitte Bardot, he replied, "They were charmed by her — especially my father." Brigitte's mother has written a book titled "My Daughter—Brigitte Bardot."

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Princess of many problems

From page 5

than the ordinary hazing that is standard practice at such institutions — that he just "couldn't take it." The Prince is in favor of tutors.

Grace says firmly that she wants her children to learn to play and live with all kinds of people.

Her sister-in-law, Rainier's sister Antoinette, once her closest friend in Monaco, has told her that her attitude is ridiculous.

"She insists that royalty must be sheltered and protected," Grace said. "If you ask me, that's what's wrong with a lot of royalty."

Whether or not Caroline and Albert will be educated in some school of hard knocks or gently reared within the palace confines is, happily, a distant problem.

Far more pressing is the question of whether their parents will still be resident on their rock when the time comes to decide. All kinds of disturbances are causing the throne to tremble.

At the moment the country is in the middle of a pleasant boom. Stamp sales are up again — £257,000 last year. Real estate and rents are sky-high. Every square inch of land is built or overbuilt.

Because Monaco has no income tax, thousands of fixed-income families are anxious to become citizens—ready, indeed, to pay a handsome sum for the privilege.

The Prince, who is in charge of the application list, can be neither persuaded nor bribed; he rejects dozens of requests each month.

In spite of this, Monaco has a problem population.

"Large numbers of footloose, irresponsible people with too few morals and too much money have the strange idea that Monaco is a good place to live it up," the Prince complained. "I intend to make it as uncomfortable for these people as I can."

Over Monaco's future hangs the impressive shadow of Aristotle Onassis, sometimes called the "underground king of Monaco." He is the Greek-born international shipping executive with vast maritime holdings.

In 1952 Onassis arrived in Monaco to register part of his shipping under the Monegasque flag.

Onassis told the Prince he intended to pour his personal capital into the improvement of Monaco. Together the two discussed the grandiose plan to enlarge the tiny kingdom by 25 per cent. to seaward.

Rainier, enchanted by the vision, agreed to give Onassis a free hand.

In 1958, however, having married and with his succession assured, he has again become concerned about Monaco's future.

The financial boom looks more like a bubble, friends advise him. Onassis' proposals are still sound, but the reality consists only of a few rooms added to the Hotel de Paris and a few new bungalows on the beach.

The shipowner complains that Monaco is riddled with red tape, kickbacks, and pay-offs; that it is impossible to get anything done.

If Rainier hoped that Grace's charm and beauty would help to straighten out his conflicts with Onassis, he has been disappointed.

Long before she agreed to marry Rainier, Grace spent several months on the Riviera filming "To Catch a Thief," and lost several thousand dollars at the roulette tables of Monte Carlo.

When she returned two years later she took a second look at the century-old gambling house, and was shocked to hear that it was open 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Closed casino

On Good Friday of this year she ordered it closed for the day.

It was a brave gesture, since Onassis owns controlling stock in the casino.

"I'd welcome a friendly tidal wave," said Grace indignantly, "if it would carry the whole place out to sea!"

Grace and Rainier dream of another kind of Monaco. They want to revive the famed Ballet de Monte Carlo, subsidise a good symphony orchestra and a national theatre devoted to the classic plays of all nations.

Meawhile, Onassis' yacht, the Christina, lies at anchor in the harbor. Onassis modestly disclaims any feud.

Twice a month Grace and Rainier and Onassis and his beautiful wife exchange formal dinner parties. The conversation is civilised and general, the atmosphere icy.

Even if they are able to outwit or settle with Onassis, Grace and the Prince have other adversaries.

Monaco has a Legislative Council, but once elected its members have no power. They can say what they want; they can advise the Prince, but they can do nothing.

Several members of the Council assured us that they were loyal to Prince Rainier, and that they greatly admired Princess Grace.

"But the Prince must realise that times are changing," one Deputy said. "We hope he does before it's too late."

According to Monaco's treaty with France, the Minister of State must be French. The current officeholder is luxury-loving Henri Soum.

This year Soum became a target for the massive irritation of the Council. Unanimously they demanded that Rainier fire him. Indignantly the Prince snapped back, "I will accept no limitation to my powers."

Monaco does not permit women to vote. Grace protested vigorously to her husband.

"I had just about persuaded him," Grace wrote ruefully home, "when a committee from the Council spoiled it by insisting on votes for women.

TO COME BACK IN FILMS, Princess Grace would have to find a way to soften Prince Rainier's 1956 statement that she would make no more films. With her here are Danny Kaye (back to camera), James Stewart, and Arthur Godfrey.

"Rainier doesn't like anyone to insist on anything. He has now closed his mind to the whole thing. He says, 'Bring on the revolution.' He's joking, of course, but I wish he wouldn't."

Best escape from both money worries and psychological strain, and one that has tempted many a married career woman, would be to go back to work.

In Grace's case it would not be easy, following Rainier's statement at the time of the engagement: "Grace will never make another picture."

The idea is tempting, but roles Grace would like to play are not suitable to her situation.

She would like to do "Craig's Wife," a Pulitzer Prize play by her uncle, George Kelly. It is the story of a woman who set records for being a spoiled, haranguing shrew.

She would also, she recently confided to her old friend actress Rita Gam, enjoy playing Ibsen's Hedda Gabler—a Victorian woman hopelessly frustrated by a world that was made for men.

Meanwhile, with most of her major problems unsolved, Grace Kelly Grimaldi remains happily married.

"I'm confident about the future," she told a friend. "Sometimes I have to wait a long while for things I want very much. I don't always get them, but something inside won't let me give up easily."

'Vaseline' Trade Mark **Wonder-foam** – the shampoo especially made for the girl who shampoos once a week *(or more often)*

Cleanses softly, gently, safely – cannot dry your hair like harsh, one-lather shampoos

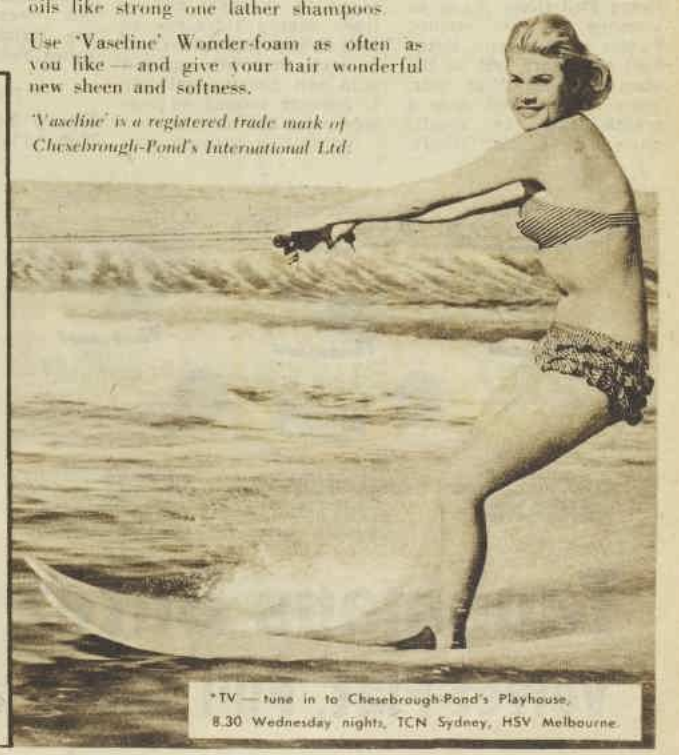
Fashion model Candy Mitchell is a water skier, too. Wind, sun and water can be harsh on her hair, but Candy relies on 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam Shampoo to restore its beauty.

Don't take risks with harsh shampoos and soaps that make hair dull and brittle. Give your hair the beauty treatment it deserves — two luxurious lathers with 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam Shampoo.

'Vaseline' Wonder-foam bursts into a pure soapless foam that swirls out all dirt, dust, dandruff, but never washes away natural oils like strong one lather shampoos.

Use 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam as often as you like — and give your hair wonderful new sheen and softness.

'Vaseline' is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.



*TV — tune in to Chesebrough-Pond's Playhouse, 8.30 Wednesday nights, TCN Sydney, HSV Melbourne.

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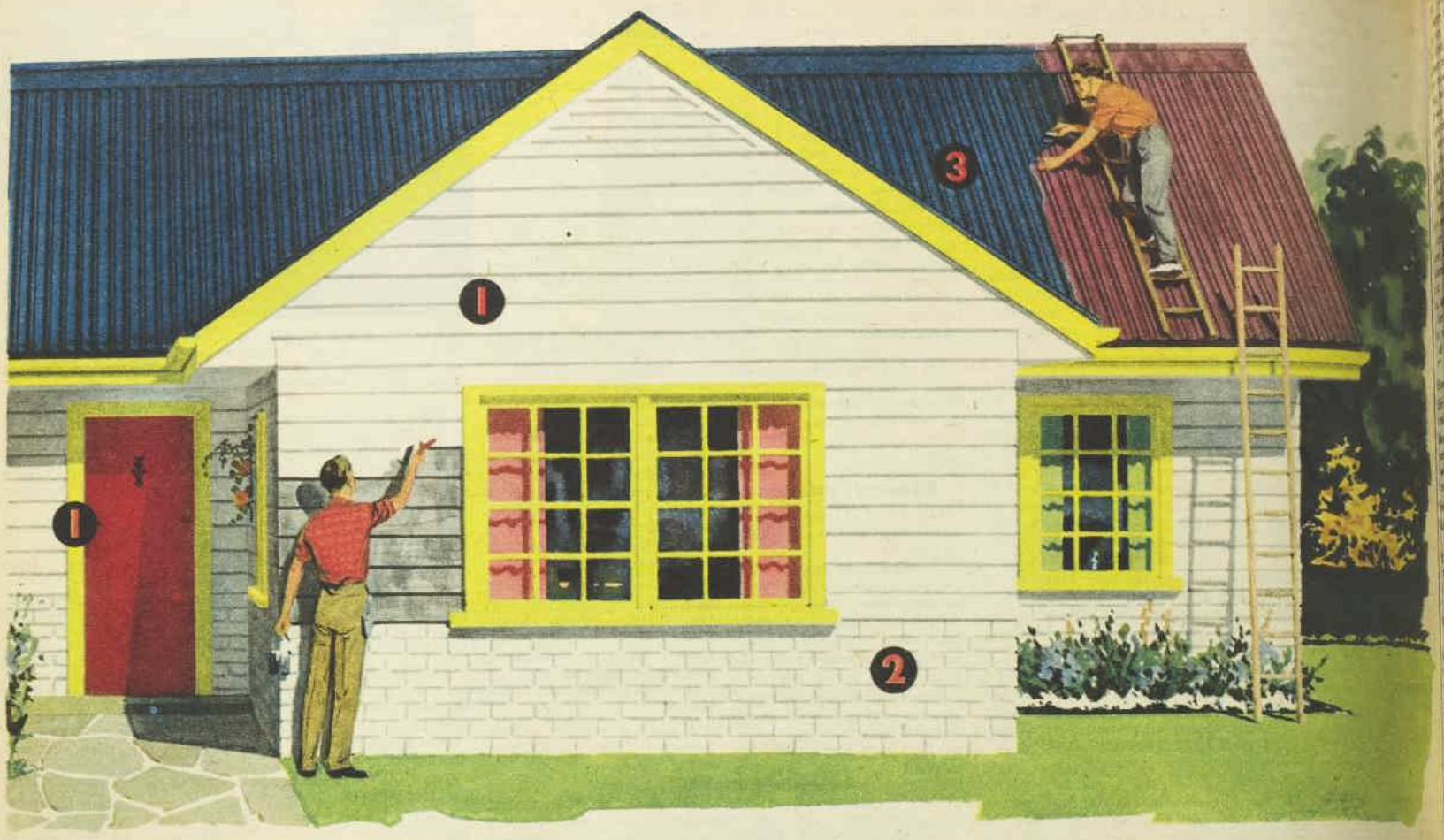
Painting outside?



Taubmans Butex gives your home durable beauty

"How long will it stay beautiful?"

That's usually what you ask when you're choosing an outside paint. Let's answer the question this way...

Throughout Australia, Taubmans have exposure stations where outside paints are put to extreme weather tests. These exposure stations are located everywhere, from tropical Queensland to the coldest parts of Tasmania.

We'll take Taubmans Butex Full Gloss (1) as an instance of this testing. Panels painted with Butex Full Gloss are left in the open for year after year. They are checked once a month and the results passed on to our laboratories. The panels are exposed to chemical fall-out from nearby chimneys as well as heat and cold. Once a week they are sprayed with salt because salt air is another hazard an outside paint has to beat.

As well as nature's own tests we have special indoor tests. Let's take Taubmans Butex Velvet-Flat (2) as our second example. Sample panels of Butex Velvet-Flat are kept in our Weatherometer, where they are bombarded with ultra-violet rays.

Time after time this rigorous "weathering" proves the extra durability of Butex Velvet-Flat colours.

Test-proved

Every batch of Butex Velvet-Flat, Butex Full

Gloss, Butex Roof Paint and any of our other exterior paints must pass the standards set by these tests ... standards far and away superior to those of any other paint manufacturer.

That's why we can say Butex finishes last years longer. Our constant and very rigorous laboratory tests ensure it.

The 30 decorator colours in Butex Full Gloss match or harmonise with the 17 colours in Butex Velvet-Flat and the 9 in Butex Roof Paint.

Where should you use Butex Velvet-Flat?

Butex Velvet-Flat is specially prepared for all common brick, fibro, cement render and unglazed tile surfaces. Use it also on timber where you prefer a velvet finish.

Where should you use Butex Full Gloss? We recommend Butex Full Gloss on all timber surfaces—weatherboard walls, fences, window frames, doors and all exterior ironwork, guttering and downpipes.

Do you need an Undercoat?

See the special chart below. If you're still in any doubt consult your Taubmans dealer. He's an expert and will be glad to help you. Remember, if the surface does need an undercoat, stress Taubmans Exterior Undercoat. It's specially prepared to go under Taubmans finishes.

Don't forget Solpah

Taubmans Solpah is now a household word all over Australia. It's our enamelised glossy finish for all walked-on surfaces and it wears like iron on any surface. Solpah is in 18 decorator colours.

TAUBMANS BUTEX FULL GLOSS
A gallon covers 800 square feet.

TAUBMANS BUTEX VELVET-FLAT
A gallon covers 500-600 square feet, according to surface.

TAUBMANS BUTEX ROOF PAINT
For galvanised iron roofs, tanks, other metal surfaces. A gallon covers 800 square feet.

TAUBMANS EXTERIOR UNDERCOAT
A gallon covers 700 square feet.

TAUBMANS PETRISEAL
A gallon covers 450-500 square feet.

Coats required for various surfaces

BRICK, FIBRO, CEMENT RENDER
(In reasonably good condition)
One or two coats of Taubmans Butex Velvet-Flat.
(If the surface is new)
1st coat — Taubmans Petriseal
2nd coat — Taubmans Butex Velvet-Flat
(Petriseal is not required on brick or weathered fibro)

TIMBER SURFACES
(In reasonably good condition)
Usually one coat of Taubmans Butex Full Gloss.
(If the surface is new)
1st coat — Taubmans Pink or White Primer
2nd coat — Taubmans Exterior Undercoat
3rd coat — Taubmans Butex Full Gloss
(On painted metal surfaces in reasonable condition one coat of Taubmans Butex Full Gloss is usually sufficient.)

Taubmans Butex for outside

Velvet-Flat, Full Gloss and Roof Paint

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"No. Just remembering."

He turned on to the hard-packed sand road that led to their home, and soon saw the house. He was proud of it, and eager to have Austin Holloway see the changes. After Papa died, Mike had rebuilt it almost entirely. It was much bigger now, and less Italian-looking, with wings on each end. There was a lawn, and the vegetable gardens, tended by a hired man, were pushed well away from the house. Once he'd thought of moving into Williston, but Mamma liked it better out here. She moved more slowly now and was quite deaf. But she still enjoyed life, and adored her two grandchildren.

Mamma was waiting on the porch. Mike kissed her and then, speaking in Italian, raising his voice, said, "Mamma! Good news! You remember the son of Judge Holloway, long ago?"

"How could I forget?"

"He's coming to see us — Thursday — for dinner!"

"Bene! Benissimo!" Mamma beamed. "A nice boy, that one. We will make him a dinner he will never forget."

"Sure, Mamma," Mike said.

May did most of the cooking, with Mamma lending a hand only on special occasions. He realised he was going to have to be diplomatic about this and not hurt Mamma's feelings. "We'll talk about it later."

Inside, May looked at him a moment and said, "Hasn't he ever been here for dinner before?"

"Once," he said. "Just once." Then he told her about it.

. . . . . .

It wasn't long after Mamma had sent the bottle of wine to Mrs. Holloway. Mamma had often said that since Mike went to the Holloway house so much, Austin ought to come out to Mike's house for dinner. At least once.

Mike had resisted this. He had pointed out that it was hard for Austin to come out so far into the country.

"Diavalo!" Mamma had snorted. "With three automobiles is it so hard for them to bring him fifteen kilometres?"

Continuing . . . . Welcome Home, Mike

from page 27

Mamma still thought in terms of kilometres instead of miles.

"Or he can come back with you on the school bus, and after dinner go back on the regular bus."

He had delayed and delayed, until one day Mamma lost her patience. "What's the matter, boy?" she had flamed. "You ashamed of this home?"

"No, Mamma," he had said, embarrassed.

So he had surrendered. That day he asked Austin, watching closely to see how he took it. Austin said, "Why, sure, I'd like to. I'll have to ask my mother, though." Later Mike often wondered exactly what Mrs. Holloway had said. All Austin reported next day was: "Sure, she says it's okay for tomorrow."

THAT night Mamma had patted him on the shoulder. "Bene!" she had smiled. "Now we must decide what to give him to eat. To begin with, a good spaghetti, then—"

"He — he doesn't like spaghetti," Mike had said. He had made that up. He didn't know whether Austin did or didn't, but he had never seen spaghetti at the Holloways'.

"Not like spaghetti!" Mamma had echoed, thunderstruck. "Then ravioli?"

Mike had still looked doubtful, and at last Mamma had surrendered in her turn, overcome by the strange American ways.

"You tell me," Mamma had shrugged. "I cook what you say."

He had never planned a meal before, and now he tried to remember the kind of things they ate at Austin's house. Finally, uncertainly, he had picked roast beef, corn on the cob, mashed potatoes, and salad.

He could never forget the next day. For one thing, when they came home Papa was still out in the garden, wearing the old clothes he used for working. He had come over to greet them. He smiled, took off his hat, and even bowed a little to Austin.

"Pleased to meetcha," Papa had beamed, proud of knowing that much English.

Austin, a little flustered, had held out his hand and said, "How do you do, sir?" Mike was stunned to hear him say "sir," and it sounded good. Then Mamma had rushed out, wearing an apron, her face radiant.

It had been awful. Aside from everything else, Mamma and Papa didn't know much English except "good" and "okay" and "much pleased." Mike had to translate nearly everything.

Supper (at Austin's house they called it dinner) had been a nightmare, too. They sat around the table smiling, and not being able to say much. And then Mike tasted the roast beef. Mamma had rubbed it with garlic and oil before she roasted it!

And on the table Papa had put a bottle of wine, the good wine. Papa thought it was a big joke when Austin said, "No, thank you, sir," to the wine.

"Vino good for boy," Papa had prodded jovially. Until he saw the anguished look on Mike's face, and subsided, embarrassed.

Of course, the salad had garlic in it. Garlic, olive oil, and vinegar. At Austin's house the salads had just mayonnaise. Mike could hardly wait until it was time for the bus. He walked with Austin out to the main stop on the highway, and could think of nothing to say.

Then Austin had said, curiously, "I never had meat that tasted that way before. What was it? It was good, though."

Mike wasn't going to lie any more. "It was garlic," he said, feeling miserable.

"Gosh, garlic!" Austin exclaimed. "I never had it before." It was dark and Mike couldn't see his face clearly. Then the bus came.

"Well, good-night, Mike, and thanks," Austin had said. "I had a swell time. It was like being in another country."

And that was exactly it. It was like being in another country. Not America at all.

. . . . . .

It was hard to believe, Mike reflected now, that this had been so many years ago. But the amazing thing was that they remained friends, despite the fact that in the past fifteen years they had seen each other so rarely.

Their paths had soon begun to separate. Austin had gone on to another school; Mike stayed in high school. Austin went away to college; Mike to a school of mechanics in Trenton, with the little money Papa could spare from the vegetables. During the summers Austin was in camp, or visiting school friends; once his family took him to South America.

Occasionally they met in Williston in the garage where Mike worked. And once, when they were both 19, they double-dated. That was the second and last time Austin had ever been out to the house in Little Italy. Mike had told May about it.

Mike and Austin had been talking about girls, and pretty soon it was decided that Mike would ask a couple of girls he knew in Little Italy to go dancing. Austin had his own convertible now. He had driven Mike home to change clothes. Papa was still alive then, and this time Austin didn't refuse the wine. Afterwards, Mamma brought out a sort of liqueur she made herself and called "sport coffee." It was thick, sweet, and strong, made of alcohol and flavoring, and they had some of that, too.

After that they had called for the girls and went for

To page 82

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

• *NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 85. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

"DOROTHEA"—Smart blouson one-piece dress styled with a bow trim and white collar. The material is a no-iron poplin available in lilac, avocado-green, pale pink, aqua, rose-pink, and emerald-green.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 66/9; 36 and 38in. bust 69/9. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 34/3; 36 and 38in. bust 36/9. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

"I felt positively better from the very first day!"

The good news that Sanatogen can do you nothing but **good** . . . has been passed on from one family to another for generations. Sanatogen, the world over, is recommended by doctors for just that reason. It's safe, nourishing, long-lasting tonic action soothes the system to better health. From the very first day, Sanatogen starts you on your way to new vitality.

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If you feel run down and continually tired, if your nerves are bad, if you're irritable, depressed or always worrying — the answer is YES. These danger signs are telling you that your body and nerve cells are not getting enough of the essential nutrients, particularly protein and phosphorus. Sanatogen supplies this need in a concentrated form which is easily and safely assimilated.

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makes the *difference* you can TASTE

Gold-lined cans protect the Swiss Style richness of

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When condensed milk makes it *better*
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THE *ONLY* CONDENSED MILK available in both TUBES and CANS

Taste the *difference* in this

1 tin Tongala Evaporated Milk (chilled); 1 teaspoon gelatine; 1 tin Golden Circle sliced Pineapple; ½ cup hot water; glace cherries; ¼ cup castor sugar; pinch salt.

Drain pineapple and reserve half a cup of the syrup. Line a refrigerator tray with waxed paper and arrange drained pineapple slices on the bottom. Place a cherry in the centre of each. Melt gelatine in hot water, stir till dissolved and allow to cool. Whip milk until thick and fluffy. Add salt, sugar, cooled gelatine and half a cup of pineapple syrup. Pour into prepared tray and freeze. To serve, turn out of tray and cut in slices. Place each on a pretty plate with the pineapple slice centred with the cherry uppermost.

both with TONGALA'S Swiss Style richness

Open a tin of Tongala Evaporated Milk and see the difference — It's a GOLD-LINED can! — This protects the Swiss Style richness and keeps the milk pure — It makes the wonderful difference you can taste when you use Tongala Evaporated Milk in your cooking. Buy a tin of Tongala milk today and tempt your family with this cool, refreshing Topsy Turvy Ice Cream — There's a delicious difference in Tongala milk.
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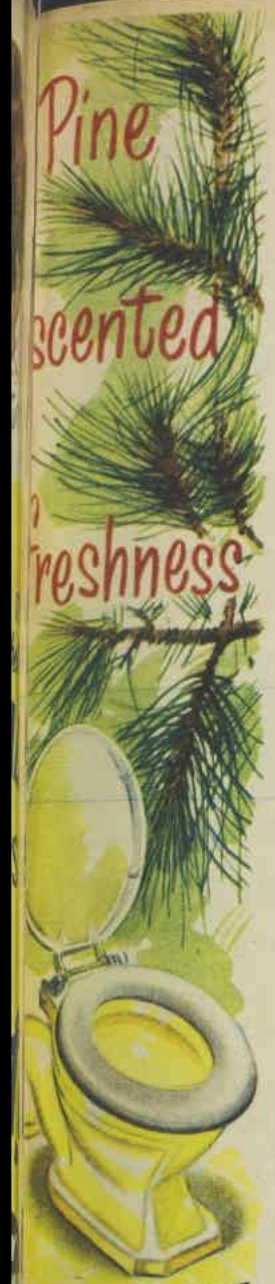

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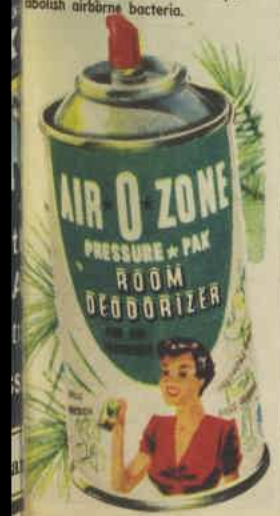
banishes odours

A touch of the Air-O-Zone "button" releases a fine, deodorising mist that instantly absorbs and destroys every trace of odour. Instead, there's a pine-scented freshness that lingers for hours. Most important — where hygiene is concerned — Air-O-Zone helps abolish airborne bacteria.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, LOTHAR, his giant Nubian servant, and PRINCESS NARDA are ambushed by Indians from a remote village when they set out for the sacred Mesa. This is an area forbidden to the tribesmen and haunted by a being they call "Thundergod." This god has already struck down one young native who trespassed there, and threatens death to further intruders. Fearing reprisals if Mandrake's party enters the area, the villagers stage a hold-up, but Mandrake is able to escape by using his hypnotic power. NOW READ ON:

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

AIR-O-ZONE

kills harmful air-borne bacteria...

and banishes "sick room" odour

When sickness strikes, you should guard against airborne bacteria! The germs in the air can easily infect every member of your family. So don't take unnecessary risks—spray the sick room regularly with Air-O-Zone.

When you press the "button"—a fine mist of Air-O-Zone floats to every part of the room. Thanks to the Glycol in Air-O-Zone, this mist kills airborne bacteria—helps to abolish the germs that cause infection.

AND . . . Air-O-Zone banishes odours instantly! A few seconds' spraying with pine-scented Air-O-Zone abolishes "sick-room stuffiness" . . . keeps the air fresh and sweet for hours.

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KILLS AIRBORNE BACTERIA—
KEEPS THE AIR FRESH AND SWEET FOR HOURS AFTER SPRAYING

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SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

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dinner at a roadhouse on the road to Trenton. At least they started to have dinner. Then Austin got sick, not being used to so much wine, and especially not sport coffee.

Mike got the girls home, drove Austin to the Holloway house, turned him over to his distressed mother, and just caught the last bus. The evening had been a complete failure — all because of Papa's wine.

After college Austin wanted to get in the foreign service, and had gone to a school in Washington. Then the war came. Mike was an ordnance sergeant in the Pacific. Austin became a major in Africa, first in infantry, later as liaison officer with the French.

They both married after the war. On his honeymoon, Austin sent Mike a postcard from Sorrento, near Naples. "Did the Sorrentinos come from Sorrento?" the card had read. "If so, I can't imagine why they left. Never saw a more beautiful place in my life."

First Papa had died, then Judge Holloway. Mrs. Holloway sold the big house and moved to California. Mike and Austin wrote to each other maybe once a year. It was hard to keep up. And yet the friendship went on, tenuous as a spider's strand, but somehow able to stretch over the years

Continuing . . . . Welcome Home, Mike

and the miles, and never quite break.

As Thursday drew near, Mike was a little sorry he had told May about the embarrassment with Mamma years ago about the food. Because he would have liked to talk over the menu with May just to make sure that — well, just to make sure. May came of American stock, but she could cook in the Italian manner as well as in the American.

Once he approached the subject casually — or what he thought was casually. "What are we having Thursday night?" he asked idly.

"Well," she had said thoughtfully, "I thought we'd start with garlic soup. Then grilled garlic on toast. Then a nice roast of garlic with garlic, garlic bread, and maybe some good imported garlic cheese."

"All right, all right," he surrendered, laughing.

Then she kissed him softly, tenderly. "Don't worry," she said. "Everything will be just as it should be. No garlic on the roast beef, I promise. We'll give them a dinner that will make you proud."

from page 79

Mike was waiting in the driveway at 6.30 when the Holloways arrived, driving a low-slung, sporty car of a foreign make Mike had never seen before. The first few minutes were uncertain, with the gropings of friends who have not seen each other for too long.

"How's your mother? How's business? You're looking great — not a day older . . ."

MARTHA HOLLOWAY was warmer, friendlier than he'd expected. She was small, brunette, in a smart blue suit. Probably from Paris, Mike thought. He liked the way her nose crinkled when she smiled. Most of all he liked the way she seemed to get along with May. He was proud that May looked just as pretty, just as well dressed. The funny thing was that the women, who had never met before, seemed to get along more easily than he and Austin.

As they walked slowly across the lawn to the house, Martha said, "It's lovely! And those grapevines! Just like Italy!"

Mike said lightly, "Well, Sorrentino's no old Scottish name."

Francesca, five, and Tony, four, were on the porch. Martha shook hands with Tony. And Francesca's eyes went wide as Austin kissed her hand formally, as if she were a duchess.

Then Mamma came out, beaming with eagerness and hospitality.

Mike said, "Austin, you remember my mother . . ."

And Austin, smiling, began: "Me fa molto piacere di riverderla, signora." And then, presenting Martha, "Questa e mia moglie."

Mamma's eyes shot open wide. "Diavolo!" she gasped. "Parla Italiano E con uno magnifico accento Toscano!"

It was the truth, Mike thought, as astounded as Mamma.

"Where," he asked, "did you learn to talk Italian like that?"

"It's not that good," Austin laughed. "I learned in Italy." Then he said thoughtfully: "If I hadn't been such a dope when I was a kid, I could have learned it here, with you, and saved myself all that time and money."

"You'd never get a good Tuscan accent like that around here," Mike said. "Nothing but real low-down Neapolitan." Yet it made him feel good to hear Austin Holloway speaking Italian.

They sat down and Mike said, "Suppose I fix us a drink. What will it be — a highball? Martini?"

But May said quickly, "It's all ready, darling; I'll get it." She came back from the kitchen with a frosted bottle of very pale Italian vermouth. Mike stared at her, but she was calmly filling the glasses.

"Welcome home," Mike toasted.

He watched them closely. "Wonderful!" Martha sighed, after she sipped her drink. "Better than whisky and cocktails all the time." Then she added in Italian: "Better than sport coffee, too!"

Mamma screamed with laughter.

Mike, grinning, said, "So he told you about that, did he?"

"Part of it, anyway. Although I'd like to know more about those girls," Martha said.

Austin said, "Remember, Martha, the first time we had this kind of vermouth? Out on that balcony in Sorrento?"

Mamma, hearing the word Sorrento, asked excitedly what it was like there now. And Martha, in Italian nowhere near as good as Austin's, but quite good enough, was telling her. How the great, beautiful cliffs still plunged into the sea, and how the islands still glittered on the horizon. They had even visited the same church Mamma used to go to as a girl.

Then they went in to dinner, and in the centre of the table stood a great platter of ravioli. Mamma's ravioli, light-crusted, stuffed with meat and peppers and onions. And garlic. Mike tried to catch May's eye, but she was looking somewhere else.

"A-h-h!" Martha sighed, and Mike didn't even have to look at her to know that it was the right kind of sigh. She said, "This I have to learn how to make."

"It is Mamma Sorrentino's recipe," May said proudly. "I asked Mamma to prepare dinner, all her special dishes, to welcome home Mike's friend."

"You couldn't have done anything more thoughtful," Austin said sincerely.

Only then did May look at Mike and she smiled. Not a smile of triumph, but a smile of tenderness and devotion. And he returned her smile.

After that came the peperoni ripieni, the stuffed peppers Mamma's own mother had taught her to make. And a scaloppini of veal, light golden slices of tender meat, with a faint touch of garlic rubbed into it. And later the salad, with another elusive aroma of garlic on the onions and tomatoes, the lettuce and watercress. The wine was a rich, light Chianti-type from California.

"To think," Austin said once, "that it took me so many years and so many miles to appreciate food like this, when I could have had it all the time, right in my backyard."

Martha asked him innocently, "Didn't you ever have Italian cooking before you went abroad?"

He looked sheepish. "Well, not much, to tell you the truth. It was so different from what we ate at home that—well, you know how kids are." Then he laughed. "Besides, there was a time—although it's hard to believe it now—when I didn't like garlic."

"And now," Martha put in, "he wants it in everything but coffee. Me, too."

"Even garlic coffee," Mike said, "might be better than sport coffee." So it passed with laughter.

AFTERWARDS they sat out on the porch in the warm night, talking, remembering, sometimes in English, sometimes in Italian, so Mamma wouldn't feel left out. Mamma couldn't get over the delight of hearing the Holloways talk Italian.

"I used to feel so self-conscious," Martha said, "when I was first learning. But even with my American accent, and with all the boners I made, they didn't laugh. They were so kind."

"A lot kinder," Austin said dryly, "than most of us are over here when somebody's trying to learn English. Especially kids." It was so dark that Mike couldn't see his face clearly.

May said smoothly, "Some day Mike and I want to go over there. Mostly to Italy, I guess, but the other places, too."

They talked about going to Europe. Where to go, and when, and how much it would cost, and whether it was worth taking a car over. It was exciting to make plans, even half-way plans.

Austin said, "We got talking one time about how much you can learn about Europe even if you never leave America. That is, if you really want to. There's no other country like it. Even in Williston you could find authoritiies from at least ten countries."

"Authorities?" Mike echoed, puzzled.

"Sure. Authorities on the countries they came from. If I'd had any sense, I could have learned about Italian food and wine and customs, even how to speak Italian, just from your folks. No foreign - language school, no steamship fare, and a lot less trouble, the way kids learn things so fast."

May said, "And Norwegian, too."

"Sure; old Hansen the carpenter. I'll bet he'd have loved to give us Norwegian food, tell us about the fiords and the midnight sun. Even teach us Norwegian if we'd wanted to learn."

"We called him 'Hard-head Hansen,'" Mike recalled, "and thought it was funny the way he pronounced j's like y's."

"And Kniebler, the Austrian who used to give violin lessons, remember?" Austin went on. "And that French baker, I forget his name. Poles, Czechs, Dutch . . . why, there was a world tour right around the corner from us."

"Yes, there was," Mike agreed. And he remembered Austin once saying that visiting Mike's house had been like visiting another country. And he remembered how stupidly shamed he had been by the compliment.

They left around midnight, having arranged to lunch together in town the next day. Mike and May stood in the driveway, watching the taillight disappear.

"They're nice," she said. "Real people. As real as I counted on their being."

"You're pretty nice yourself, Signora," Mike said.

She squeezed his arm. It was all right, wasn't it? There was the faintest breath of worry.

"It was perfect," he said. "Mamma surpassed herself."

"And I didn't really break my promise. There wasn't any garlic on the roast beef. I just thought . . ."

He felt warm and good, like singing. It was as if somehow old barriers, invisible but towering, had suddenly fallen away forever.

". . . that there was no reason," May was saying, "to be ashamed of things like ravioli and garlic and salami. Because they're just as American now as—well, as hot dogs and hamburgers. And both of them came from Germany."

She put an arm about him, and he was to remember for a long time, perhaps forever, the curious knowing of her next words.

She said softly, "Welcome home, Mike."

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Hurried washdays? Well, don't forget the only way to keep white clothes white is still the final rinse in Reckitt's Blue

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Which to use . . . and Why

A Cesarine SERVICE FEATURE

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"Easycare" satisfied a long-felt need. It has the advantage of not needing boiling, starching, damping down—and practically no ironing.

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★ *However, it must be recognised that drip-dry, no-iron cloths differ somewhat from regular styles of cloth and need different handling. Moreover, one style of cloth may be more satisfactory than another for certain uses.*

Before you decide whether to use Regular or "Easycare" Cesarine, you would be well advised to consider the following points:

Will the garment be subject to regular boiling, starching, ironing? Will it be subjected to very hard wear, rubbing, stains? Will it need to be pleated? Will the cloth be used for table cloths or mats, loose covers, infant's rompers? IN SUCH CASES AS THESE YOU ARE ADVISED TO USE REGULAR CESARINE.

★ If you need Cesarine for school uniforms of unpleated styles, school shirts, office or professional uniforms, sports wear, coogans, bedspreads, especially if washed at home and if you value the considerable time saved in home laundering, "EASYCARE" CESARINE IS RECOMMENDED.

Although "Easycare" is dirt-repelling, experience indicates that light and frequent washings are best.

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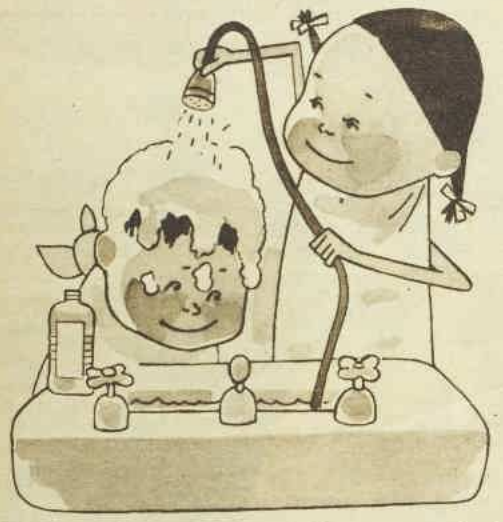

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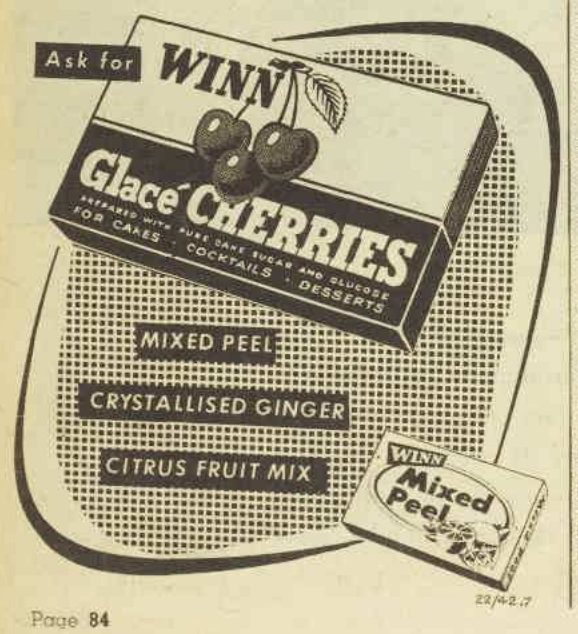

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning November 24

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a journey.

★ You go on a journey, have experiences by the way, or a meeting at the end, which opens your mind to a new world. Since you meet people who will stimulate your abilities, creative talents, regard it as an exciting chapter filled with possibilities. Developments may be emotional, such as the dawn of a love affair, or practical, affecting career.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, navy. Gambling colors, navy, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a still tongue.

★ Just because you know a little more than the rest of the crowd do not spill secrets. If someone asks your advice you must respect a confidence. This applies especially to the one you love best, who will bitterly resent personal affairs being broadcast. Business arrangements may go wrong at the last moment, so keep them quiet meantime.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white green. Lucky days, Thursday, Sat. Luck in co-operation.

★ Be tactful; people will fit in with your plans if they can, but do not nag them. So long as you get what you want, let the other fellow have some of the credit. If a homemaker, family celebrations, anniversaries may put you on your mettle to make a good showing. If in love, an offer of marriage likely; otherwise a welcome gift from a loved one.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy. Gambling colors, navy, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thurs. Luck in hard work.

★ Put your shoulder to the wheel, pull your weight, and see hopes fulfilled. Make a plan, work out details, get busy. You can refurbish your wardrobe, redecorate a room, make a present for a loved one, save money by doing a job yourself under these aspects. If you are seeking employment, make your best efforts now.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in personal relations.

★ If you're in love, you'll be trailing clouds of glory. If you're socially anxious to shine, people will seek you out. Invitations flow in your direction. If you are in competitive sport, honors may be yours. Whatever you attempt, you will win applause. Share some of your happiness with losers. Beware, lest flattery go to your head.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, yellow. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in your own home.

★ If you are hunting a house or flat, if you are buying or selling property, the stars are on your side. Young marrieds improve a new home, others purchase a gadget, while the engaged girl starts her glory box. Many Virgo people are keen gardeners. Informal entertaining keeps the homemaker on her toes. An elderly person does you a favor.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Sat. Luck in learning.

★ If you are a student, you should shine in an examination. If a homemaker, you learn to cook unusual dishes. If an amateur dressmaker or milliner you succeed in an ambitious undertaking. If an employee you are asked to take on a different work. In a new sport you now make rapid progress. If young and in love, you learn poise.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Gambling colors, blue, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a crowded place.

★ Hunt for what you want where the crowds are thickest. Scan shop windows, watch advertisements, especially the long lists of classified ones. Accept expert advice, but let your own taste decide. Buy nothing unless you are certain you can use it. You may find a lost article or money where others have failed to notice it, and receive a reward.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in being yourself.

★ Don't copy others. You have your own charm, gifts, talents, personality. Invest a little confidence in yourself, show your good qualities; it will pay off. If entertaining, don't pretend to a style not normally yours, beware of pretensions you cannot live up to. Don't boast, and everybody will appreciate you. Being natural will attract the right one.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck in a private venture.

★ Perhaps you have an ambition which you are too shy to confide to anyone—something you would like to accomplish or enjoy. Keep moving steadily towards your goal. If it is earning a bit of extra money, or exchanging services with friend or neighbor, it could bring real satisfaction. If in love, plans for future dates are simmering in your mind.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a new friendship.

★ Among the many acquaintances you are about to make, one will stand out as a prospective permanent friend. Through an activity you share, a warmer feeling will develop. If of the opposite sex, romance is not far away. Otherwise, a link may be formed with a congenial friend who will brighten your social life. All outdoor interests give pleasure.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in your career.

★ Your occupation is highlighted. Fresh responsibilities, extra pay bring out your best. On your mettle, you tackle difficult assignments successfully. Voluntary workers accomplish more than they hoped. Hostesses hold parties requiring thoughtful planning, and receive many compliments. For some a step up the career ladder leads to marriage.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Illustrated: "Hearts Desire" frock by John J. Hilton

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Your bright summer frocks will keep that gay, fresh look from morn 'til night with the help of gentle Robin Starch. Fashion says light starching and Robin is so easy to mix, starches evenly and makes ironing easier.

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Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F5111. — Flattering form-fitting nightgown designed with graceful skirt fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5112.—Chic oriental pyjamas. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5115.—Attractively styled nightgown and matching bedjacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5114. — Glamorous trousseau negligee can be made with a short or floor-length skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires (short length) 5yds. 36in. material, (floor length) 6yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5116.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make half slip. Sizes 24, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Requires 2¾yds. 36in. material and 7½yds. 8in. embroidered lace. Price 3/-.

F5113.—Pretty waltz-length nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 3-8 yds. 36in. material and 4 yds. pleated edging. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 841.—PLAYSUIT AND MATCHING DRESS

Playsuit and front-buttoned dress are obtainable cut out ready to make in woven check gingham. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, green and white, and lilac and white. Sizes: 4 years 22/3, 5 to 6 years 24/6, 7 to 8 years 26/9, 9 to 10 years 29/9. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 842.—ZODIAC TEA-TOWELS

The towels are obtainable cut out ready to make in pure Irish linen printed with a zodiac design. The color choice includes grey and pink, green and pink, red and blue, and turquoise and lemon. Sizes 22 by 32. Price 7/3 each. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 843.—DUCHESSE SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Price 7/11. Postage 9d. extra.

No. 844.—ONE-PIECE DRESS

Cool summer dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in flowered cotton cambric. The color choice includes blue and white, avocado and white, grey and white, rose and white, turquoise and white, and coffee and white. The ribbon for trim is not supplied. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 37/9, 36 and 38in. bust 38/9. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

• *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

No other antiseptic
-not even iodine-
is so effective yet so safe!
• speeds healing • won't sting • fights infection • greaseless, stainless
• doesn't burn or harm tissues! • Product of Johnson & Johnson.
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FIRST AID CREAM
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Richest-tasting, most-sustaining

breakfast cereal of all

Corn is the richest grain . . . did you know that corn soaks up more of the sun's goodness than any other grain? Where Nature leaves off, Kellogg's take over and change those plump, tender kernels of corn into big golden flakes. Together, Nature and Kellogg's have made Kellogg's Corn Flakes **the richest-tasting, most sustaining breakfast cereal of all!** For energy and staying power . . . for full, rich, **satisfying** flavour . . . serve crisp, golden Kellogg's Corn Flakes every morning! Only seconds from packet to plate!

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

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KELLOGG'S—THE GREATEST NAME IN CEREALS

K665

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Try these wonderful recipes with Kellogg's Corn Flakes

Save time and work . . . add flavour and food value to your cooking with crisp, golden Kellogg's Corn Flakes!

Every bite a delight!

Corn Flakes Kisses

2 egg whites, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup drinking chocolate, ½ cup chocolate chips, 4 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

METHOD: Beat egg whites until stiff, gradually add sugar and vanilla. Fold in the drinking chocolate and chips, then the lightly-crushed Corn Flakes. Drop small spoonfuls on a greased oven tray, and bake for about 12-15 minutes in a very moderate oven.

Crunchy topping, tender cake —

Candied Orange Gingercake

Topping: *2 tablespoons soft shortening, ½ cup sugar, 3 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes, grated rind of 1 orange.*

Cake: *4 ozs. shortening, 5 ozs. (¾ cup) sugar, ½ level teaspoon nutmeg, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 3 level teaspoons ginger, 1 teaspoon lemon essence, 2 eggs, 8 ozs. (2 cups) flour sifted with ½ teaspoon soda, ½ cup treacle, ½ cup boiling water.*

Combine the topping ingredients thoroughly and set aside. Cream the shortening, sugar, 3 spices and lemon essence. Add the eggs and beat well. Dissolve the treacle in the boiling water. Add this liquid and the flour in alternate lots, mixing thoroughly. Turn into a prepared tin (approximately 8") and sprinkle on the topping. Bake 40-50 minutes in a very moderate oven.

Quick topping for cake before it goes into oven.
Combine ½ cup each sugar and melted butter with a teaspoon of cinnamon and a big cup of lightly-crushed Kellogg's Corn Flakes, and sprinkle evenly over cake batter. Another time, replace the cinnamon with orange rind or chocolate pieces.

Pie shell in minutes!
No time to make pastry for a pie shell? Measure 4 cups of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, crush them finely and combine with ¼ cup sugar and 1/3 cup melted butter. Press this mixture evenly round base and sides of pie plate. Bake slowly 10 minutes — or refrigerator.

Always have Kellogg's Corn Flakes handy in your home — for the richest-tasting, most sustaining breakfast in the mornings . . . and to use in delicious recipes like these.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes

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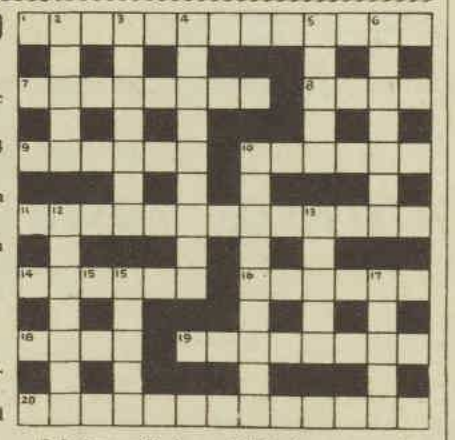
K858

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. This person must have learnt the trade in Sheridan's School (7-6).
7. Canine timepiece used between 4 and 8 p.m. (3-5).
8. On such bits of information meat can be roasted when turned (4).
9. A hymn in alternate parts for the man (6).
10. Mean friend to do his best (6).
11. Tom glad to rise (Anagr. 13).
14. Secure to a bin (6).
16. They exert power, sometimes on commission (6).
18. Shaped wooden block coming after all others (4).
19. Joints take a risk in wagers (8).
20. He teaches illicit reception with the sword (7, 6).

DOWN

2. He makes himself a fool (5).
3. Johnny-come-lately (3, 4).
4. Such thing with spontaneous motion must be kept out on a mat (9).
5. From one's birth in Africa (5).
6. X — ts (7).
10. Safeguard, once the image of a Greek goddess (9).
12. Mere cab (Anagr. 7).
13. Such gift is given with a treacherous motive (5).
15. A buffoon, but not as old as it sounds (5).
17. Tax, the shattered hit of which is in its centre (5).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution of last week's crossword.

BECAUSE IT BANISHES ACNE, PIMPLES and BLACKHEADS . . .

Innoxa SOLUTION 41

Mothers! *Teenagers CAN and SHOULD have a clear, flawless skin, free from pimples, blackheads and other blemishes.*

Scientific skin care during adolescence is vital to confidence and happiness. Innoxa Solution 41 corrects over-oily skin conditions, quickly banishes pimples, acne, blackheads and open pores. 13/6

IN 28/9

SCIENTIFIC SKIN CARE FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

Innoxa SOLUTION 41

Innoxa (England) Ltd., London, Paris, Sydney

Prevent chapped, cracked hands

Kerodex 71

Waterproof protection from harsh soaps, detergents, bleaches, water, acids, alkalines.

terrified by RHEUMATISM

"For years I was terrified by rheumatism . . . steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Menthoids were recommendation enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope.
Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, "They certainly seem to be doing you good."
(Original letter in Head Office.)

That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains.

Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

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